A ROYAL QUARTETTE

MRS. BEARNE

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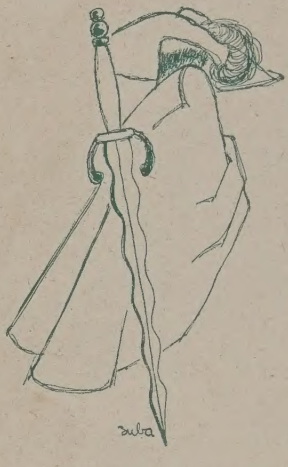

DE GUINZBOURG

A ROYAL QUARTETTE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A LEADER OF SOCIETY AT NAPOLEON'S COURT (LAURA PERMON).

A QUEEN OF NAPOLEON'S COURT: THE LIFE-STORY OF DÉSIRÉE BERNADOTTE.

PICTURES OF THE OLD FRENCH COURT.

LIVES AND TIMES OF THE EARLY VALOIS QUEENS.

HEROINES OF FRENCH SOCIETY IN THE COURT, THE REVOLUTION, THE EMPIRE AND THE RESTORATION.

A SISTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE: THE LIFE-STORY OF MARIA CAROLINA, QUEEN OF NAPLES.

MARIE ADÉLAÏDE DE SAVOIE, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY

Frontispiece

A ROYAL QUARTETTE

By

Mrs. Bearne

Author of "Lives of the Early Valois Queens,"
"A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court,"
"A Sister of Marie Antoinette," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

THE four lives whose histories I have now written cover, roughly speaking, the period between the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. and the first twenty years of that of Queen Victoria.

Of one of the four I find very few readers of light history have ever heard ; and although they are probably familiar with the names of the three others, at any rate with two of them, still I do not think they know much of their personal adventures and histories. Therefore I hope that the sketches I have given of them may not be uninteresting.

Their lives were, in fact, so eventful, and I found so much material at my disposal, that it has been difficult to compress into the limited space of one volume all the details and adventures of these four biographies, and I have been inclined to wish, after it was too late, that I had devoted a volume to each.

My first heroine, who, though for a short time she was Dauphine of France, is better known as Duchess of Burgundy, is one of the most fascinating characters in history. Married at twelve years old, and suddenly exalted above mother, grandmother, aunts and cousins, both Savoyardes and French, to the first and highest place at the court of France, then the most magnificent

in the world, over which she reigned supreme, she was the darling and idol of Louis XIV. (her great-uncle and grandfather), of her young husband, the heir to the crown, of the whole court and nation, and, not less important, of Mme. de Maintenon, the King's wife, Queen neither in name nor in rank, but wielding a power over the King, and, through him, over the kingdom, undreamed of by her royal Spanish predecessor who wore the crown and shared the throne of France.

Revealed to us in vivid colours by the fascinating writings of her contemporaries, we understand and realise the personality of Adélaïde of Savoy, with all her faults and virtues : the gay, light-hearted child with her early dreams of ambition and her delight in their accomplishment, her precocious aptitude for court ceremonial, the extraordinary charm by which she won the hearts of all around her, including the *blasé*, disillusioned monarch, the light of whose life she became and remained ; the affectionate, thoughtless, pleasure-loving girl, to whom the King could refuse nothing, for whose sake princes and great nobles vied with each other in the magnificence of their entertainments, whose childish tricks and escapades were the perplexity and diversion of the court, whose rash flirtations were gossiped over, but excused and screened by the courtiers ; and who, when she became Dauphine, had thrown aside her follies and faults and developed into the noble princess, comprehending and fulfilling the duties of her exalted position, whose early, unexpected death cost her husband's life, destroyed the happiness of Louis XIV. and the brilliancy of his court, and struck a fatal blow upon the future of France.

My second biography is, in fact, the history of her granddaughters ; but I have chosen the third, her namesake, as the heroine, partly because she outlived all her

sisters, and partly because, after the early marriage of the eldest and death of the second, she was the most important and influential of the daughters of Louis XV.

Very few people seem to know anything about my third heroine, the unlucky daughter of Carlos IV., whose life, beginning in the monotonous splendour of the Spanish court, was, owing first to the friendship, afterwards to the enmity of Napoleon, chequered with many misfortunes and vicissitudes, until it closed peacefully in the lovely *Bagni di Lucca*, then part of the dominion granted to her son by the Allies after the fall of her arch-enemy, Napoleon, had rescued her from his clutches.

As to the last of my "Royal Quartette," Queen Marie Amélie, wife of Louis Philippe, whose name is so familiar to us all, it has been a difficult matter indeed to decide what, in such a limited space, should be chosen to record and what must unavoidably be omitted. For not only was the greater part of her life full of interest and crowded with events of the greatest importance, but it was much longer than those of the other three subjects of these biographies, for she lived to be more than eighty years old.

In giving the account of her early life as Princess of Naples, daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and the celebrated Queen Maria Carolina, it has been impossible to help repeating some of the details which I related in a former book, "A Sister of Marie Antoinette"—the life of the mother of my present heroine. As her last eighteen years were spent in the retirement of Claremont, and were only marked and varied by domestic events, such as the marriages, births, and deaths of her children and grandchildren, her occasional journeys, and different little matters of private life, I have concluded my story of her life with her

escape from the perils of 1848, her flight from Paris, dangerous journey, and safe arrival in England.

The history of the eventful years at Paris, first during those she always declared to have been far the happiest of her life as Duchess of Orléans, then as "Queen of the French," would of itself fill a volume if fully entered into. But as this sketch is only of the life-story and personal affairs of Marie Amélie, I have not touched upon the events which, however important and interesting, did not immediately concern her, but have merely tried to give, as far as space allows, a general idea of her position, experiences, and surroundings.

I have, in writing these biographies, consulted many writers, French, English, Italian, and Spanish, and I have endeavoured, as I always do, to be accurate in my statements.

It will be seen by the authorities quoted in my book that I have taken my facts from many writers of well-established reputation, both of the times of which I treat and of the present day, such as Saint-Simon, Sourches, Dangeau, Campan, Caylus, Fénelon, Bouillé, Luynes, Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans, Héguet, Lavallée, Comte d'Haussonville, Contessa della Rocca, Macaulay, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Sévigné, Le Notre, Trognon, Saint-Amand, and others, besides various Spanish, Italian, and English histories and memoirs.

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I

MARIE ADÉLAÏDE DE SAVOIE, DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY

CHAPTER I

Marie Adélaïde—Her mother, the Duchess Anne, daughter of Henrietta of England—Unhappy marriage of her parents—Madame Royale—Early life of Marie Adélaïde—Love for her grandmother—Negotiations for her marriage—Her journey to France.

MARIE ADÉLAÏDE was the eldest daughter of Vittorio-Amadeo, Duke of Savoy, and Anne, second daughter of Philippe, Duke of Orléans, brother of Louis XIV., by his first wife, Henrietta of England, daughter of Charles I.[1]

The evil fortunes of her mother's family, the Stuarts, appear to have been inherited by Anne, Duchess of Savoy, for her childhood was overshadowed with sorrow and her marriage was most unhappy.

The story of her mother's life as an exile at the court of France, her marriage with the vain, contemptible Philippe d'Orléans, her brief love passages with Louis XIV., her early and terrible death, is familiar to the most casual reader of history, who may occasionally have felt some compassionate interest and curiosity as to the fate of her two orphan daughters, left so early to the care of such a father and the disposal of such an uncle.

As it is well known, Philippe d'Orléans lost no time in

[1] It is through Anne, Duchess of Savoy, granddaughter of Charles I. of England, that the present royal family of Italy claim descent from the Stuart kings.

marrying again; but his second wife, the famous Charlotte Elisabeth of Bavaria, in spite of her rough ways and sharp speech, was good to her little stepdaughters, who grew up under her care and powerful protection till their destinies were decided by their uncle, and with whom she carried on an affectionate correspondence in the distant homes to which they were transported.[1]

The Duchess of Savoy, unfortunately for herself, adored her husband, who, besides being habitually unfaithful to her, treated her with nothing but neglect and indifference. Of a meek, yielding character, Anne submitted to all the trials and annoyances of her lot with a patience and resignation which possibly aggravated its misfortunes.

She was fourteen years old when she married Vittorio-Amadeo, who was eighteen, and for many years delicate health and frequent illness were added to her other trials. After her two eldest daughters, Marie Adélaïde and Marie Luisa, none of the children born to her during many years survived their birth, or at any rate their infancy; and the disappointment of having no son was a continual source of vexation to the Duke, who does not appear to have been either estimable or happy in his domestic relations, but, judging from his historians and biographers, a bad son, a bad husband, and a bad father.

There are few reigning families as ancient or as illustrious as that of Savoy, and as their beautiful mountain

[1] Marie Louise, the elder daughter of Philippe and Henrietta, was deeply in love with her cousin, the Dauphin, but was forced by Louis XIV. to marry Carlos II., King of Spain. In vain she entreated her uncle not to insist upon this Spanish marriage; he was inexorable. "I make you Queen of Spain," he said; "what could I do more for my daughter?" "Ah, sire!" replied the young Princess, "you might do more for your niece." Carlos II., however, was devoted to his French wife, and she not only became attached to him, but acquired unbounded influence over him. She married him 1679 and died in 1689. It was said by many French writers that she was poisoned, but there is no evidence of this. Carlos II. was the last of the Habsburg Kings of Spain.

PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLÉANS, BROTHER OF LOUIS XIV.

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land formed a barrier between France, Switzerland, and Italy, their alliance was extremely important and was eagerly sought both by France and the Empire.

Christine, the second daughter of Henri IV., had married a Duke of Savoy, and the mother of Vittorio-Amadeo was related to the French royal family.

This Princess, Marie Jeanne Baptiste de Savoie-Nemours, who was called Madame Royale, was in every way a distinguished woman. Handsome and stately in appearance, she possessed unusual talent, capacity, and force of character. She was a born ruler.

A certain amount of romance is attached to her marriage with Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, who, dying ten years afterwards, left her sole guardian to their son, then nine years old, and Regent of his dominions. By some writers she is accused of having brought up the boy with sternness and without affection or tenderness, and, being herself ambitious and unwilling to share or relinquish the power placed in her hands, to have carefully excluded him from all knowledge of the affairs of government. As, however, she resigned the regency absolutely in 1684, placing the direction of affairs in the hands of her son, then eighteen, Vittorio-Emmanuele could not have been long kept from any control of affairs of which he was at all capable ;[1] and his attitude towards his mother, though totally wanting in affection and dutifulness, was not any more reprehensible than his treatment of his wife, who was blindly devoted to him.

Madame Royale, on the contrary, was adored by her

[1] In his introduction to that interesting book of the Contessa della Rocca, Correspondance inédite de la Duchesse de Bourgogne et de la Reine d'Espagne," M. Joubert says : "Ou elle avait étrangement changé avec âge, ou celle qui inspirait de pareilles lettres était une meilleure mère que ne l'a cru M. Rousset . . . Lisez les lettres où les deux Princesses lui prodiguent les termes d'une tendresse expansive, et demandez vous s'il s'agit (d'une) femme froide et dure" (Léo Joubert).

granddaughters, whom she loved with devoted affection, and it is impossible after reading their letters to her, when one had become Duchess of Burgundy and the other Queen of Spain, to suppose that she could have been the stern, hard woman some French writers would have one believe.

For the letters of the two girls, one may say children, so early called to such exalted destinies, are filled, not with the formal duty and respect so often apparent in the letters of that time from children to their parents, but with the loving, yearning affection for the *chère grand maman* which, though necessarily an experience of childhood and early youth, remains to some people a hallowed and tender memory through a long and chequered life.

Certainly the short, brilliant careers of the two girls were filled with this correspondence, of which more than a hundred letters from Marie Adélaïde to her grandmother (besides her sister's correspondence) still remain in the archives of Turin.

The favourite residence of the Duchess Anne was a little palace, buried in woods and gardens, called *Vigna della Regina*, where she spent most of her time, chiefly out of doors, taking long walks with her children, and leading the simple life she preferred with few attendants and very little state.

Here, under the care of their mother and governesses, Adélaïde and Luisa spent most of their childhood, the monotony of their lives being frequently varied by visits to their grandmother, who lived in the royal palace at Turin, having no liking for the country.

These visits were the delight of the children's existence. The Duchess Anne was an excellent mother as well as a saintly character, and they entertained for her the deepest respect and affection; but the calm, grave, quiet woman, without beauty or vivacity, who cared neither for the

pleasures of society nor the honours of royalty, was perhaps less calculated to win the familiar sympathies of the children than the stately, fascinating grandmother, who still preserved her beauty, charm, and attraction, and who indulged and worshipped her grandchildren. From the amusements and excitement of long days spent with her at the great palace in the busy capital, they would return in the evening to the quiet country home and the rather dull life there, and they learned to look upon the time spent with their grandmother as the happiest in their existence, and upon herself with the tenderest and most ardent affection.

Too young to realise the cause of their mother's melancholy and depression, they were not likely to share her distaste for gaiety and preference for a life of dull retirement. But the Duchess was French in every feeling, taste, and affection, and had inculcated a love of France into her daughters, both of whom knew perfectly well at an early age that their alliance would be sought by the great powers. As a mere child Adélaïde, when indulging in those dreams of the future so natural to youth, always hoped anxiously that France, and not Spain or Germany, would be her future lot, and that she would be chosen to marry the Duke of Burgundy.[1]

On the part of her father, the Duke of Savoy, there was no such tendency. For centuries the independence of Savoy had been threatened by other and stronger powers, but her chief and most dreaded danger was France. She had at the close of the disastrous war with Henri IV. given up her French provinces on condition that France should renounce her attempts to maintain a footing in Italy. She was, in fact, after the treaty of Lyon (January 17, 1601), an Italian power. But the French did not long keep their engagements.

[1] Mémoires du Marquis de Sourches.

After the death of Henri IV. hostilities broke out again, ending disastrously for the weaker power. By the treaty of Cherasco Richelieu insisted on retaining possession of Pignerol and a tract of land in the heart of Piedmont, within a few miles of Turin, in order to keep open a passage for the French troops into Italy.

Louis XIV. treated Savoy much more like a vassal than an ally, constantly meddling in the affairs of the duchy, to the intense irritation of the Duke, who exclaimed angrily that he begged an ambassador might be sent who would leave his domestic affairs alone, for he had no peace, never a week passing without some interference with his family or his conduct, usually accompanied by threats.

Into the dissensions and political transactions between the two countries it is, of course, out of the question to enter here, except to explain that the French were at this time hated in Savoy, and that the Duke, during the course of negotiations with the ministers of Louis XIV., actually offered to send as hostages to Paris one of his own daughters and the son of the Prince of Carignano, instead of giving up certain fortresses or towns demanded as guarantees.

Before the Princess Adélaïde was eight years old negotiations for her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy were set on foot and were concluded in June, 1696.

Adélaïde was not yet twelve years old, but she was eager for the French marriage, and watched with her mother from a window in the palace the arrival of Tessé, the French envoy, who in his letters to Paris relates how the Duchess Anne rejoiced and exulted at the prospect of so splendid a marriage for her daughter; how the little Princess herself always blushed when she saw him; and how she expressed to her mother her con-

sternation at the appearance of the Count von Mansfeld, the Imperial Commissary in Italy. "Mon Dieu! what is he come here for? You will see that papa will listen to him as he did before. That man has no business here. Why can't he let you alone?"[1] The child was not mistaken; Mansfeld had been sent by the Emperor Leopold I. to try to prevent the marriage and substitute the King of the Romans for the Duke of Burgundy. Not only the Emperor, but England, Spain, and the Prince of Orange all sent remonstrances to the Duke of Savoy. But, won over by the concessions and advantages offered by Louis XIV., he replied sarcastically that the hearts of the Duchess and her daughter being set upon the French alliance, and for other reasons, he thought it would be the most suitable marriage for the Princess Adélaïde; the contract was signed, and preparations made for the journey of the future Duchess of Burgundy to her new country.

For once the Duchess Anne had her own way, and her delight was all the more apparent from the rarity of such a state of things. She sent portraits of the Princess to the Duke of Burgundy and to her own father, Monsieur, who showed some interest in the approaching arrival and magnificent prospects of the little granddaughter he had never seen. He was even so far aroused from his habitual absorption in his frivolous pleasures as to fancy he would like to see his daughter again; at any rate the King wrote to that effect to the Duke of Savoy, suggesting that the Duchess Anne might escort her daughter to Paris. Needless to say, both the Duchess Anne and the Duchess Dowager would have been delighted to undertake the

[1] "Mon Dieu, que vient-il faire ici? Vous verrés que papa écoutera encore des choses comme autrefois. Cet homme-là n'a que faire ici. Que ne vous laisse-t-il pas en repos?" (Aff. étrang. corresp. Turin, vol. 27. Tessé au Roi. La Duchesse de Bourgogne et l'alliance Savoyarde sous Louis XIV. Comte d'Haussonville).

journey; but the Duke of Savoy would not hear of it. Various rebukes and remonstrances had from time to time been addressed to him by Louis XIV. respecting his dealings with his mother and wife, both Princesses of the House of Bourbon, which complaints, however irritating, were, he knew, only too well founded. The French King invariably took the part of the Duchess Dowager in any quarrel with her son, and it did not at all suit his plans that either of them should have the opportunity of explaining fully to powerful and sympathising listeners the details of his conduct.

What appears to have excited some surprise was the excessive anxiety now displayed by the Duke about his daughter's attendants. If he had been an affectionate father it would have seemed natural enough that he should have protested vehemently against the King's desire that all the suite should be dismissed at the *Pont de Beauvoisin*, where the little Duchess of Burgundy would be given into the hands of her French household. But under the actual circumstances those concerned in the arrangements were inclined to suspect that his representations about the tender age of his daughter, the loneliness she would feel, and the necessity of her having a doctor who knew her constitution and at least two women to whom she was accustomed to accompany and stay with her for six months, were more likely to be inspired by his wish to have spies of his own at the French court than by his paternal fears for the happiness of his daughter; especially as the Duchess Anne did not think it necessary, and the little princess herself assured her mother in the presence of Tessé that she would much rather her Italian women were left behind.

Louis XIV., although incapable of allowing any person or thing to interfere with his will and pleasure, had,

when this was understood, far more kindness and affection for his family, and for other people also, than Vittorio-Amadeo. But he wanted no spies in the household of the "children and grandchildren of France"; much mischief had been made by a certain woman named Bessola, a favourite of the late Dauphine; and he replied with brief decision that if the Princess were to cry at her separation from her attendants she would cry just as much after six months as before—and he wished her tears to be dried before he saw her; also that she would get on much better with her French household alone.

Finally it was arranged that the doctor and two maids might go as far as Fontainebleau with the Princess, but must return immediately. Whether from real unwillingness to part from his child as the time approached or for any other reason, Vittorio-Amadeo kept putting off her departure until Louis XIV., whose impatience was increased by the delay, announced his intention of going himself to Fontainebleau to meet the Princess; and as the forest was damp in the autumn and did not suit his health, he requested that the journey should not be delayed any longer.

Accordingly, after several days passed in rejoicings and festivities at Turin, during which the little princess listened to harangues and compliments, received the various officials of her father's court and duchy, and held out her hand to be kissed until she was tired, she started for her new country, accompanied during the first stage of her journey by her mother and grandmother, and by a numerous suite. None of the reluctance, fear, or sorrow so often displayed by young girls separated from their homes and families and sent to strange lands to marry foreign princes appears to have been felt by Adélaïde. She was a

merry, light-hearted child, but she had the dawning of a woman's ambition; the dream and desire of her life was about to be fulfilled; already she was beginning to feel the grandeur of the lofty position to which she had attained; a future of pleasure, power, and magnificence was opening before her.

They all slept at Avigliano, and on the following morning came the parting from her mother and grandmother. Then there were tears and tender farewells between the two women and the child they so loved, and whom they were to see on earth no more.

The recollection of this farewell scene was strongly impressed upon Adélaïde's mind. Two years afterwards she wrote to the Comtesse de Grésy: "I have not written to you since I was Duchess of Burgundy, but I do not love you any the less: you were the only one of my mother's ladies who cried at my departure, and you may rely upon it I shall not forget that." [1]

[1] "Je ne vous ai point escrit depuis que je suis Duchesse de Bourgogne, mais je ne vous en aime pas moins, étant la seule des filles de ma mèré qui aye pleuré à mon despart, et contés que je n'oublie pas cela" (Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences, Belles Lettres, &c., de Savoie).

CHAPTER II

Magnificent reception in France—Louis XIV., the Duc d'Orléans and the Dauphin—Delight of Louis XIV.—The Duke of Burgundy—Fontainebleau—The Household of the Duchess of Burgundy—Le Grand Monarque—Mme. de Maintenon and Marie Adélaïde.

NOTHING could have been better calculated to please Louis XIV. than the delight of Adélaïde at her destiny, her admiration for France and everything French, her eagerness to go to Paris, and the readiness with which she obeyed all his directions and wishes.

For years she had heard descriptions, praises, and stories of France from her mother and grandmother, she had always known that their greatest desire was that she should marry the heir to the French crown, and she had witnessed their joy when their plans had succeeded. Her grandmother had given her careful instructions about her conduct, to which she had listened with the deepest interest and attention; consequently, young as she was, she knew how to behave to everybody with whom she was to be associated, from the King downwards.

On October 13, 1796, she arrived at Chambéry, the ancient capital of Savoy, where she was received with great magnificence by the inhabitants, who were extremely delighted and proud of the great prospects of their young princess. On the 15th she proceeded

to the famous *Pont de Beauvoisin*, where her French household awaited her, at the head of which was the Duchesse du Lude, who had been recommended to the King as her first lady of honour by her grandfather, Monsieur, Duc d'Orléans.

Her state coach drawn by eight horses stood in the middle of the bridge, one half in France, the other in Savoy; the Princess got out of her Savoyard coach and walked on to the bridge, one of her father's pages carrying her train. After the necessary presentations had been made the Savoyard page, bursting into tears, gave her train to the French one who was waiting; the Princess got into the state coach draped with violet, and, leaving her Savoyard suite crying and lamenting, entered her new country amid shouts of "Vive le Roi et Madame la Princesse de Savoie" from a crowd of twenty thousand people who were waiting to see her.[1]

All this time it must be remembered that "Madame la Princesse de Savoie" was eleven years old, at which age, in our time and country, a child would be scarcely out of the nursery, would spend her days in lessons and games, go to bed at eight o'clock, and perhaps play with a doll.

Madame la Princesse alighted at the apartment prepared for her, dined in state with her ladies, received with royal composure the numerous persons presented to her, and entirely won the heart of the Duchesse du Lude by her gracious courtesy. The French were enchanted with her, and a Savoyard noble wrote to her father that he had found her conversing with the French ladies with as much ease and vivacity as if she had known them all her life.

Next day the Savoyards returned home, splendid presents having been given to them, and the young

[1] Comte d'Haussonville.

princess could not help shedding a few tears at their departure; but she quickly dried them and resumed her usual gaiety of manner, remembering that Tessé, on taking leave of her to join the army, had begged her to cry if she felt inclined, but to laugh again as soon as she could and to think of the position she was going to occupy.

The Principessa della Cisterna slept in her room for the last time and took her leave with the rest, making the ceremony as short as possible by request of the Duchesse du Lude, to whom the Princess observed that she ought not to be unhappy when she was going to be the most fortunate person in the world.

Meanwhile, great were the preparations made at Paris, and intense eagerness prevailed for the arrival of the young girl who at eleven years old was to be the greatest lady in France, the Queen and the Dauphine having both died.

The Duke of Burgundy, who was then fourteen, appeared to be delighted with the portrait sent him of the Princess Adélaïde. His brothers, Philippe, Duc d'Anjou,[1] thirteen, and Charles, Duc de Berri, ten years old, were deeply interested in the matter. The latter asked his brother of Anjou whether he would not like to be married too, and whether he would make his wife happy, to both of which questions he answered "Yes."

"But," said the Duc de Berri, "what should you do if she did not like you to go out hunting?"

"Then I should not go," replied Philippe, in answer to which his brother declared that, while he would make his wife happy and allow her to do everything she chose, in matters which concerned himself he would be master.[2]

[1] Afterwards Philippe V., King of Spain. He married the sister of the Duchess of Burgundy.

[2] Papiers Tessé : Barbezieux à Tessé (Comte d'Haussonville).

The King had given orders that the child was to be treated as Duchess of Burgundy, and Monsieur, who was so delighted at the illustrious position of his granddaughter that he really took considerable interest in her, assured the King that neither he nor Madame would have the slightest objection to the precedence of the little Duchess.

It had been arranged that he should go to Montargis to meet the Princess, and having dined there, he was awaiting her approach, when just before five o'clock he was told that the King and the Dauphin had arrived. As the former had been unable to restrain his impatience for the meeting, they had left Fontainebleau after dinner, and when, at six o'clock, the procession of carriages drove up, Louis XIV., saying to M. Dangeau, "Pour aujourd'hui vous voulez-bien que je fasse votre charge," [1] went down himself and received his great-niece at the door of her carriage.

Taking her in his arms he embraced her with great affection, saying:

"Madame, je vous attends avec beaucoup d'impatience."

The Princess replied, as she kissed his hand, that this was the happiest day of her life; and then, for once forgetting etiquette—which required that her next salutations should be for the Dauphin, her future father-in-law—she threw her arms round the neck of Monsieur, her grandfather, who came forward to greet her. The King presented her to the Dauphin, and conducted her up the great staircase, which was crowded with people, walking slowly so that she might be seen. He next presented to her all the members of the court who were present, and was delighted with the composure and grace with which

[1] Dangeau, Mémoires. The King had appointed the Marquis de Dangeau *premier chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchesse de Bourgogne.

she received them. After this he left her to rest for a while and went to his own apartment to write to Mme. de Maintenon.

"I took the liberty," says Dangeau, "of asking him whether he was pleased with the Princess." He answered that he was only too pleased, for he was quite ashamed that he could scarcely restrain his joy.

He went back in about a quarter of an hour to see her, and found the Dauphin, the Dukes of Orléans and Chartres, the Princess's ladies and the Savoyard envoy. As he entered, he remarked to his brother:

"I wish her poor mother could be here for a few moments to see how pleased we are."

He watched her attentively, talked to her, and then exclaimed:

"I would not have her altered in the slightest way for any one in the world!"

He did nothing but praise and admire her all the evening, placed her at supper between himself and Monseigneur (the Dauphin), who afterwards accompanied him to assist at her toilette when she went to bed. The King asked her whether she admired the Dauphin's figure, to which she replied that she did not think him at all too stout, but had expected him to be much more so.[1]

In the well-known letter of Louis XIV. to Mme. de Maintenon, he says:

"Elle a la meilleure grâce et la plus belle taille que j'aie jamais vues; habillée à peindre et coiffée de même; des yeux vifs et très beaux, des paupières noires et admirables; le teint fort uni; blanc et rouge comme on peut le désirer; les plus beaux cheveux noirs que

[1] Mémoires de Dangeau. Mémoires de St.-Simon. Corrésp. inédit. de la Duchesse de Bourgogne (Contessa della Rocca). "La Duchesse de Bourgogne" (Comte d'Haussonville).

l'on puisse voir, et en grande quantité. Elle est maigre comme il convient à son âge. . . . Elle parle peu au moins à ce que j'ai vu, n'est point embarrassée qu'on la regarde, comme une personne qui a vu du monde. Elle fait mal la révérence, et d'un air un peu italien. Elle a quelque chose d'une Italienne dans le visage ; mais elle plaît. . . . Pour moi, j'en suis tout à fait content, et serais très-fâché qu'elle fût plus belle . . . elle ne manque à rien . . . elle est d'une politesse surprenante . . . quand il faudra un jour qu'elle représente, elle sera d'un air et d'une grâce à charmer avec une grande dignité et un grande sérieux."[1] The King told the Princess that he wished her to be on easy terms with him and quite at liberty ; that she need not call him "Sire," but only "Monsieur" ; and declared that she should be married the day after she was twelve years old, and that he looked forward impatiently to that time.

Next morning she got up at six, but again the King was present to see her hair dressed. Then they all went to Mass and then to visit a convent, after which the procession of coaches started again, Adélaïde seated by the side of the King, the Dauphin, Duke of Orléans, and Duchesse du Lude opposite, a place being reserved for the Duke of Burgundy, whom they were to meet on the way.

Not far from Nemours the young duke's carriage was

[1] "She has the most graceful ways and the most beautiful figure I ever saw ; dressed and *coiffée* to perfection, very beautiful bright eyes and splendid black eyelashes, complexion well blended white and red, as it should be ; the most beautiful black hair in great abundance. She is thin, as suits her age. . . . She does not talk much, at least so far as I can see, but shows no embarrassment when she is looked at, like a person accustomed to be seen. She curtseys badly, rather in the Italian way. She has something Italian in her face . . . but she attracts. . . . For my part I am perfectly satisfied, and should be very sorry if she were handsomer . . . there is nothing to be desired. She is astonishingly polite . . . when some day the will have to represent, she will have a charming manner and an air of great dignity and composure."

descried standing on the road, and when the procession came in sight he got out, and leaving his tutor, the Duc de Beauvilliers, ran on to meet his grandfather's state carriage. It stopped, the door was thrown open, and he got in.

Both children were embarrassed at the meeting: the King presented them to each other, and the Princess coloured deeply as the Duke of Burgundy twice kissed her hand. It was not until the evening was drawing in that the heavy coaches had struggled through the sandy forest road to Fontainebleau.

The whole court was waiting as the King's carriage drove into the *cour du Cheval-Blanc*—terraces, staircases, windows, even the roofs were thronged with spectators.

The King led the little princess up the great staircase, looking, as Saint-Simon says, "as if she came out of his pocket,"[1] to the chapel, to give thanks to God, after which he conducted her to the apartment of the late Queen, which was appropriated to her, through such a crowd that the Duchess of Orléans says in a letter to the Electress of Hanover:

"There was such a crowd, such a press, that poor Mme. de Nemours and the Maréchale de la Mothe came upon us, pushed and hustled backwards the whole length of the room, and fell over Mme. de Maintenon. If I had not caught her by the arm they would all have tumbled down like a pack of cards. It was the most absurd thing possible."

The King presented to her all the chief princes and princesses of the blood; and then, being tired, he went away, leaving the rest to Monsieur, who presented every one else, standing by his granddaughter and naming each as they came up, bowed before her, and kissed the hem

[1] "Le Roi menoit la Princesse, qui sembloit sortir de sa poche" (Saint-Simon).

of her dress. When it happened to be a prince, duke, Marshal of France, or the wife of any of these, he touched her, whispered "*Baisez*," and she embraced them.[1] This went on for two hours and a half, after which it was evident that the child was so tired and exhausted that it must be stopped, so it was announced that the presentations were finished and the Princess was going to bed. Even then several women contrived to stay and be presented while she was being undressed by the Duchesse du Lude, for whom a bed had been placed in her room, as she was considered too young to sleep by herself.

Next day the King took her out to drive with him: they visited the Duchesse d'Orléans, her step-grandmother, and the Princesse de Conti.

The King gave her all the crown jewels, and the Duke of Burgundy and his brothers came to see her in the evening.

The King arranged that the Duke of Burgundy should visit her once a fortnight and his brothers once a month. She was to breakfast and dine by herself, attended by the Duchesse du Lude.

One immediate result of the marriage of the Princess Adélaïde was that the King, who since the breaking out of hostilities between France and Savoy had confiscated *100,000 livres de rente* belonging to the Duchess Dowager, her grandmother, with whom, however, he had no personal quarrel, now restored it all to her, with all the arrears due.

Few princesses have ever enjoyed such success, magnificence, and popularity as fell to the lot of Adélaïde of Savoy in her French home. Everyone adored her, and everything she did was praised and admired.

The most brilliant days of the court and reign of Louis XIV. were passed—the days when in the pride and

[1] Saint-Simon.

glory of his youth and beauty he made love to Henrietta of England, the first wife of the Duke of Orléans; adored the gentle Louise de la Vallière, forsook her to yield to his overwhelming passion for Athenaïs de Montespan, and carried on countless *liaisons* of minor importance, lavishing riches and honours upon his favourites while his life was like a dream of pleasure and splendour, and his armies were everywhere victorious.

Now, he was fifty-six years old, he had left off the immoralities and follies of his youth, and for the last ten or twelve years had turned to religion, under the influence of the Marquise de Maintenon, to whom it was well-known that he was secretly married, though it was unknown when the marriage had taken place. It was supposed to have been about two years after the death of the Queen. That the Princess Adélaïde should win the favour of Mme. de Maintenon, she had been assured by her grandmother was absolutely indispensable, and that she obeyed her injunctions is evident from one of her first letters to the Duchess Dowager of Savoy, in which she says:

"The journeys to Marly prevented my writing to you last time as I intended, my dear grandmamma . . . I do just what you tell me about Mme. de Maintenon; I like her very much, and have great confidence in all her advice. Believe, dear grandmamma, all she tells you about me, although perhaps I do not deserve it. . . ."

Mme. de Maintenon had been, on her part, extremely anxious to see the young princess whose education she was to direct, and over whom she was to exercise a kind of respectful supervision until she was old enough to be responsible for her own actions. She had received many letters from Dangeau and others with most favourable accounts of the Princess Adélaïde,

being assured on the one hand that she was not like a child of eleven, but a woman of the world; on the other, that she was in many ways quite a child, fond of games, especially of blindman's buff; but by all that she was of a charming disposition, and exactly suited to the position she was to occupy. When they met, the young princess completed the King's satisfaction by the perfection of the manner in which she mingled respect, affection, and a sort of confiding familiarity, calling Mme. de Maintenon "ma tante," and at once fascinating her as she had done everyone else.

From henceforth she was to be the spoiled darling of the two all-powerful persons who governed France, into whose disillusioned lives she was to bring some years of light, interest, and happiness.

CHAPTER III

Education of the Princess—Her playfellows—Saint-Cyr—The nuns and the theatricals—Amusements of the Princess—A spoilt child—The Duchesse d'Orléans—The advice of Mme. de Maintenon—The Duke of Burgundy—The Duc de Beauvilliers—Fénelon—The Duc d'Anjou and the Duc de Berri—Colbert—The Archbishop of Cambrai.

THE extreme youth of the Princess Adélaïde made it necessary, of course, that her education should be carried on during the first years of her residence in France. In one of her letters to her grandmother, the Duchess Dowager—which, like all her earlier letters, is full of bad spelling—she says that she hopes she writes pretty well, for she has a master who takes great pains with her.

In another she says :

"I could not write to you by the last courier, dear grandmamma, because I am always going out, and I go every evening to see the King. I know this excuse will not displease you, and that you will think my time well employed when I spend it with the King. His kindness to me cannot be expressed, and as I know the interest you take in my happiness, I am very glad to assure you that it is perfect, and that it will never make me forget the love I ought to have, and that I have, for you."[1]

[1] "Je n'ay pu vous ecrire le dernier ordinaire ma chere grande maman par ce que ie sou continuellement et que ie vais tous les soirs voir

The King's adoration of his new granddaughter daily increased. He was eager for the time when she could be married to his grandson and called Duchess of Burgundy; meanwhile she was called "the Princess"; he saw her every evening at Mme. de Maintenon's, and took her about everywhere with him, walking and driving, on hunting parties, to reviews, to Marly, Compiègne, and everywhere.

Since it was impossible at her age that she should enter into all the diversions of the court, the King feared she had not enough pleasures and amusements; the other princesses had *ménageries* of their own, and he ordered one to be made for Adélaïde, which was to be better than any of the rest, and in which she took the utmost interest and delight.

During the first year of her French life the King not only strictly forbade her appearing either at balls or theatres, but that they should ever be mentioned in her presence, lest she should wish to go to them. It would certainly seem that twelve or thirteen years of age might well be early enough for such diversions, and that the child was more suitably amused amongst the young girls of her own age with whom she studied and played under the supervision of Mme. de Maintenon at Saint-Cyr, where she went with her at least two or three times a week, if not oftener, and joined in the lessons, repasts, and games of the pupils.

Amongst them, one of her special friends was Mdlle. d'Aubigné, niece of Mme. de Maintenon (afterwards Maréchale de Noailles), and in spite of their affection

le Roy. Ie suis assurée que cette excuse ne vous deplaist pas et que vous trouvés mon temps bien employe quand ie le passe aupres du Roy. Ses bontes pour moy ne se peuvent exprimer et comme ie connois l'interest que vous prenést a mon bonheur ie suis bien aise de vous assurer qu'il est parfait et qu'il ne me fera jamais oublier la tendresse que ie dois avoir et que iay pour vous" (Archives de Turin, Contessa Della Rocca).

for each other, and the enormous difference in their rank, they would sometimes quarrel, and on one occasion they even proceeded to blows. Just then the door opened, and it was announced that the confessor of the Princess had come, and wished to know when she would be ready for him.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mdlle. d'Aubigné, looking reproachfully at her; "how my conscience would prick me if I had been sent for to go to confession!"

From the first day when, soon after her arrival, Mme. de Maintenon had taken the Princess to Saint-Cyr, she had been enchanted with it. She had, of course, been received with great honour, and the excitement amongst the three hundred girls can well be imagined at the first visit of the little princess who was some day to be their Queen. All the community had met her dressed in their long robes, she had walked to the church between the pupils drawn up in lines, she had been shown all over the establishment, and had listened to dialogues recited by the children in her honour.

When she returned to Versailles, to which Saint-Cyr was very near, she went to find the King and pour out to him all her delight.

The King was very glad she should be so pleased with what he so strongly approved of, and from that day she was constantly amongst her young companions there, sometimes for a visit in the afternoon, but very often for the whole day, sharing in the lessons and dining with the rest.

In a letter to the *intendant* before one of these visits, on a fast day, Mme. de Maintenon writes that she herself will share the meal of "*les rouges*"[1] (the class dis-

[1] There were four classes, according to the ages of the girls—green, blue, red, and yellow. (Mme. de Maintenon (Gustave Héquet). Lavallée. Sourches. Haussonville.)

tinguished by red ribbons), but that the Princess, though she would dine with them, must have two or three different kinds of bread, a soup of crayfish in a silver bowl, fresh butter, fresh eggs, a sole, sweets, wine, &c., &c. She was soon extremely popular, assumed the name of Mdlle. Lastie, and wore the uniform of the establishment, a brown cloak and skirt, a white muslin cap, a ribbon in the hair, and lace or muslin round the neck.

In these comfortable clothes she played about the park and ran in and out of the store-rooms and dispensary, helping the sisters to arrange the rows of preserved fruits, &c., running on errands for them, and listening to exhortations upon the vanity of the world from a certain old Sœur Marie, of peasant origin, whose homilies amused rather than convinced her young audience.

Sometimes she took part in a funeral ceremony or in the profession of a nun, and always in the offices of the Church and religious instruction. But the high spirits and mischievous pranks of childhood characterised the time she spent at Saint-Cyr, and, in fact, everywhere else. On one occasion, when there was general confession, she went into a confessional and knelt down without saying who she was. The confessor, hearing the rustle of a silk petticoat, thought it was one of the ladies of the court, and proceeded to administer such reproofs and counsels as he considered needful, after which the little princess, running up to Mme. de Maintenon, exclaimed :

"*Ma tante*, I like that confessor very much ; he says I am worse than the Magdalen !" [1]

The establishment of Saint-Cyr was the favourite hobby, occupation, and retreat of Mme. de Maintenon.

[1] "Ma tante, je suis enchantée de ce confesseur ; il dit que je suis pire que Madeleine" (Souvenirs de Mme. de Caylus. Comte d'Hausson-ville).

It was founded by her to provide for the portionless daughters of good families, many of whom took the veil at the Convent of Saint-Cyr; for others marriages were arranged, generally in the provinces.

The immediate vicinity of Versailles was often a source of anxiety to Mme. de Maintenon. "I should be in despair," she said to the pupils, "if the obligation under which I am to allow Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne to be here every day, with the ladies of the palace, who are, so to speak, forced by their position to an appearance of worldliness, should introduce the same spirit amongst you."

And after being present at one of their theatrical representations, then so popular, she was so scandalised by the ardour and ease with which the declarations of love and transports of jealousy were acted by the *pensionnaires*, that she forbade that play, Racine's *Andromaque*, to be given any more, and wrote to Racine soon after: "Our little girls have just played *Andromaque*, and they acted it so well that they will not act it any more, nor any of your other plays." [1] And she proceeded to ask if he could not write some play upon a pious and moral subject, suitable for young girls, but not dull.

This was obviously not exactly an easy task, but Racine wrote *Esther* in accordance with a request he was not likely to refuse; and the Princess Adélaïde persuaded the indulgent authorities to allow her to appear in it as a young Jewess. It was followed by *Athalie*, and the King, who often came to see these plays, brought with him a number of the *grands seigneurs* of the court, delighted at the pleasure and interest they took in so harmless a diversion.

It was not, however, the story of either *Athalie* or

[1] Souvenirs de Mme. de Caylus (Comte d'Haussonville).

Esther that attracted the young nobles of his court, but the young actresses who represented them, and with whom several fell in love. After one of these performances the Marquis de Villette asked in marriage Mdlle. de Marsilly, and two others of the courtiers present proposed to marry Mdlle. de Choiseul and Mdlle. de Saint-Osmane. The two former were married to their suitors, the latter took the veil.

As these girls were for the most part poor, it is difficult to see why Mme. de Maintenon should have so strongly objected to what gave them, at any rate, the chance of an advantageous establishment.

Her system and ideas on this point were the very opposite to those of Mme. Campan in her more celebrated school more than a hundred years later. *Autre temps autres mœurs.*

But the heads of the young girls began to be turned by all this admiration and excitement. They became insubordinate and inattentive, refused to sing Latin chants in church for fear of injuring their pronunciation, and so scandalised and perturbed the worthy sisters and their patroness, that the latter, considering these reprehensible consequences by no means compensated by the possible advantages of the entertainments, summarily deprived them of their dangerous attraction by forbidding not only the gentlemen of the court, but any one not belonging to the establishment and any man whatever, even a priest or a saint, if, she added, "there were such a thing on earth," to be present at them.

The appearance of the Princess Adélaïde in *Esther* was after this prohibited.

Always afraid of the child being dull, the King had a light carriage made, with only two seats, drawn by four horses, in which he drove her about in the forest of Marly. Her ladies went in other carriages, and would

meet in some glade of the woods, where supper was served to them before returning home.

Amongst the ladies of her household were three young girls—Mdlles. de Chevreuse, d'Ayen, and d'Aubigné—placed there as companions and playfellows. Sometimes the King would take them in boats on the canal de Marly. There was, in fact, nothing he would not do to please the child, his grandniece, his granddaughter by her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy, and, above all others, the child of his old age.

To all his children, legitimate and illegitimate, Louis XIV. had ever been a most kind, indulgent father; but none of them would have ventured upon the freedom and confidence with which the Princess Adélaïde played with him, coaxed him, appealed to him with all the assurance and demonstrative affection of a spoilt child who knows nothing she does or says will come amiss.

Her step-grandmother, the brusque, plain-spoken Charlotte de Bavière, Duchess of Orléans, complained that the King and Mme. de Maintenon spoilt the Duchess of Burgundy outrageously, and that when she behaved in a way that required reproof, if not punishment, they thought it charming.[1]

As the first year of her life at Versailles drew towards its close, all thoughts turned to the preparations for her marriage, which, it is needless to say, were on the most magnificent scale.

Hitherto the person of most importance and interest in Adélaïde's life had not been the Duke of Burgundy, but the King. Mme. de Maintenon was far more to her than her affianced husband, but the love which made the happiness of her life and filled her childish affections was,

[1] Saint-Simon also remarks that the King and Mme. de Maintenon make the Duchess of Burgundy their doll.

as it had been in Savoy, her love for a grandparent. It was much more natural at her age than any sentiment for the rather shy boy whose short ceremonious visits were probably irksome to them both ; but as it was considered advisable that the fiancés should be attracted to each other, the formality and restraint of their interviews were relaxed, and they were encouraged to talk and dance together, though always under the supervision of the Duchesse du Lude.

That Mme. de Maintenon should give advice to her young pupil respecting her future life was, of course, inevitable, but as a general rule she was no advocate of matrimony, had no opinion of husbands, thought the life of a nun a much happier one, and tried to impress this view upon the pupils at Saint-Cyr, whom she considered her children, and to many of whom she was warmly attached.

"When once they are married," she wrote, "they will find out that it is nothing to laugh at. They must be accustomed to speak of it very seriously, even sadly, for I think it is the state in which one finds most tribulations, even in the best of cases."

"There is no noviciate to dispose you for marriage. It is difficult to foresee how far a husband can carry his authority. There are very few good ones ; in fact, I have only known two, and if I said only one, I should not be exaggerating."

The counsels she gave to the Princess were not exhilarating. She must be patient ; she must not expect perfect happiness ; she must make the Duke of Burgundy her chief friend and confidant, follow his advice, not expect him to love her so much as she loved him ; pray to God that she might not be jealous ; never give utterance to complaints or reproaches. All of which, though she did finish by saying that she hoped the Duke would

never be the cause of such trials, could not have sounded very cheerful to the young girl; in fact, when one considers the sort of resignation with which many good women of those days seemed to accept marriage as a sort of sanctified slavery, one wonders how they could ever wish to marry at all, or, having experienced that life of restrictions or tyranny, they could desire such a fate for their daughters. The only alternative was certainly the cloister, but the lot of a nun in one of the great convents of that time, especially if she belonged to a good family and to a prosperous, fashionable Order, was in many respects not only peaceful, but happy and cheerful too. We may hope that Mme. de Maintenon took too gloomy a view of matrimonial prospects, but if in the whole of her immense acquaintance she really only knew of two good husbands, of one of whom she was rather doubtful, we may certainly congratulate ourselves upon the improvement in domestic happiness which has taken place since, especially if, as she implies, there was no protection or redress from unlimited oppression. But the wrongs of a wife were often avenged by the men of her own family in the days when people trusted more to their strong arms and good swords to protect them and theirs than to the often weak and doubtful assistance of the law.

After all, the Princess had been allowed to keep one Savoyard maid called Marguette, until now, when she was sent back with many presents. The Princess cried when she left, gave her her portrait set in diamonds and all the clothes she had brought with her from Savoy, which were not magnificent enough for her present state.

The Duke of Burgundy was now fifteen years old and had been most carefully and strictly educated by his tutor, Fénelon, and the Duc de Beauvilliers, his governor. The latter was a man of high character and

great devotion. Being a second son, he had been intended for an ecclesiastical career, to which he looked forward with ardour, and was much disappointed when his destiny was changed by the death of his elder brother. But the Beauvilliers, who belonged to the *noblesse d'épée*,[1] were amongst the most noble of the French families, and the name must be carried on. The scruples and reluctance of his son would naturally seem strange to the Duc de Saint-Aignan, his father, who was not troubled by an overstrained conscience himself, and had taken an equivocal part in bygone years in the affair of Louis XIV. and Mdlle. de la Vallière. He gave his second title to his second son after the death of the elder, resigned in his favour his post of first gentleman of the chamber to the King, and expected him to marry and take his place in due time as head of the family. Most younger sons would have been overjoyed at their changed prospects, but not so Paul de Beauvilliers. It was with bitter regret and much hesitation that he yielded to what appeared to be his duty to his father and family, and with uneasy doubts as to whether he might be following the call of the world instead of the call of God. However, he obeyed his father's commands, and his life in the brilliant, licentious court of Versailles was a bright example. First gentleman of the King's bedchamber, Minister of State, chief of the Council of Finance, living always at Versailles, he allowed nothing to interfere with the religion he openly professed. Every day he devoted an hour and a half to devotional practices, two or three times a week he received the Communion. When, years afterwards the

[1] Saint-Simon reproached Louis XIV. with the exclusion of the *noblesse d'épée* from his councils in favour of the *noblesse de robe*, declaring that the former were of too independent spirit. It is however, possible, says Comte d'Haussonville, that the former may have been more useful on the battle field and the latter in civil affairs.

young Duc de Saint-Simon entreated to be allowed to marry his daughter, the Duke, remembering his own youth, and knowing that the young girl who had been educated by the Benedictine nuns of Montargis had an earnest longing for the life of the cloister, refused to interfere with her wish.

[1] *"Que voulez-vous que j'y fasse?"* he replied. *"C'est sa vocation."* [1] He was a friend of Mme. de Maintenon, and Louis XIV. had the greatest respect for him, in token of which he made him governor to his grandsons, who were, and always remained, strongly attached to him. The Abbé Fénelon, a man of saintly character, afterwards Archbishop of Cambrai, was their tutor, and later the Abbé Fleury was added as *sous-précepteur.*

Fénelon soon acquired immense influence over the Duke of Burgundy, who was naturally passionate and violent-tempered, but under his auspices developed such excellent qualities of mind and disposition, and so completely outgrew the evil propensities of his early childhood that he was looked upon by all as a prince of the greatest promise ; and it may well be supposed that if he had lived to be King of France, the terrible calamities of the Great Revolution might have been avoided.

The Duc de Berri was also of rather a hasty temper, and not particularly fond of his eldest brother, the favourite of both being Philippe, Duc d'Anjou, who, possessing a milder and more equable character, was always employed to settle any differences between them.

[1] " Il faut en tout suivre aveuglément la volonté de Dieu et sa loi, et il sera le protecteur de ma famille. Lui plaire et le servir fidèlement est la seule chose désirable et doit être l'unique fin de nos actions" (Saint-Simon).

The Duchesse de Beauvilliers declared herself convinced of her daughter's vocation. She had wished her to spend some months at home and go to the court in order to be certain of her decision, but it was useless.

It was the Duc de Beauvilliers who chose Fénelon to be tutor to the Duke of Burgundy, knowing him to be a man not only remarkable for his intellectual power, exalted character, and fervent piety, but for that fascination of manner and thorough knowledge of the world, the absence of which often deprives the other qualities of half their use.

Saint-Simon describes him in vivid colours as a mixture of a doctor of divinity, a bishop, and a *grand seigneur*, and speaks of the strange attraction of his eyes, which seemed to pour forth spirit and fire, the courtly charm of his manners, the character, at once thoughtful and brilliant, of his conversation and personality rendering it impossible, without making an effort, to refrain from looking at him if he were present.

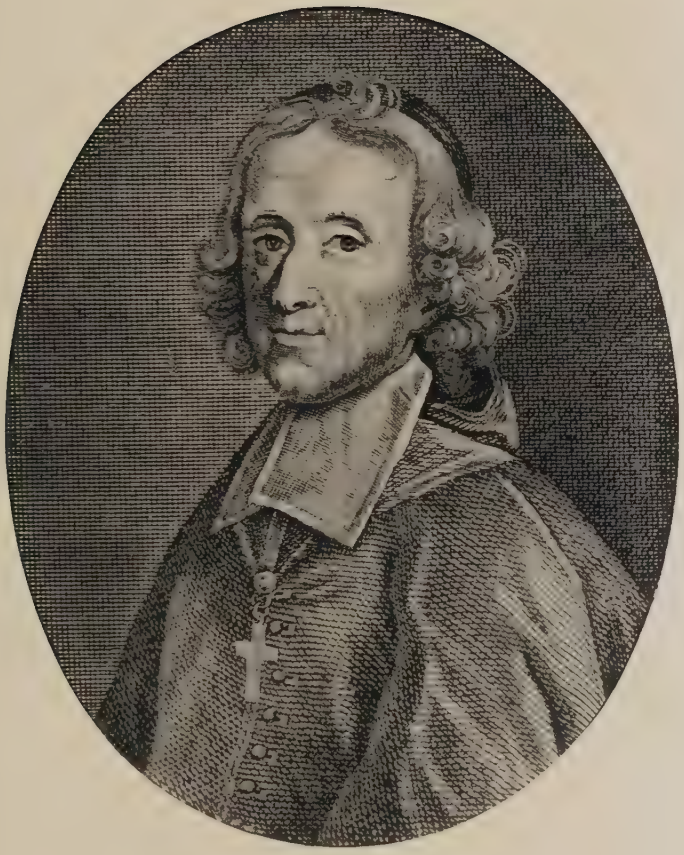
This gift of attraction, which even in his advanced age Fénelon never lost, made him a power at the court, where, in spite of the profligacy still prevailing, though of late years veiled under a much greater appearance of propriety, there was also a small religious circle, amongst whom Fénelon found at once his most enthusiastic followers.

The leaders of this set were the three daughters of the late minister, Colbert, of whom one was the Duchesse de Beauvilliers.[1]

The celebrated finance minister, who died in 1683, was one of the *noblesse de robe*, upon whom the *noblesse d'épée* looked down. His family were of mercantile origin ; the Colberts were said to have been upholsterers at Rouen.[2] He was placed in the office of the secretary Tellier, and passed into the service of Mazarin, who recommended him on his deathbed to Louis XIV. Under that monarch

[1] The others were the Duchesse de Chevreuse and the Duchesse de Mortemart.

[2] It was also said that they were cloth and wine merchants at Reims.



FÉNELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAI

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he rose to be Secretary of State, and after the fall of Fouquet, Contrôleur Général des Finances. He was a great minister, and under him the finances were adjusted, trade and manufactures revived, famine succeeded by prosperity, roads and canals made, cities, especially Paris, embellished with splendid buildings and monuments. The colonnade of the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries were his work.[1] High in the favour of Louis XIV., his life was one brilliant success. When he was dying he said:

"If I had done for God what I have done for that man (the King), I should have saved myself ten times over, and I do not know what is going to become of me."[2]

Whether they were influenced by their mother, or whether the last scene in the life of their freethinking father, when the day was closing upon his splendid career in this world and dawning upon that other to which he had hitherto given so little thought and attention, had left a strong impression upon their minds, the daughters of Colbert did not follow in his footsteps.

The famous treatise on the education of girls[3] was written by Fénelon chiefly for the eight daughters of the Duc and Duchesse de Beauvilliers. It was first published in 1687, and in 1890 a new edition was brought out by M. de Sacy, who declares that it is like "Xenophon written with a Christian pen." Far indeed in advance of their time are the sentiments and counsels of this little book, strongly advocating the thorough and comprehensive instruction of women, and the careful direction of their tastes, not only in music, poetry, painting, and history, but in the principles of justice, the

[1] Bouillé.

[2] "Si j'avais fait pour Dieu ce que j'ai fait pour cet homme, je me serais sauvé dix fois, et je ne sais ce que je vais devenir."

[3] "Education des filles" (Fénelon).

rules of equity, the proper understanding of the different rights and duties of *seigneurs* in the management of their estates. In his chapters upon the education of children, he observes that the most difficult subject of all is a child without sensibility. Quick, sensitive, imaginative natures, he says, have their dangers: their passions and self-will may lead them astray; but their corresponding qualities will go far to redeem them, whilst with apathetic natures there is nothing to appeal to.

The Duke of Burgundy adored Fénelon, who was also deeply attached to him; the King was fully satisfied with the result of his instruction, and touched by the fervour of devotion displayed by the young Prince when at twelve years of age he made his first Communion. On the evening before, as he embraced the boy, he exclaimed: "I am delighted, my son, with the sentiments I find in you; I pray God that He will keep you in them. I shall try to receive the Communion on the same day with you."

The impression of this first Communion never left the young Prince.

"Since the first Communion of M. de Bourgogne," said Mme. de Maintenon, "we have seen the gradual disappearance of all those faults of his childhood which gave us the greatest anxiety for the future. . . . At first laughed at by the court, he has become the admiration of the most dissipated. . . ."

After a time, however, the favour of Fénelon declined. The history of his friendship with the celebrated Mme. Guyon, his leaning towards the opinions of the Quietists, his separation on this account from Bossuet, the condemnation at Rome of the "Quietists," and Fénelon's submission and acknowledgment of their errors, cannot be entered into in a short sketch of the life of the

Duchess of Burgundy. It will suffice to say that the appointment to the archbishopric of Cambrai was a great disappointment to his followers, who had expected and wished him to be Archbishop of Paris. He, however, continued for some time to direct the education of the princes and to spend some months of the year with them. In 1697 he published a book which caused much controversy[1] and was condemned by the Church. The King then deprived him of the post of tutor to his grandsons, in spite of the entreaties of the Duke of Burgundy, and Fénelon retired to his diocese and devoted himself for the rest of his life to the care of his people, amongst whom he led the life of a saint.

In obedience to his grandfather the Duke of Burgundy did not see or write to him for four years, but the love and respect he felt for his tutor never changed.[2]

It is also to be observed that, besides his alarm about the Quietist tendencies of the great Archbishop, the King was much displeased with the famous book "Télémaque," which he had written for the Duke of Burgundy but not meant to publish. A servant or clerk, however, stole the MS. and it appeared in print. Louis XIV. read it, and saw, or thought he saw, in various incidents and passages in the book, criticisms and censures upon himself; and it must be allowed by those who have read it that he might well have thought so. But it is difficult to see how the Duke of Burgundy was to be educated to be a wise and capable sovereign and a man of religious and moral character, if the man who was chosen for this very purpose was not permitted to point out to him that it was reprehensible

[1] "Maximes des Saints."

[2] This reappeared in later days.

to spend enormous sums upon his mistresses while his subjects were in want, to undertake unjust wars, and to waste the revenues of the State. The King was, nevertheless, deeply offended, and the exile of Fénelon was the result.

CHAPTER IV

Marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy—The idol of Louis XIV.—Louise de la Vallière—The only romance of Louis XIV.—The Princesse de Conti—The Dauphin and the Dauphine—The Duchesse de Bourbon—Proposed marriage of the Duc de Chartres to Mdlle. de Blois—The commotion it caused—Fury of the Duchesse d'Orléans—The Duc du Maine—Revival of the gaiety of the court—The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy begin their married life.

THE marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy was celebrated on December 7, 1697, the bride being twelve and the bridegroom fifteen years old. Great was the magnificence displayed upon the occasion, and it was observed that the Duke already began to show signs of admiration and love for the very young wife with whom his intercourse had been, and was still to be, so restricted. The Duc de Berri watched him as he gazed upon the little Duchess at the banquet, and declaring that he, too, knew how to look like that, proceeded to imitate him, to the great diversion of those around, especially of the Duchesse d'Orléans, who relates the incident.

The exiled King and Queen of England, James II. and Maria of Modena, who then held their court at St. Germain, were of course amongst the royalties present. King James, brother of the unfortunate Henrietta, Duchesse d'Orléans, was the great-uncle of

Adélaïde; all the princes of the blood and the *bâtards*, the illegitimate children of Louis XIV., whom he had legitimatised and made princes and princesses, and the old Duchesse de Verneuil, by special favour as widow of an illegitimate son of Henri IV., dined together at a horseshoe table in the ante-chamber of the Duchess of Burgundy. After the banquet everyone went to rest, and took off for a few hours their sumptuous but uncomfortable dresses. The Duke wore a black velvet mantle lined with silver stuff and embroidered with gold, a plumed hat, and his doublet and breeches covered with lace. The Duchess was dressed in cloth of silver with rubies and pearls; her robes were so heavy that Tessé was obliged to support her as she walked in the procession.

At seven everyone met again in the great gallery to see from the windows a grand display of fireworks. After supper was the *coucher* of the Duke and Duchess, at which the King of England attended the toilette of the Duke and the Queen of England that of the Duchess.[1]

The whole thing was only a form, as Louis XIV. considered the children still too young for married life; therefore the young bridegroom got up again after the ceremonial *coucher*, left the room with his father, the Dauphin, and retired to his own apartments, leaving his wife in the charge of her ladies.

But a great difference took place in the life of the Duchess of Burgundy after the wedding. Her household was enormously increased; the number of her ladies was doubled; Bossuet was appointed her *premier*

[1] "Le Roi d'Angleterre vint donner la chemise à Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, et la Reine la donna en même temps à Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne" (*Mercure de France*, Décembre, 1697. Comte d'Haussonville. Dangeau, Mémoires).

aumônier; Tessé, who was entrusted with the arrangement of her stables, ordered gorgeous liveries and got splendid horses from several different countries. Balls and theatres were no longer forbidden; on the contrary, magnificent balls were given for her immediately after her marriage. The Duke of Burgundy visited her every day, but they were never alone together. Every Tuesday and Friday they dined in public and received on those evenings in full toilette.[1]

The day after her marriage the little Duchess insisted on going in her wedding-dress to Saint-Cyr, to show herself to her friends there, and was received by them with great rejoicings.

As the Duchess of Burgundy took her place in the social life and pleasures of the court she did not lose her hold upon the King's heart; on the contrary, he grew more and more fond of her as time went on. No one could fill the position she did in his court, his family, or his affection. "Monseigneur," says M. d'Haussonville, "was a nonentity, whose heavy, commonplace personality did not inspire tenderness." The King had no legitimate daughter, and between himself and his natural daughters, notwithstanding the scandalous elevation to which he had advanced them, it was impossible that there should not exist a certain restraint, owing to their origin and to the inequality of their rank. He was able to treat them as daughters, but they could not treat him as a father. Besides, he had also on their part found some deceptions and troubles.

The Duchesse de Chartres[2] was an insignificant nonentity. The Princesse de Conti had inherited all the charm of Mdlle. de la Vallière, but a correspondence

[1] Dangeau, Mémoires.

[2] Comte d'Haussonville, "La Duchesse de Bourgogne."

had been lately discovered in which she turned into ridicule the love affairs of the King and Mme. de Maintenon. The Duchesse de Bourbon was clever and amusing, like Mme. de Montespan; but her bitter, sarcastic speeches made her dreaded by everyone.[1]

The Comte de Vermandois, son of Mdlle. de la Vallière, died at sixteen years old, after his mother had retired to the cloister. The sons of Mme. de Montespan were the Duc du Maine, the favourite pupil of Mme. de Maintenon, and the Comte de Toulouse, who was generally liked, and had been made Admiral of France at five years old.

The Princesse de Conti[2] was the eldest of the King's legitimatised daughters, and was very attractive. The Duchesse d'Orléans in her letters says she was his favourite daughter. The stain upon her birth was not quite so deep as upon the others, since her mother, the gentle Louise de la Vallière, had not been a married woman. The only romance that could be attached to any of the many fancies and passions of Louis XIV. was that of his love for her. Without taking for literal fact the enthralling tale in the immortal work of one of the greatest of romance writers,[3] enough is known to give a melancholy charm to the story of the woman who alone loved the King with disinterested devotion, for himself absolutely; not the all-powerful monarch whose favour meant riches and power and luxury, but Louis de Bourbon, the handsome, splendid young prince, from the fatal fascination of whose love not even the cloister to which she had fled was able to save her.

[1] Marie Anne de Bourbon, daughter of Louis XIV. and Mdlle. de la Vallière, Mdlle. de Blois, b. 1666, m. 1680 Prince de Conti, d. 1739.

[2] After the death of the Comte de Vermandois, who also held that title.

[3] "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," A. Dumas.

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE

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For him, when, yielding to his passionate persuasions, she left its shelter, she knew she risked not only her honour but her soul ; she hated the rank and riches he forced upon her and shrank from the publicity of her position. The love of the King for whom she had sacrificed everything else was all she cared for ; and when that failed her she returned to the friendly cloister, where she spent the rest of her days in penitence and devotion.

When told of the death of her son, the Comte de Vermandois, a dissipated young prince of sixteen, she sorrowfully remarked that his birth ought to be a greater affliction to her than his death.

The Princesse de Conti was at this time about thirty-one. Louis XIV. had tried to marry her to the Prince of Orange, who had indignantly replied that his family married the legitimate daughters of other sovereigns, not their bastards. The King therefore married her to the Prince de Conti, and this alliance with a prince of the blood gave great offence to the nobles, whose fury at the rank and honours conferred upon *les bâtards* could not be entirely subdued even by the autocratic power and prestige of the Roi Soleil.

But the affection and indulgence of Louis XIV. for his natural daughters did not blind him to the fact that they were not likely to be suitable examples for a young girl, and especially for one so precious and so exalted as the Duchess of Burgundy. Consequently he would allow no intimacy, and no intercourse beyond what was unavoidable, between them. The Princesse de Conti in particular was to be guarded against, being the favourite sister of the Dauphin, with whom she had great influence.

Their affection for each other had increased the loneliness of the late Dauphine, a plain, unattractive

woman who had led a neglected, isolated life at Versailles, the only thing which had won for her any favour or consideration being that she had given three sons to the Dauphin.

They had begun by being devoted to each other, but the Dauphin had very soon forsaken her for various mistresses; especially for a certain Mdlle. de La Force, one of the maids of honour of the Dauphine. The King, displeased with the reports he heard of the proceedings of the Dauphin with the maids of honour, did away with them, and replaced them by married women, whom he considered better able to take care of themselves; probably recollecting the practices of his own youth with the maids of honour of his wife and his sister-in-law.[1] Mdlle. de la Force persuaded the Dauphin that this had been done at the instigation of his wife, with whom he accordingly quarrelled. The Dauphine appealed to the King, who entirely took her part, had an angry scene with the Dauphin, who was dreadfully afraid of him, and declared that since the maids of honour behaved so badly not one of them should sleep in the palace.

The Dauphine was extremely proud and could make sharp speeches enough when she chose, which inspired a certain amount of fear of her at the court. On one occasion as she was in bed, lying with her eyes closed, the Princesse de Conti came in, thought she was asleep, and turned to leave the room, remarking to the ladies with her:

"Look at Madame la Dauphine, she is as ugly asleep as awake."

"Madame," said the Dauphine, opening her eyes, "if I were a love-child I should be just as pretty as you are."

[1] Mdlle. de la Vallière was one of the maids of honour of Henrietta of England, first wife of the Duke of Orléans.

The Duchesse de Bourbon[1] was, in the opinion of Mme. de Maintenon, a still worse example and more dangerous companion than her half-sister. The King had married her to the Duc de Bourbon,[2] a little ugly man, clever and cultivated, agreeable when he chose to be so, but bad-tempered, overbearing, and, if he was in an ill-humour, insufferable. The Duchess had an attractive face but a bad figure; she was witty and amusing, but frivolous, spiteful, and intensely selfish. Her *liaison* with the Prince de Conti was the scandal of the court. The Princesse de Conti amused herself with other affairs of the same kind.[3]

The most splendid marriage was reserved for the youngest of the three legitimatised daughters of the King, who for some years entertained the project of making her the wife of the Duc de Chartres, only son of his brother, the Duke of Orléans. This was, of course, a much greater alliance than either of the others; the fact that the idea of it was detested by everyone concerned in it had no weight at all with the King.

The very thought of it threw the Duchess of Orléans into a frenzy of rage; to a German princess the stain of illegitimacy was indelible.[4] She justly considered such an alliance disgraceful for her son, who was in the line of succession to the throne, and may well have asked with indignation why the legitimate heir of one brother by a princess of royal birth should marry the illegitimate

[1] Louise Françoise de Bourbon, Mdlle. de Nantes, eldest daughter of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan, b. 1673, m. 1685 Duc de Bourbon.

[2] Grandson of the great Condé.

[3] This was not the husband of the daughter of Louis XIV., but her brother-in-law. Mdlle. de Blois had married Louis-Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, who caught small-pox from her, and died 1685. Before this the Princesse de Conti was extremely beautiful, but her beauty, though not destroyed, was injured by this disease.

[4] Saint-Simon, Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans.

daughter of the other. She could not express her sentiments to Louis himself, but she stormed and raved to Monsieur and their son, from both of whom she exacted a promise that they would not consent to so outrageous a proposal. In fact, the idea was almost as repugnant to them as to herself, but they had neither of them any firmness or strength of character, and it would have required no small amount of courage and resolution to place themselves in opposition to a plan upon which the King had set his heart.

In order to dispose his brother towards this alliance he directed the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat, the infamous favourites of Monsieur, to use all their influence in favour of the match ; and as Monsieur was a mere tool in their hands, they so far succeeded that, when the weight of the King's request was added to the representations by which they had prepared the way, he reluctantly agreed, and joined the King in sending for his son to speak to him about the affair.

The Duc de Chartres,[1] much alarmed at being summoned, found himself in the presence of his father and uncle, the latter of whom, in a long harangue, pointed out that he ought to marry, that owing to political affairs there was no foreign princess available, and that there was no princess of the blood of suitable age, and concluded by saying that he offered him his own daughter, whose sisters were married to princes of the blood, and by which alliance he would become his son-in-law as well as his nephew—that, however ardently he desired this marriage, he did not wish to

[1] The Duc de Chartres, if he were obliged to marry one of the King's illegitimate daughters, would have much preferred the Princesse de Conti, but she would not hear of it. She was the only one of them who was really attractive ; until she had the small-pox she was very beautiful, and even afterwards much admired.

constrain him, but to leave him fully at liberty to accept or refuse.

In reply to these words, spoken with the majestic and commanding air habitual to Louis XIV., the young prince, divided between his promise to his mother, his fear of his uncle, his conviction that he would get no support from his father, and his own disgust at the proposal, stammered out that the King was the master, but that his own wishes depended upon those of his father and mother, to whom he must appeal.

The King at once replied :

"That is well; but if you consent your father and mother will not object. Is it not so, *mon frère?*"

He turned to Monsieur, who consented without demur, and then, saying that there only remained Madame to consult, he sent for the Duchess of Orléans.

On her appearance he said that he trusted she would not oppose an arrangement which Monsieur desired and to which the Duc de Chartres had consented—the marriage of the latter with Mdlle. de Blois, an affair for which he was himself extremely anxious ; and he then repeated the advantages and arguments he had used to his brother and nephew. Madame was thunderstruck, but saw that the matter was hopeless.

Casting a furious look at her husband and son, she answered that if they wished it she had nothing to say, made an abrupt curtsey to the King, left the room, and shut herself up in her own apartments with tears and lamentations. She drove away the Duc de Chartres when he came to speak to her, stormed at Monsieur, and would not listen to a word he wanted to say.

That evening was "*appartement*" ; that is to say, the whole court thronged the *salons* of the King from seven till ten. There was first music, then cards ; and after the

music was finished the King sent for Mdlle. de Blois, who was very young and had hardly begun to go out at all. She was dreadfully afraid of the King, and so frightened at being sent for that Mme. de Maintenon, with whom she was, had to take her upon her knee to comfort her. The King announced the betrothal, and everyone was talking of the melancholy looks of those concerned, who made no secret of their dislike. Monsieur looked ashamed and disconcerted, the Duc de Chartres had red eyes and a miserable expression, Mdlle. de Blois appeared frightened and uneasy, in spite of the splendour of her prospects, while as to Madame, she walked about the gallery, crying, gesticulating, loudly expressing her grief and indignation, brusquely refusing everything the King offered her at supper, and when he made her a low bow afterwards, she turned a rapid *pirouette* and was half-way to the door when his salutation was over.[1] When, on the following day, the Duc de Chartres approached to kiss her hand as usual, she dealt him a resounding box on the ear, to the consternation not only of the unlucky young prince, but of the surrounding courtiers.

This marriage took place about four years before the arrival of the Duchess of Burgundy. It was not likely to be a happy one ; but the Duchesse de Chartres did not resemble her sisters. Far from being irreligious or immoral, she was a woman against whom no scandal could be brought, and who by many was looked upon as a saintly character. The Duchess of Orléans, whose vehement friendships and hatreds are well-known to readers of French history of that time, and who always detested the daughter-in-law forced upon her, never accuses her of any scandalous intrigues, but when she was angry would accuse her of not telling the truth, of

[1] Saint-Simon.

being indifferent to her children, of overstrained practices in religion, of absurd pride, saying that she thought she did the Duc de Chartres an honour by marrying him, being the King's daughter, forgetting her illegitimate birth. As to the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Regent, he was a good-natured, easy-going, outrageously dissipated person, whose career is too well known to need comment.

The Duchess of Orléans was for some time in terror lest the King should wish to marry her daughter to the Duc du Maine, a lame, sickly lad, the favourite pupil of Mme. de Maintenon; but much to her relief Louis chose for him a daughter of the Prince de Condé, and a more suitable alliance was found for Mdlle. d'Orléans in the Duke of Lorraine, whom she married.

The gaiety of the court, which of late years, under the stricter rule of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon, had lost much of its former brilliancy, revived after the marriage of the Duchess of Burgundy, who entered with all the eagerness of her youth and high spirits into the pleasures with which she was surrounded.

"Dancing had gone out of fashion," writes the Duchesse d'Orléans, "but it will probably come in again, for the new Duchess of Burgundy is very fond of it."[1] And rather later on, M. de Coulanges writes to Mme. de Grignan, daughter of the celebrated Mme. de Sévigné:

"You cannot imagine the rush there is now after pleasure. The King wishes Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne to do just what she likes from morning till night, and she is delighted to avail herself of this permission. There are perpetual journeys to Marly and Meudon, to Paris for the opera, balls, masquerades; and *seigneurs* trying to gain the favour of the young Princess . . . expenses are quadrupled."[2]

[1] Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans.
[2] Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné.

The separate lives of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy did not go on very long after the celebration of their marriage. The young Duke, who had fallen in love with his wife, rebelled against the arrangements. He hid himself in the Duchess's room, he tried to come in softly while the Duchesse du Lude was asleep ; but she woke up, obliged him to go away, and next day told the King, his grandfather, who spoke to him shortly and sternly, desiring he might have no more such complaints. But the King thought it advisable to put an end to this anomalous state of things, and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy accordingly began their married life when she was scarcely thirteen and he sixteen years old.[1]

[1] Saint-Simon. Dangeau. Sourches. Desnoyers. Comte d'Haussonville.

CHAPTER V

Marriage of the Duke of Lorraine and Mdlle. de Chartres—Ascetic education of the Duke of Burgundy—Love of the Duchess of Burgundy for her own family, for Louis XIV., and Mme. de Maintenon—Her passion for amusement—Goes as a Chinese to a ball—Stays out at *fêtes* all night—Makes herself ill—Plays tricks—The Duchess of Orléans.

IN the autumn of 1698 the daughter of Monsieur, called Mdlle. de Chartres, was married, greatly to her mother's relief, to Leopold Charles, Duke of Lorraine and Bar.[1]

She was twenty-two years old and Madame was always in fear that she would either be an old maid or be obliged to marry the Duc du Maine. The Duchess of Burgundy was very fond of her young aunt, and when she left could not eat, but went crying to Mme. de Maintenon.

It may be questioned whether the tutors and governor of the young princes had not, in conducting their education, carried their zeal and strictness a little too far. Their task had certainly been no easy one. The immorality of the court, the example of the King, the presence of all the sons and daughters of the two chief mistresses, whom he had made dukes and duchesses, whose children were princes and princesses, and whom, not content with marrying them into the royal family and giving them privileges and

[1] She was greatly beloved by her subjects, and after the death of her husband, the Duke, was Regent for her son, François de Lorraine, afterwards the husband of Maria Theresia and Emperor of Germany.

precedence[1] which infuriated the princes of the blood and nobles, he actually attempted to place in the line of succession to the throne; all this made their guardians, who, as has been said, were men of the highest and purest religion and morality, doubly anxious to instil into their pupils the strictest and most scrupulous ideas and principles of faith and conduct.

With the Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou they succeeded perfectly in the inculcation of their ideas. The Duke of Burgundy, in spite of the adoration with which he regarded his wife, was far from sharing in any of her tastes and pleasures; in fact, the very word "pleasure" appears to have excited his suspicions in a manner most unusual at his age. Profoundly studious, deeply religious, his attitude towards life was in many respects that of a puritan or a monk. In his horror and reprobation of the licentiousness and irreligion around him, he went into the opposite extreme and thought every amusement wrong. There was scarcely any diversion in which he did not see harm of some kind. He would not play cards—at least, not the games most in fashion at court—and he had scruples as to whether he should play at all; he would not go to the opera, or to any theatre; or dance, if he could possibly avoid it. When he was not studying or engaged in business of the State, he spent a great part of his time in reading religious books; he fasted until it was remarked that he was as thin as a stick. He seems to have been haunted by a presentiment of an early death.

[1] Of these privileges, precedence, and power they were deprived upon the death of Louis XIV. The mischief and dissension they occasioned caused the Dauphin to declare he was sick of the Duc du Maine, and to refuse to recognise any illegitimate child of his own. His son, Louis XV., was of the same opinion, and treated his natural children with indifference and neglect.

Beauvilliers and Fénelon had succeeded in making a saint of the grandson and heir of Louis XIV.

That Louis, Duc de Bourgogne, would have made an excellent bishop or abbot cannot be doubted. Many in those and later times have believed that if he had lived to be King of France the most crying evils which led to the Revolution would have been avoided and the country spared the horrors which it brought ; but others were of opinion that this was not the education for either a soldier or a statesman or the ruler of a great monarchy, and there were those who said that the training of the young Prince had been over-severe, and that if he were to ascend the throne the court would be like a cloister. The Duchess of Burgundy regarded him with the utmost respect and esteem, but was not the least in love with him. The most important person in her life was the King, her grandfather, and she also preserved a strong affection for her family in Savoy, especially her grandmother. Her delight was unbounded when an heir was at last born to her mother, the long-suffering Duchess Anne, and when afterwards his birth was followed by that of a second son.

Of Mme. de Maintenon, too, she continued to be very fond. She took much greater liberties with her and with the King than any of his own children would have dared to do. She would sit upon their knees or the arms of their chairs, throw her arms round their necks and kiss them, crumpling and disarranging their clothes ; she would rummage among their papers, open their letters, and read them. On one occasion she found on Mme. de Maintenon's bureau a letter, which she proceeded to read. Mme. de Maintenon saw what she was about, and her embarrassment as she went on reading. The letter was from the Princess d'Espinay, and contained a detailed account of her own proceedings during the

last five days and of various imprudences and follies. For which, when she had finished, Mme. de Maintenon administered a severe reproof, adding that she might now see that she had no business to meddle with letters not intended for her. The Duchesse d'Orléans, however, observes that her remarks had done a great deal of good, as the Duchess of Burgundy now behaved much better, and did not sing at dinner, or fidget about on her chair, or take things from the dishes with her fingers.

She was really of a kind, affectionate nature, sincerely loved the King and Mme. de Maintenon, would sit with them if they were ill, try to amuse them by telling them all she had seen and done, and behaved, as they said, like a loving daughter to them. Of her grandfather, Monsieur, she was also very fond ; though Madame complained that her affection was far too familiar, that she would *tutoyer* him, and that he was delighted. Always charming to everybody, never forgetting any one she loved, or who had shown her kindness, she was immensely popular, and said to resemble, not her father, the rough, uncourteous, selfish Savoyard, nor yet her mother, the cold, meek, patient Duchess Anne, but her maternal grandmother, the first wife of Monsieur, the brilliant, attractive Henrietta of England.

She was very anxious to act in the theatricals given by the different princesses, as the Duchesse du Maine did, rather to the scandal of the court and public, but the King would only allow her to do so before a private audience. Neither would he permit Monseigneur to give a masked ball for her amusement to which everyone was to be allowed to come, and at which she could have danced with any unknown person she pleased. She had been delighted at the idea, for, as Mme. de Maintenon disapprovingly remarked, "she would just as soon dance with an actor as with a prince of the blood."

She had a passion for dancing, which she soon communicated to the whole court. While the Duchesse du Maine was expecting her confinement and had to stay in bed, she gave, notwithstanding, twenty balls to the Duchess of Burgundy, and the guests danced in her bedroom. One day when the Duchess of Burgundy was going to a fancy ball she sent a carriage and six horses to the house of the Jesuits to fetch her confessor, Père Le Comte, who soon appeared, and asked her in much astonishment why she wanted to make her confession at so unusual a time.

"No, no, *mon père*," cried the Princess, "it is not to confess that I asked you to come to-day, but because I want you to design me at once a Chinese dress. I know you have been in China, and I want to wear a Chinese dress to-night." In vain the good father represented that he knew nothing about fancy dresses and had had much more to do with Chinese men than women; she would take no refusal: he was obliged to draw the dress, which she wore that evening.

In the hot weather many other kinds of diversion were invented for her. She would go in a coach with eight horses to a fair and walk about it, seeing the dancers and marionettes and buying all sorts of presents for her ladies; she would have amusements out of doors—a Venetian *fête*, for instance, at Trianon, where she and the Princesses went on gondolas upon the canal, while the King had seats placed along the water's edge and a band of music in a boat, to which he and the court sat listening. They went into the palace for supper, and then came out again and remained on the water and in the gardens all through the summer night until the sun rose.

An unfortunate mania for gambling was another of the propensities less suitable for her years than the love

of balls, theatricals, and *fêtes*. The Duchesse d'Orléans indignantly observed that at her age she had much better be playing German games and drinking milk; the King, however, made no objection, but often watched her play with complacent interest.

In order to teach the art of war to the Duke of Burgundy, Louis XIV. ordered a camp to be formed at Compiègne, where sieges, reviews, and sham fights were held and where he took the Duchess for some days to see them.

The *ménagerie* given her by him was the greatest delight to the young princess. It was a little old *château* in the park of Versailles, which was soon her most cherished plaything. Here she kept the rare birds and animals collected for her pets; here, free from any restraints of etiquette, she invited her young friends to breakfast, lunch, or dinner, and to play games, ride donkeys, or make cakes and sweetmeats with her; but only young girls—no young men were allowed to be of these childish unconventional parties.

There was consequently no ground for scandal or gossip at the *ménagerie*, about which she wrote in raptures to her grandmother; but perhaps the same could not quite be said of the hot summer nights at Trianon, which she would spend wandering about the gardens until dawn, accompanied by others besides her ladies. Sometimes at Marly she would have tents pitched by the river, and would bathe, staying a long time in the water, and then rest on a sofa in a tent, often till late at night, talking with the ladies of her household and the young girls her favourite companions.

It seems as if there were something to be said for Madame's opinion that drinking milk and playing childish games would have been better than such a life as this for the health of a young girl between

thirteen and seventeen, and we read that she was often ill, which one can well believe. In the summer of 1701, in consequence of her imprudence in remaining so long in the water and then eating too much fruit, she was, while at Saint-Cyr, seized with violent shivering fits and obliged to go back to Versailles to bed. The next day the court was to go to Marly, and the Duchess, although suffering from fever, insisted on going too, not wishing either to be separated from the King or to prevent his going to Marly. The result of this folly was a serious illness ; the young Princess became delirious, the Duchesse du Lude had the gout, so her place had to be taken by the Comtesse de Mailly by her bedside. The Princess had fits of delirium and of lethargy ; everyone was in despair, especially the King. They moved her back to Versailles on the 16th of August, after many relapses, upon a bed made up in her coach, and in a short time she recovered her health and spirits.

In spite of her precocious knowledge of the world and ardent pursuit of pleasure, Adélaïde took as much delight as any schoolgirl of her age in thoughtless merriment and mischievous practical jokes.

One of the persons upon whom she was most fond of playing tricks was the Princesse d'Harcourt, a great friend of Mme. de Maintenon, whose absurd cowardice made her a tempting subject for them.

She appeared on one occasion after the Princess had gone to bed, and with her young companions bombarded the unfortunate woman with snowballs. Another time she ordered petards to be placed all along the road from Château de Mailly to the lodgings of the Princesse d'Harcourt, who, on setting off in her sedan chair, was startled by the explosions which began all round her, and whose terror and anger kept increasing as the

porters, according to orders received from the Duchess of Burgundy, set down the chair and ran away.

The Duchesse du Lude vainly entreated her to receive with becoming respect and decorum the new Bishop of Metz, who was coming to be presented to her. No sooner did she see him than she began to sing :

"Faites décrotter vous souliers,
Monsieur l'Abbé,"

and when the Duchesse du Lude remonstrated, she replied :

"How could I receive any man more graciously than by singing?"

Another day, while a grand concert was going on during supper, she was diverting herself at the expense of an officer present whom she thought very ugly. The King, however, saw and heard what was going on, and turning to her, said in a still louder voice :

"Madame, in my opinion he is one of the handsomest men in my kingdom, for he is one of the bravest."

In the matter of politeness, good breeding, and etiquette in public, there was no trifling with Louis XIV.; but in private there was little indeed that might not be done or said by the young granddaughter who was the darling of his old age, and whose strange combination of the attractions and qualities of a child and a woman of the world increased his delight in her.

She was with him and Mme. de Maintenon one day in his cabinet, and as she danced about the room in her usual fashion she said to the latter :

"You must acknowledge, *ma tante*, that in England queens govern better than kings. And do you know why? It is because under kings women govern, and under queens, men."

Almost the only person who disliked the Duchess of

ELISABETH CHARLOTTE, PALATINE DU RHIN,
DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS, WIFE OF PHILIPPE, BROTHER OF LOUIS XIV.

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Burgundy and was disliked by her was the Duchess of Orléans—a brusque, plain, but really good-hearted, straightforward person, in spite of the violence of her likes and dislikes and her many eccentricities. As it has been seen, she disapproved of the spoilt, impetuous young princess, who, in her turn, laughed at the rough, often uncouth ways of Madame ; who, however, was full of wit and commonsense, and who, judging from the voluminous correspondence she has left, must have been extremely amusing. At last, one day, she asked the Duchess plainly why she disliked her so ; to which the young girl, blushing and disconcerted, replied :

"You mistake my shyness for dislike."

"And why should you be shy with me, when I have no other intention than to honour and approve of you ?" asked Madame.

"Do not let us say any more about it !" cried the young princess. "I hope you will be more pleased for the future."

And after this the state of affairs between them much improved.

Mme. de Maintenon took the Duchess of Burgundy to see Mdlle. de la Vallière at her convent, where also she, of course, received the visits of her daughter, the Princesse de Conti.

CHAPTER VI

Death of Carlos II.—The Spanish succession—Suspense—A courier from Madrid—King Philippe V.—Excitement at court—Stately ceremonial—Delights and amusements of the Duchess of Burgundy—Visits of etiquette between the King and his brothers—The Duchess laughs at them—They play games in the room of Mme. de Maintenon—Threatenings of war—Departure of the King of Spain and his brothers—An historic scene.

ON the 29th of November, says Dangeau, "the King gave this evening to Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne a necklace of magnificent pearls, valued at fifty thousand *écus;* there were only twenty-one pearls. The King bought this necklace back from Mme. de Montespan."

The court was then in mourning for the Duke of Gloucester.[1] Two days afterwards the news of the death of the King of Spain threw everyone into a state of anxiety and excitement, for the vast question of the Spanish succession had for some time been looming on the horizon.

It will be remembered that Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Monsieur by his first wife, had been unwillingly married to Carlos II., the last Habsburg King of Spain.

Her stepmother, Madame, who could not endure that nation, used to declare that to be Queen of Spain was the most unhappy thing in the world, except to be Queen of

[1] Son of James II. of England.

Portugal;[1] and she sincerely pitied her stepdaughter, who was said, though probably without truth, to have been poisoned at the instigation of a party who dreaded her absolute power over her husband, and were anxious that he should marry a wife who would give heirs to Spain.

If any such plans existed they were doomed to failure. The Bavarian princess who became his second wife had just as much influence over the feeble Carlos as her predecessor, though it arose more from fear than from love; she[2] was very inferior to her in capacity, and had no children. The Habsburg line of Spain was at an end.

All the great powers of Europe were watching for the death of Carlos II., whose ill-health and feeble constitution made it only extraordinary that he should have lived beyond childhood.

There were various claimants for different portions of the vast Spanish dominions, and treaties, even during the lifetime of Carlos II., by which they agreed to divide amongst them the rich provinces of that great inheritance.

The Spaniards, on the other hand, were filled with rage and consternation at the insolent interference and proposed dismemberment by foreigners of their dominions; and to Carlos, feeble as he was, the prospect of the loss after his death of a large portion of the proud inheritance bequeathed him by his fathers and the

[1] Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans.

[2] "Many years after the death of Marie Louise d'Orléans and his remarrying with the Bavarian princess, Carlos, descending into the vaults of the Escorial, ordered the coffin of Marie Louise to be opened. When she appeared before him—such was the skill of the embalmer—in all her well-remembered beauty, he cast one glance on those beloved features unseen for eighteen years . . . and rushed from the vault, exclaiming, 'She is with God, and I shall soon be with her!' . . . He returned to Madrid to die" (Macaulay).

humiliation and ruin of his country was an ever present nightmare.

Macaulay, in his essay upon the subject, explains clearly the position of the rival claimants as follows :

"The King's (Carlos II.) eldest sister had married Louis XIV. The Dauphin would therefore, in the common course of inheritance, have succeeded to the crown. But the Infanta had, at the time of her espousals, solemnly renounced in her own name and in that of her posterity all claim to the succession. This renunciation had been confirmed in due form by the Cortes.

A younger sister of the King had been the first wife of Leopold, Emperor of Germany. She, too, had at her marriage renounced her claim to the Spanish crown, but the Cortes had not sanctioned the renunciation, and it was therefore considered as invalid by the Spanish jurists. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who had espoused the Elector of Bavaria. The Electoral Prince of Bavaria inherited her claim to the throne of Spain.

The Emperor Leopold was the son of a daughter of Felipe III. (Philip III.). No renunciation whatever had been exacted from his mother at the time of her marriage.

As it was clear that great alarm would be excited throughout Europe if either the Emperor or the Dauphin should become King of Spain, each of those Princes offered to waive his pretensions in favour of his second son—the Emperor in favour of the Archduke Carl, the Dauphin in favour of Philippe, Duc d'Anjou.[1]

[1] Lord Mahon's War of the Succession in Spain (Macaulay). After many years of war, and treaties, and exchanges between the disputing parties, the Netherlands, the Milanese, Sardinia and Naples were ceded to the Emperor, Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy, England got Gibraltar, Minorca, Nova Scotia (or Acadie), Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay, and St. Christopher's ; Namur and Charleroi were given to the

The candidate who aroused least alarm and jealousy was the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, and the King of Spain at one time intended to make him his heir. But the young Prince died, and the claimants then remaining were the Duke of Anjou and the Archduke Charles.

The Duke of Savoy, who was descended from a daughter of Felipe II. of Spain, claimed the Milanese, and Louis XIV. promised it to him in consideration of his supporting the claims of France as a faithful ally.

All Europe was waiting in suspense and anxiety during the last months of the life of Carlos II., and when his death took place on November 3, 1700, "all Madrid crowded to the palace. The gates were thronged. The ante-chamber was filled with ambassadors and grandees, eager to learn what dispositions the deceased sovereign had made. At length the folding doors were flung open. The Duke of Abrantès came forth and announced that the whole Spanish monarchy was bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou." [1]

When the courier who had hurried from Madrid, bringing a copy of the King of Spain's will, arrived at Fontainebleau, the King was just going out shooting. He countermanded the *chasse*, announced the death of the King of Spain, ordered the court festivities to cease and deep mourning to be assumed, dined as usual, and sent for the ministers and the Dauphin, who was out wolf-hunting, to meet him in his cabinet *chez Mme. de*

Dutch. To Philippe of Anjou were left Spain, the islands of Majorca and Ivica and the vast and magnificent colonies then belonging to the Spaniards. A few years later Carlos III., son of Philippe of Anjou, reconquered Naples, and with it Sicily (1735), which the Duke of Savoy had in 1720 exchanged for the island of Sardinia. The Dukes of Savoy afterwards assumed the title of "King of Sardinia," which they only exchanged for that of "King of Italy."

[1] Macaulay.

Maintenon, who was present at the Council, which lasted for hours, and sat again twice the next day.[1]

The question as to whether the will of the King of Spain should be accepted was warmly and earnestly discussed, for opinion was by no means unanimous upon the matter, though the deliberating council only consisted of the King, the Dauphin, the Duc de Beauvilliers, Torcy, the Chancellor, and Mme. de Maintenon.

Beauvilliers and Torcy were opposed to the project, considering that France was pledged to the treaty with the other powers, and that the enormous gain in the acquisition of Naples, Sicily, Tuscany, Lorraine and Guipuscoa would be infinitely more advantageous to the country than the elevation of a French prince to the Spanish throne, besides the certainty of a terrible contest, which the nation, already exhausted by war, was not in a condition to enter upon. That their arguments were full of good sense and foresight was proved by subsequent events.

The Chancellor, however, was of a different opinion, and spoke with the most urgent persuasion upon the other side, pointing out the advantage of having Spain as an ally, and the example of the house of Habsburg as a specimen of the durability of family alliances and their mutual support.

But, to the surprise of all, the Dauphin, generally dull and apathetic, rose and spoke with unusual decision in favour of the acceptance of the will. Then, turning to the King, he said that, having given his opinion like the rest, he respectfully asked for the inheritance which he was now able to accept, declaring that the crown of Spain was the lawful heritage of his mother, and therefore his own, that for the sake of the tranquility of Europe he was willing to cede it to his second son, but

[1] Saint-Simon, Mémoires.

that he would never yield an inch of it to any other, and that he trusted the King would not refuse so just a demand.

Surprised at the unwonted heat and decision shown by his son, the King turned to Mme. de Maintenon, whose opinion, when asked for, agreed with that of the Dauphin. The King listened attentively to all, but would give no decisive answer that day.[1]

For the next day or two couriers were constantly arriving from Spain ; there were frequent councils, in which the Duke of Burgundy also took part ; no one spoke or thought of anything else.

The Princesses were eager for the acceptance of the Spanish crown ; when the King asked them playfully what they thought of it, the Duchess of Burgundy, Princesse de Conti, and Duchesse de Bourbon declared they would send the Duke of Anjou at once to Spain, and that it was the general wish ; the Duchess of Burgundy was even said to have remarked privately that " the King would indeed be very silly to refuse a crown for his grandson."[2]

" I know that no matter which I decide upon, many people will blame me," answered the King.

The court returned to Versailles without any announcement having been made, but on the day after, the King's *lever* being crowded with courtiers and the representatives of foreign powers in the greatest anxiety to hear the news, the doors of the King's cabinet were suddenly thrown open, and Louis XIV. appeared with his two elder grandsons and the Spanish ambassador, and proclaimed the Duc d'Anjou King of Spain.[3]

That young prince, a lad hitherto under care of his tutor,

[1] Saint-Simon, Mémoires.
[2] " Duchesse de Bourgogne," Comte d'Haussonville.
[3] Sourches. Saint-Simon. Dangeau.

under strict obedience to his grandfather, and of much less importance than his father, brother, or uncle, was from this moment in an entirely changed position. He immediately took precedence of everyone at the court except the King, and even by him he was suddenly treated, instead of as a boy to be controlled, reproved, and ruled, as a foreign monarch, the guest and equal of that grandfather whom all his life he had regarded with awe and submission.

It must have been extremely embarrassing for the lad when that same evening, at supper, he found himself seated in an armchair on the right hand of the King, while the Dauphin, his father, the Duke of Burgundy, his brother, the Duchess, and the Duc de Berri were on ordinary seats at the other end of the table ; and when, at the usual hour for going to bed, he was ceremoniously accompanied to the door of the new *grand appartement* prepared for him by his grandfather himself, whose stately ceremony could not conceal a smile as he said to his grandson : "Je souhaite que votre Majesté repose bien cette nuit."

Almost equally incongruous must have been the ceremonial visits and speeches which during the next few days had to be exchanged between himself and his brothers, with whom he had hitherto lived on the terms of affectionate familiarity customary amongst boys, with occasional quarrels which did not interfere with their genuine love for each other. The King of Spain returned the visits of both his brothers in state, being received by each of them as a foreign sovereign at the doors of their apartments.

The Duchess of Burgundy, however, could by no means be induced to behave with the same gravity and decorum. She insisted on going to see the King of Spain in his private rooms as usual and he was

quite willing to return her visit with the same freedom from restraint. To her the whole thing was most amusing and exciting. She hid in the *ruelle* of his bedroom when he had to receive the members of the Academy, that she might hear the speeches they made and the compliments they paid him; and in the evenings, when the etiquette of the day was over, she and the three boys went to supper in the apartment of Mme. de Maintenon. There the high spirits and gaiety of youth resumed their natural sway; the clever, studious Duke of Burgundy, the quiet, serious King of Spain, the merry, mischievous Duchess of Burgundy and Duc de Berri, with their young companions, put away forms and ceremonies; sang, danced, played games, and amused themselves to make up for past restrictions, as well they might. For the Duc de Bourgogne was only eighteen, his wife fifteen, the King of Spain not quite seventeen, and the Duc de Berri thirteen years old. It was well for them that their minds were filled by the occupations of the days and the amusements of the evenings, for the time was very short before their separation, and they had each some causes for sorrow and anxiety. His affection for his family and his passionate love of France must have counterbalanced to a considerable extent the satisfaction of the King of Spain at his splendid prospects. His brothers were unhappy at the idea of parting from him;[1] and the Duchess of Burgundy, who never forgot her own family, was filled with secret anxiety as to what part her father would take in case of a war, which, however, at first everyone hoped would be averted. England and Holland would, it was expected, be with France, and the Emperor was thought to be too much embarrassed in financial matters at that moment to be ready

[1] Saint-Simon.

to begin hostilities, and might be propitiated by marrying an Archduchess to the King of Spain.[1]

The Dukes of Burgundy and Berri were anxious to accompany their brother to the frontier, and their grandfather, pleased at their request, not only granted it, but arranged that they should on their way back make a tour through Provence and Languedoc. He gave the Duke of Burgundy four thousand *louis d'or* to spend in private gifts, &c., upon the journey, and two thousand *louis d'or* to the Duc de Berri, saying that there would be a million ready at the frontier for the King of Spain to distribute in his own dominions.[2] Louis XIV. was delighted at the accession of his grandson, and as he looked at him seated on his right hand at supper, he remarked: "It is like a dream." There were at this time three kings at his court—those of France, England, and Spain.

On the 2nd December the Order of the Golden Fleece was given to the young King, who wore its collar set in diamonds with the Order of the St. Esprit.[3]

He gave the Duchess of Burgundy the diamond buckles and earrings he had inherited from his mother, in remembrance of the affection and friendship they had always had for each other. This, and the way in which it was done, pleased Louis XIV. exceedingly.[4]

But disquieting rumours began to be heard amongst all this magnificence and success. It was said that the Emperor was marching twenty-two battalions towards

[1] Sourches. Saint-Simon.

[2] Sourches. Besides this, Louis XIV. gave his grandsons twenty-one purses, each containing a thousand *louis*, for pocket-money (Saint-Simon).

[3] The most illustrious orders in Europe were the Golden Fleece, the Garter, and the St. Esprit (from which comes the modern expression "cordon bleu"—it had a blue ribbon).

[4] Sourches.

the Milanese; the Dutch were reported to be arming twenty-six vessels; England would give no decisive answer. France accordingly pushed on in secret her preparations for the war so soon to begin.

The baggage was sent to Spain on the 3rd of December. The young King had taken leave within the last few days, not without tears, of his relations, friends, and servants: his great-uncle, the King of England, had been to wish him good-bye, the court and the foreign ministers and princes of the blood had visited him, the Duchess of Burgundy had paid him a mournful visit in his rooms, during which they had both cried, on the evening of the 3rd, though she was to go with him as far as Sceaux, with their grandfather.

Every detail of the journey had been carefully arranged by Louis XIV., who took the utmost care that the superior rank of the King of Spain to his brothers should be sufficiently but not too strongly defined. He was to dine and sup alone—*à cause du fauteuil*—and to attend Mass without them—*à cause du carreau.*

The *carreau* or square upon which to kneel was only used by Louis XIV. unless any other crowned head were present. It had been forgotten the first time the Kings of France and Spain went to Mass together, and Louis, seeing this, desired his grandson to take his own. As the boy refused to do this, he sent it away, and for that office no *carreaux* were used at all.

The Duc de Beauvilliers was to have charge of the Princes and supreme command over the whole party, which was a very large one, for, besides the households of the King of Spain and his brothers and the Spanish and French officials, and of course a brilliant escort of troops, there was a perfect rush amongst all the young French nobles to get permission to go.

The Duc de Beauvilliers, who had power to give these permissions, had all the trouble and difficulty in the world to keep the numbers within bounds. He was very ill himself at the time and not in the least fit for the journey, but the King was most anxious he should go, so he dosed himself with quantities of bark, stayed in bed till the day before starting, and then went on to Étampes to wait for the cavalcade.

A band of musicians accompanied them, to the great satisfaction of the Duke of Burgundy, but what chiefly delighted the Duc de Berri was that no tutor was to go.

On Saturday, December 4th, the King of Spain went alone to his grandfather's room, where he stayed a considerable time, and then went down to his father, with whom he also remained for a long while.

The elevation of his son to the Spanish throne had been a profound joy and satisfaction to Monseigneur, who remarked that it was seldom indeed that any man could speak of "the King, my father, and the King, my son," forgetting the prophecy concerning him, and afterwards verified, that although the son and father of kings, he would never reign.

After these interviews the royal family attended Mass together, and then the two Kings, the Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duc de Berri, Monsieur and Madame, all got into the huge royal coach and started for the Château de Sceaux, recently bought by the Duc du Maine.[1]

Numbers of coaches accompanied them, and the road from Versailles to Sceaux was lined with spectators. As they approached Sceaux the garden-walls,

[1] It is a singular reflection that of all the reigning branches of the Bourbon, the only one still upon the throne is the Spanish, descending from Philippe V.

roofs of houses, and trees were covered with people waiting to see the King of Spain.

M. d'Haussonville graphically describes this splendid, touching, and historic scene as follows:

"Even the apartments in the *château* were invaded, the King having, says the *Mercure*, graciously ordered . . . that the doors should not be closed. . . . The Duchess of Burgundy herself was for an instant separated by the crowd from the royal procession. . . . The King, whose face was already bathed in tears, first led his grandson into the last room on the ground floor, which opened out of the great *salon* . . . the princes, princesses, and court remaining in the first room, where they maintained profound silence. . . . They remained *tête-à-tête* for a quarter of an hour, the King of France giving his last counsels to the King of Spain, the grandfather making his grandson his last farewell. Then Louis XIV. opened the double doors and called successively, first Monseigneur, then the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, then the Duc de Berri and the other princes and princesses of the blood. What they said no one could hear, but the two kings could be seen to burst into tears and Monseigneur to hide his face against the wall, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy and Duc de Berri crying and sobbing as they embraced their brother. Separations in those days in a royal family were a very different thing from separations at the present time; the princes who thus said adieu to each other knew very well that there was little chance of their ever meeting again.

Gradually the emotion became general, and it was in the midst of the tears and sobs of all present that Louis XIV., followed by the other princes, reconducted the King of Spain across the grand *salon* to

the door opening on the colonnade. There he embraced him, for etiquette did not permit him to go further, and he let him go. But etiquette was overcome by nature. The King of Spain having gone on some steps, Louis XIV. could not restrain himself, but advancing into the colonnade, he called him back, and for the last time held him long and closely clasped to his breast. Then, letting him go, he went back into the *salon* and took refuge to recover himself in the little room beyond, where the Duchess of Burgundy immediately went to join him. Alone with him the child, as she was still, could dry the old man's tears better than any one.

The King and the Duchess of Burgundy walked together in the garden of the *château* while a banquet was served to the ladies of the court. Monseigneur, in much distress, went to Meudon for some days alone, and the King returned to Versailles, where he arrived at five o'clock with the Duchess of Burgundy, Monsieur, and Madame.

CHAPTER VII

The frontier of Spain—A terrible parting—Return of the Duke of Burgundy — Marie Louise of Savoy — Quarrels in the royal family—Death of Monsieur—The Duchesse d'Orléans and Mme. de Maintenon—The War of Succession—Marriage of Marie Louise of Savoy to Philippe V. of Spain—Brilliant talents and capacity of the Queen of Spain—Death of James II. of England—The Duke of Burgundy goes to the war—His character—His love for his wife —Intrigues and quarrels at court.

IT was not until the 20th of January that the King of Spain arrived at the frontier of his dominions. The young princes, whose spirits had sunk as the time for their separation drew near, sat looking at each other sorrowfully, and hardly speaking during the drive from Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

At last the Bidassoa was reached. The cavalcade stopped ; the Duc d'Harcourt went down to the river, where a small brigantine was waiting to take the King across from France to Spain. In a few minutes he returned saying that all was ready. The King of Spain, looking pale and dazed, with his eyes full of tears, descended from the coach with his brothers and threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Burgundy. The three boys, in passionate grief, clung to each other till the Duc de Noailles, taking the King of Spain by the arm, almost dragged him away and led him on board the boat, while the Duc de Beauvilliers, persuading the Dukes of Burgundy and

Berri to get back into their coach, gave the order to start at once.[1]

The brothers met no more in this world. The King of Spain was the only one who survived their grandfather and lived even to middle age.

The Duke of Burgundy returned on the 19th of April, and the Duchess, who, without being in love with him, still regarded him as a companion for whom she had affection because of his devotion to her, his talents, virtues, great position, and the advantages she enjoyed through her marriage with him, was delighted at the thought of seeing him again, and spent a long time at the window of Mme. de Maintenon's room watching the road by which he was to return.

When he arrived he went straight to the King, who, after a short interview, sent him to his wife's rooms. The directions given by the King, that his grandsons should be carefully kept from any chance of love affairs on their journey, had been perfectly unnecessary in his case, though not quite so in that of the King of Spain, who had sent a love-letter to a Gascon lady inviting her to a *rendez-vous*, which, however, she declined.

It was evident that Philippe V. inherited the temperament of his race, and that he would always be attracted and influenced by women. On the other hand, the education he had received from Beauvilliers and Fénelon had taken such strong hold upon him as to prevent his indulgence in the intrigues and *liaisons* of his grandfather and father. He had neither the capacity nor the strength of principles of the Duke of Burgundy, and besides the political importance of the position, it was better in every way that a suitable wife should be found for him as soon as could be. The late King of Spain had, in his will, expressed a desire that the

[1] Dangeau. Comte d'Haussonville.

French Prince, his successor, should marry an Archduchess of Austria, but Louis XIV., partly as a means of attaching the Duke of Savoy to his interests, had selected his second daughter, Marie Louise, who was, besides, his own great-niece, to be the wife of his grandson.

Always deeply interested in her own family, the Duchess of Burgundy, who had this year been overjoyed at the news of the birth of a second brother,[1] was delighted at the proposed marriage of her brother-in-law and her sister, whom she had never ceased to love, though, as she had left her a child of eight years old, their feeling for each other could not have been much more than a childish recollection. Kind-hearted, charming, and gifted as the Duchess of Burgundy was, her sister appears to have been undoubtedly her superior in character and intellectual power. Always more studious than Adélaïde—of whom Mme. de Maintenon said she must be taught certain things, but it was useless to suppose she would ever go very far in her education—the letters alone of Marie Louise to her grandmother show a considerable difference between the two. Those of Marie Louise are much more numerous, there being three hundred instead of one hundred. They are better written, better spelt, better composed, much longer, and of an altogether different calibre from the short, affectionate, ordinary sort of communications of the Duchess of Burgundy. The two girls were, however, best suited to their surroundings—Adélaïde to be the darling and spoilt child of Louis XIV. and the court of Versailles, and wife of the man who was, at any rate, able to guide her, and willing to show her nothing but indulgence and love; Marie Louise to be the idol and counsellor of

[1] Afterwards Carlo Emmanuele, King of Sardinia.

the weak, kind-hearted Philippe, and to rule him and his kingdom.

In June of that same year (1701) a serious quarrel took place between the King and Monsieur. The latter had always been absolutely submissive to his powerful brother, who was really very fond of him.

But one day Monsieur came over from Saint-Cloud to Marly to dine with the King, and on arriving walked into his cabinet as usual when the Council left. The King had been much irritated by various complaints his daughter, the Duchesse de Chartres, had been making to him about the conduct of her husband, his open love affair with Mdlle. de Séry, one of his mother's maids of honour, and his general way of going on.

The King complained indignantly to Monsieur, who replied angrily that fathers who had led a certain kind of life had no right to find fault with their children for doing the same. The King, who felt the justice of the argument, represented the patience shown by his daughter, from whom, at any rate, all such affairs ought to kept secret, to which the Duke of Orléans replied by taunting his brother with the way in which in former years he treated the late Queen in that respect, forcing her even to allow his mistresses to travel in her coach.

The King, like many other people who cannot deny the truth of an argument opposed to them, got into a passion, and the contention between them became so fierce and loud that an official came in to represent that the courtiers who thronged the outer *salon* could hear every word they said, upon which they altered the tone of their voices, but not the tenor of their remarks.

Monsieur declared that the King had made his son magnificent promises on his marriage, but had given him no appointment either in the State or army,

and therefore, as he had no proper occupation, he should not interfere with the amusements with which he consoled himself, adding that he saw too well the truth of what he had been told at the time, that they would get nothing from this marriage but the shame and dishonour of it, without any profit whatsoever.

Just then dinner was announced, and they both entered with flushed faces and eyes sparkling with anger. Monsieur especially, who had not been well for some time, looked so excited and ill that several of the courtiers present noticed it, and remarked what he had lately been repeatedly told, that he ought to be bled. The King, on hearing this, became uneasy, and observed that he had said so before, and that, in fact, he did not know why he should not take him into his room and insist on his being bled at once. The dinner went on as usual. Monsieur ate enormously, as he always did at his repasts, besides eating chocolate, fruit, sweetmeats, and all sorts of things all day. On rising from the table the royal family went to visit the King and Queen of England at Saint-Germain, from whence Monsieur returned with the Duchesse de Chartres to Saint-Cloud. That evening after supper a courier arrived at Versailles from Saint-Cloud, bringing word that Monsieur had been seized with apoplexy.

At once all was confusion. The King went to Mme. de Maintenon and sent a messenger to Saint-Cloud to inquire how Monsieur was. Hearing that he was better, he went to bed, but an hour or two later came a worse account, which caused him to get up at once and drive to Saint-Cloud, where he arrived about three in the morning, but found Monsieur unconscious and the case hopeless.

The King was greatly distressed, shed many tears,

and when his nephew, also in tears, exclaimed, "Eh! sire, what will become of me? I am losing Monsieur, and I know you don't like me," he embraced him and promised to be a father to him; then, desiring the doctor, Fagon, not to leave the Duke of Orléans until he was better or dead, he yielded to the entreaties of Mme. de Maintenon and the Duchess of Burgundy, who had come with him, and drove back to Versailles at about eight o'clock in the morning.

Three hours later Fagon appeared.

"Well, M. Fagon," said the King, "is my brother dead?"

"Yes, sire; no remedy was of any use."

The King shed many tears, saying, "I shall never get accustomed to be without my brother; I cannot believe I shall never see him again."

He appeared all the more distressed on account of the disputes which had gone on for the last two months between them, and ended in the quarrel which had probably caused the final catastrophe.

But the grief of Louis XIV. did not last long; what he dreaded was to be depressed and *ennuyé*. The day after the death of Monsieur, the Duchess of Burgundy was heard singing the prologue of an opera to the King in Mme. de Maintenon's room. He had found her sitting sorrowfully by herself in a corner, and insisted on making her sing and trying to amuse her. After dinner the Duke of Burgundy invited the Duc de Montfort to play *brelan* with him.

"*Brelan!*" exclaimed Montfort in consternation, "you are not thinking of such a thing; Monsieur is not yet cold."

"I beg your pardon," replied the Prince, "I am thinking very much of it, but the King wishes nobody to be dull at Marly, and has ordered me to make

everyone play, and for fear no one should dare to begin, to set the example myself."

Monsieur was missed at court, where he had been foremost in promoting gaieties and amusements, but the two persons who mourned for him most were the Duc de Chartres, now Duc d'Orléans, and the Duchess of Burgundy, who had been very fond of her grandfather, and for a long time had much difficulty in concealing her grief and appearing cheerful as the King desired.

As to Madame, she could not be expected to be inconsolable for a husband such as Monsieur. But without any pretence of affection, they had led friendly and peaceable, though for many years separate lives.[1]

"They used always call me 'sœur pacifique,'" she writes, "because I did all I could to keep peace between Monsieur and his cousins, *la grande Mademoiselle*,[2] and the Grand-duchess;[3] they very often quarrelled, and about the merest trifles, just like children. . . . Monsieur was jealous of his children; he kept them away from me as much as he could; he let me have more authority over my daughter and the Queen of Sicily than over my son, but he could not prevent my telling him the truth plainly. My daughter never in her life did anything to cause me uneasiness.

"The late Monsieur . . . wrote so badly that he often brought me the letters he had written to read, laughing and saying, 'You are accustomed to my writing, Madame; just read me that, for I don't know what I have written.' We often laughed over them together."

It had been stipulated in the marriage contract of Madame that if she became a widow she should either

[1] Saint-Simon, Mémoires.

[2] Mdlle. de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII.

[3] Grand-duchess of Tuscany, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans.

retire to a convent or have the Château de Montargis as her residence. Of a convent she would not hear, neither did the other alternative commend itself to her. Deeply regretting the death of Monsieur, partly for the friendship there had been between them and partly because of the disastrous position in which it placed her, she had no alternative but to apply to the King—and Mme. de Maintenon had always been the object of her detestation and abuse in conversation and in her correspondence. For some time before the death of Monsieur, the King, who had before been always on very good terms with her, had to a great extent withdrawn his favour. She therefore asked the Duchesse de Ventadour to speak for her to Mme. de Maintenon, who accordingly came to see her with Mme. de Ventadour.

The Duchesse d'Orléans complained of the King's late indifference, saying that he had taken no notice of her during a late illness.

Mme. de Maintenon then replied that the King had desired her to say that their mutual grief at the death of Monsieur had effaced his displeasure on condition he had no new cause for it; but that it had not only been caused by the opposition of Madame to the marriage of her son, but by other matters, and taking a letter from her pocket, asked if she knew the handwriting. Madame was thunderstruck, for the letter was one she had written to her aunt, the Duchess of Hanover, full of gossip about the court as usual, and of abuse of Mme. de Maintenon, declaring that she did not know whether she were really the King's wife or his mistress, and giving many imprudent opinions and details upon the affairs of the kingdom, the distress prevailing, &c. This letter had been opened by the postal authorities and given to the King.

Madame could not deny it, and Mme. de Maintenon proceeded to recount to her all sorts of things she had said against her to various persons, including the late Dauphine, and which had come to her ears.

There was a violent scene, but Mme. de Maintenon had all the advantage, and after many apologies and protestations from Madame, a reconciliation was arrived at, and it was stipulated that the King should not mention the matter to her. He came to see her that same day, bringing Monsieur's will, and, influenced partly by the reproaches of his late brother, partly by the marriage of the present Duc d'Orléans with his daughter, he made splendid provision for him. He increased the pension of Madame, she retained her own and Monsieur's *appartements* at Versailles and Saint-Cloud. The King frequently visited her, and she was constantly to be seen with him both in public and private.

The War of the Spanish Succession broke out in the spring of 1702. England and Holland joined the Emperor; the Elector of Bavaria, and at first the Duke of Savoy, took part with France and Spain. It is impossible to enter here into the vicissitudes of that long and eventful struggle, the final results of which have been given in a footnote (p. 62). Before long it was raging in Spain, Italy, Germany and Flanders, spreading misery and devastation in its course, and exhausting the resources of the different nations concerned in it.

The splendour and prosperity of France in the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIV., her immense power and preponderance, had caused Frederick the Great of Prussia to exclaim, "If I were King of France, not a cannon should be fired in Europe without my permission." But the military genius of France seemed now to have departed: her greatest

leaders were dead; Villeroy and Vendôme were no match for Marlborough and Prince Eugène.

"Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est pas heureux à notre âge," was the King's melancholy remark after the battle of Ramillies (1705).

The Princess Marie Louise of Savoy was married in September, 1701, to Philippe V., King of Spain. She was then thirteen years old, but exceedingly precocious, and intellectually advanced for her age to an extraordinary degree.

Unlike her sister, she objected strongly to her Savoyard suite being dismissed at the frontier, which, as in the case of the Duchess of Burgundy, was done by order of Louis XIV., whose authority was exerted over his grandson's kingdom, court, and domestic arrangements.

The young Queen of Spain cried, protested, and when she met her husband and found he would not yield to her remonstrances, she quarrelled with him, and it was not until the third day of their introduction to each other that they made up their disagreement and began their married life together. It was only a short-lived dispute, for Philippe and Marie Louise at once fell deeply in love, and continued to be devotedly attached to each other during the whole of their married life. Philippe was absolutely governed by the Queen, whom he could not endure to be out of his sight for half an hour, and Marie Louise, not resembling her sister in any thirst for the pleasures and gaieties of a court,[1] applied herself to study and

[1] Their mother, the Duchesse Anne, writing to Vernon, who was entirely in her confidence, says: "Je voudrès bien que la Duchesse de Bourgogne s'attire autant de louanges (que sa sœur) mès, entre nous, elle est trop dissipée et naturellement et par la vie qu'elle mène pour qu'elle puisse me donner si tost cette consolation qui je n'atends que quand sa première jeunesse sera passée" (Archives de Turin, Comte d'Haussonville).

the affairs of government. It was well that it should be so. The court of Spain was by no means a scene of brilliant festivity or perpetual pleasure and luxury, like that of France, and instead of finding herself, as her sister did, surrounded by relations, protected, watched over, and guided by a great king and a woman of mature age and experience, with every wish gratified and nothing to do but amuse herself, Marie Louise found herself in a foreign land, whose language, customs, and ideas were unfamiliar to her, where she was an absolute stranger, without family ties or any near connections except the unknown husband of eighteen, a stranger like herself, insecurely seated upon his new throne, on the eve of a terrible war, and leaning upon her for help and advice.

How nobly and bravely she accepted this unwonted burden and responsibility laid upon her childish shoulders; how she adapted herself to the ways of her adopted country, and putting away all concern for her own amusement and pleasure, threw herself heart and soul into political affairs, sat every day for hours in the *Junta*, shared in all the anxieties of the King, carried on a voluminous correspondence, regulated her expenses, and found her amusements in books, in the Italian theatre, in her garden at Retiro, and in improving the palace. In one of her letters to her grandmother she says:

"I must tell you that I find this town (Madrid) and my palace much finer than I expected, but the smells are so dreadful that they spoil the beauty of it all. I am going to embellish my palace a little, that is to say, in the things that can be done without great expense; for in these days one must consider economy, as you know, dear grandmama." [1]

[1] Contessa Della Rocca.

A writer of the events of that day says of her :

"Madrid was transported with joy at the arrival of the Queen. She showed herself even superior to her reputation. The more eager every one was to render homage and pay court to her, the more she gave herself up to the duties imposed by her position as Regent. She sat every day for two or three hours in the *Junta*." [1]

James II., King of England, died at Saint-Germain, 1701. Madame, who liked him, says :

"I must confess that the death of King James has made me quite sad. His widow is in a state that would melt a stone. The good King James died with indescribable firmness, and so tranquilly that he seemed to fall asleep. The day before his death he said, 'I forgive my daughter with all my heart all the evil she has done me, and I pray God to forgive her and also the Prince of Orange and all my enemies.'" [2]

Louis XIV. acknowledged the Prince of Wales as James III., King of England. The ridiculous stories invented by the enemies of the King about the birth of the Prince of Wales, whom they pretended to have been a strange child introduced into the Queen's room, and the gossip and scandal which asserted that Louis XIV. was not the son of Louis XIII. but of Mazarin, were often made subjects of rhymes and songs amongst the lower classes of the people. One of these couplets ran as follows :

"A Jacques disait Louis :
De Galles est-il votre fils ?
Oui-dà, par sainte Thérèse,
Comme vous de Louis Treize."

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[1] Abbé Millot. This was in 1702. The Queen, then fourteen years old, was Regent in the King's absence.

[2] "Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans.'

The Duke of Burgundy was most anxious to take part in the war, and Louis XIV., pleased at his ardour, gave him the command in Flanders, with Marshal de Boufflers under him, while the Spanish troops were commanded by the Marquis de Bedmar.

On his way to Flanders the Duke of Burgundy passed through Cambrai, and again saw his beloved tutor, the Archbishop. The King forbade him to sleep or even to dine there, and ordered Saumercy not to leave them alone. But they embraced with transports of joy, the Prince taking the opportunity to whisper to the Archbishop, with whom he had begun [1] again a correspondence which he never relinquished.

The excessive austerity and exaggerated scruples of the Prince were regarded by this wise and devoted counsellor with disapproving anxiety as he saw the unfortunate effect they were having upon the Prince himself and on those around him.

His entire devotion to religion and learning and his excessive strictness made him disliked by many, who took the embarrassment and reserve of his manner for haughtiness, felt constrained in his presence, and attributed to pedantry his conversations about subjects of which they knew nothing.

Saint-Simon complained of "all that preciseness and restriction which are not virtue . . . but which make people fly from his presence."

The Duke spent an enormous time at his devotions, or shut up with his confessor, or reading religious books, and had so many scruples about whether things were right or wrong, that they often prevented his being able to make up his mind upon a subject at all, and were in danger of depriving him of all decision of character and promptness of action.

[1] Saint-Simon.

The letters of Fénelon are strongly opposed to any such fidgety, overstrained ideas.

"This love (of God)," he writes to his pupil, "does not require from all Christians austerities like those of the ancient recluses, nor yet their profound solitude, nor their contemplation. Neither does it usually demand striking and heroic actions, nor the renunciation of property lawfully acquired, nor the giving up of the advantages of our position. This love does not trouble or disturb or change anything in the order which God has established. He leaves the great in their grandeur, and makes them lowly under the hand of Him who made them great. . . .

"Do not make long prayers, but say a little in the name of God every morning. . . . The principle of love must be cultivated by prayers at certain hours, and maintained by the familiar presence of God during the day. . . .

"Study men without ceasing. Learn to make use of them without giving way to them. In piety there is nothing weak or melancholy or burdensome; it should make itself all things to all men to win them all. The kingdom of God does not consist in a scrupulous observance of little trifles; it consists for each in the great virtues belonging to his position. A great prince has not to serve God in exactly the same manner as a hermit or a private person. . . ."

The Duchess of Burgundy thought the extreme strictness of her husband rather tiresome, and used to laugh at and remonstrate with him about it.

"You must acknowledge," she said one day to Mme. de Mailly, "that I have married the man who leads the hardest life in France. Really it is no use being the heir of Henri IV. to subject oneself to such dull slavery."

However, she got on very well with her husband, of whom she wrote to Mme. de Maintenon:

"I do not content myself with doing the will of M. le Duc de Bourgogne, but I even enter into his views, which is no small matter for me. For only imagine, my dear aunt, he offers them to me sometimes in three degrees—good, better, or best, just as the Archbishop of Cambrai would do, and leaves me to choose. Sometimes I have a good mind to declare for neutrality, but I don't know by what enchantment I always conform to what he wishes, even in spite of myself."

"I should like to die before M. le Duc de Bourgogne," she exclaimed one day, "but still to be able to see what went on here. I am certain he would marry a *sœur grise* or a *tourière* of the Filles de Sainte-Marie!"

The devotion of the grave, talented, high-souled young Prince, who was the hope of all sensible, high-principled persons in France, to the thoughtless, charming girl who was his wife never failed nor changed. He wrote verses to her, and in her society he threw off to a great extent his seriousness, and relapsed into the spirits more natural to his age. Anything in the world she wanted he would give her or do for her, that is to say, unless it were something he thought wrong. On one occasion, when she tried in vain to persuade him to confide to her some affair of State which he had heard in Council, he replied:

"Jamais mon cœur n'est qu'à ma femme,
Parcequ'il est toujours à moi.
Elle a le secret de mon âme
Quand il n'est pas secret du Roi."

The campaign in Flanders was disastrous. Boufflers was driven back by Marlborough, and after an absence that did not last very long, the Duke of Burgundy returned to Versailles.

With all her popularity the Duchess of Burgundy had some enemies, chiefly of a certain clique that gathered

round Monseigneur and formed the little court at Meudon, where, since the death of the Dauphine, he had lived with his mistress, Mdlle. Choin. The Princesse de Conti and Duchesse de Bourbon were also continually there, and were both of them extremely jealous of the Duchess of Burgundy and of her influence with the King.

The Princesse de Conti, several years older than her half-sister, had occupied a leading position when the court was comparatively dull, during the years between the retirement of Mme. de Montespan and the arrival of the Duchess of Burgundy.[1] Those years had been the height of her enjoyment and prosperity. After the death of the Queen and Dauphine there was no woman at the head of the court. The Duchess of Orléans was like a man in petticoats, very ugly and thoroughly German, hating France and the French. The half-sisters of the Princesse de Conti were several years younger than herself, and it was not for some little time that they began to come in her way, the Duchesse de Chartres by taking precedence of her, and the Duchesse de Bourbon, who, though not so pretty as herself, was much cleverer and more amusing, by interfering with her influence over her brother.

In order to belong to the little court of Meudon and retain the affection of the Dauphin it was necessary to conciliate Mdlle. Choin, an ugly, artful, intriguing woman, who reigned supreme over him. And as the King grew older, the courtiers grew more and more assiduous towards Monseigneur, who, however inane and uninfluential with Louis XIV., might at any rate soon be in his place.

[1] 1685 to 1696, Comte d'Haussonville. The court used to declare this state of things would not last, and to call Mme. de Maintenon "Mme. de *Maintenant*."

To the Princesse de Conti it was especially annoying, as, years before, Mdlle. Choin had been one of her ladies and her successful rival with a certain Chevalier de Clermont with whom she herself had carried on a secret intrigue. Some of their letters, however, had fallen into the hands of the King, who was very angry, sent for the Princesse de Conti and made her read to him the letters,[1] by which it appeared that Clermont had been deceiving her and was in love with Mdlle. Choin. Louis XIV. reprimanded his daughter and dismissed Clermont from court, where he did not reappear during the life of that monarch, but Mdlle. Choin, under the protection of Monseigneur, was out of the power of her rival, who, in consideration of Monseigneur, made friends with her. The Maréchal de Vendôme, who hated the Duke of Burgundy, was also an *habitué* of Meudon ; and partly by the malice of those surrounding him, partly from the restraint he felt in the presence of the austere son who was so infinitely his superior both in brains and character, the Dauphin was estranged from the Duke of Burgundy. And most of the satirical verses, gossip, innuendos, and cabals against that young prince and his wife originated or were circulated in the intimate circle of his father. The malevolence of this set became still more virulent against the Duchess of Burgundy when, in 1703, her father, the Duke of Savoy, deserted the French and Spaniards and joined the Emperor.

To both his daughters this was a poignant grief. The Duchess of Burgundy went crying to Mme. de Maintenon's room when the King was there, and when, alarmed and distressed by her tears and sobs, they succeeded in persuading her to tell them what was the matter, she related to them the remarks that had been made about her father's attitude, and the reports circulated that for

[1] Saint-Simon, Mémoires.

this cause and also because she had no children he intended to send her back to her own family.

The King was furious: he ordered inquiries to be made to discover the author of these reports, and that whoever it might be should be severely punished. With the help of Mme. de Maintenon he comforted the Duchess, and in order to amuse her and to show that she was in no way involved in the disfavour of her father, he ordered none of the *fêtes* to be countermanded.[1]

[1] Comte d'Haussonville.

CHAPTER VIII

Rash flirtations—A dangerous position—Terror of the Duchess of Burgundy—De Nangis and Maulevrier—Tessé interposes—Outrageous conduct of Maulevrier—His death—The Abbé de Polignac.

"THE Duchess of Burgundy is very intelligent, but, like every young girl who has had too much liberty, she is exceedingly coquettish and wild. If she had been with people who had controlled her as she ought to have been controlled, they might have done some good with her Highness, but after the way they have let her go on I fear many histories will happen some day. . . . Louis XIV. ended by finding everything charming that the Duchess of Burgundy did; the old Maintenon made him believe that it was only to amuse him. That old woman was the law and the prophets. . . ." [1]

So writes Madame, with her usual mixture of common sense, plain speaking and strong prejudice; while among those nearest to the Duchess of Burgundy in her own family there seems to have been a certain feeling of doubt and anxiety about her, owing to the accounts they received of her proceedings.

"Indeed, dear grandmama," writes the Queen of Spain to Madame Royale of Savoy, "I know very well that all marriages are not as happy as mine, and I

[1] "Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans."

appreciate my happiness. I wish very much that my sister should love the Duke of Burgundy half as much as I love the King, for even that would be a great deal. I cannot help saying to you that if she did not I could not praise her, for she would be most ungrateful not to respond to all the marks of affection which the Duke of Burgundy shows her; but I have no doubt she does. At least, if she has not really the feeling, that at least she does outwardly everything to make him think so." [1]

Among the young courtiers remarkable for their good looks, charming manners, and various attractions was Louis Armand de Brichanteau, Marquis de Nangis. He was a favourite of the Duke of Burgundy, and though only one-and-twenty had just been appointed *brigadier d'infanterie*. He had been serving in Flanders under Villars, had been invalided home, and arrived at Versailles in June, 1703, just as the Duke of Burgundy was leaving to take command of the Army of the Rhine.

De Nangis, very much run after by many women at court, attracted the notice of the Duchess of Burgundy, who appears to have been rather too ready to let him see an admiration by which he was touched and of course considerably flattered, but at the same time much perplexed and embarrassed. For in the first place he was already carrying on a *liaison* with a certain Mme. de la Vrillière, *dame d'atour* to the Duchess of Burgundy, who was young, pretty, deeply in love with him, and whose

[1] "Vraiment, ma chère grand'maman, je sais bien que tous les mariages ne sont pas si heureux que le mien, et je reconnais mon bonheur en cela. Je désirerais bien que ma sœur aimât M. le Duc de Bourgogne la moitié seulement de ce que j'aime le Roi, car se serait encore beaucoup. Je ne puis pas m'empêcher de vous dire que si elle ne le fait pas, je ne la peux pas louer, car elle serait une ingrate de ne pas répondre à toutes les marques d'amitié que M. le Duc de Bourgogne lui donne; mais je ne doute pas qu'elle le fasse. Au moins, si elle n'a pas cela intérieurement, elle fera dans l'extérieur tout ce qu'il faut pour le faire croire" ("Lettres de la Reine d'Espagne," Comtesse Della Rocca).

jealousy was immediately aroused by the evident attention of so powerful a rival ; and in the second place, having more sense and caution than might have been expected at his age, he saw the dangerous position in which he would be placed. For a love-affair at the court of Louis XIV. with the Duchess of Burgundy, wife of his grandson and prospective Queen of France, was no trifling matter. He did not want to ruin his whole career and be banished from court, like Clermont for the Princesse de Conti, who was not half so important. And even worse might befall him if any gossip got to the ears of the King or the Duke of Burgundy, of which there was every probability, for it began to be remarked that the Duchess blushed whenever she saw him ; while Mme. de la Vrillière grew more and more incensed, made violent scenes with him, and showed, as far as she dared, her anger and jealousy to the Princess herself, whose manner to her was hostile and constrained.

On the other hand, though Nangis really loved Mme. de la Vrillière, not the Duchess, it was difficult for him to meet with reserve the slightest sign of favour from a princess so powerful and exalted, whose anger might be a serious calamity.

"I was the intimate friend of several ladies of the palace," writes Saint-Simon, "who saw everything and concealed nothing from me . . . they told me every evening what had happened during the day, so that I was exactly and fully informed of what was going on from one day to another. Nothing amused me more, besides which, the consequences might be serious, and it was important to be well informed. At last all the court perceived what had been so carefully hidden, but whether from fear or love of the Princess, who was adored, . . . kept her secret."

Between the Duchess of Burgundy and Mme. de la

Vrillière, Nangis did not know what to do, when a new folly of the former came to his assistance.

Seeing that for some reason or other the flirtation did not make much progress, she took it into her head to try to excite the jealousy of the young *seigneur*, whose respect and reserve puzzled and piqued her. It was easy enough ; everyone was not so careful or so cool-headed as Nangis, and the person she fixed upon was François Edouard Colbert, Marquis de Maulevrier, who had married one of the ladies of her household, the daughter of that very Tessé who had arranged her own marriage, had been made her first equerry, and for whom she had always the greatest friendship and affection.

His daughter, pretty, silly, bad-tempered, and spiteful, was for her father's sake granted many privileges and treated with much favour. Her husband, the Marquis de Maulevrier, was of the same rank in the army as Nangis, several years older, not nearly so good-looking or *distingué*,[1] but clever, designing, and of boundless ambition.

He was ready enough to take advantage of the imprudence of the Duchess of Burgundy, and to attach to it far more importance than she at first intended. The position of his wife and father-in-law in the household of the Duchess gave him facilities of access to her which he could not otherwise have had, although one of the complaints of Madame against the guardians of the Princess was that in summer they "let her run about all night with the officers of her household until three or four o'clock in the morning."

She soon became entangled in a rash flirtation with Maulevrier, who had the audacity to write letters

[1] He was the son of a brother of the minister Colbert.

which she had the folly to answer. Mme. Quantin, her *première femme de chambre*, exchanged these letters, which she was made to believe were from and to Tessé, his son-in-law being commissioned to bring and receive them.

The gardens of Versailles and Marly were, however, patrolled day and night by the Swiss guards, and to converse privately with the Duchess without exciting suspicion was difficult, for she was always surrounded by people. Whether she still cared for Nangis, whether Maulevrier had supplanted him in her favour, whether she never really entertained more than a passing fancy for either, or whether she was only amusing herself with them both, does not appear. But she had certainly involved herself in a most dangerous complication of folly, and the encouragement she had given Maulevrier so far emboldened him that, in order to speak with her unheard by others, he pretended to have a chest complaint, took to a milk diet, and feigning to have lost his voice,[1] was allowed to stand close to the Duchess of Burgundy and converse with her in a whisper; while she so arranged her answers by mingling them in short phrases with her other conversation that there was a perfect understanding between them. In consequence of this pretended illness Maulevrier was not sent to the war, but remained hanging about the court for months.

He was mad enough to confide the whole thing to the Duc de Lorges, who repeated it to the Duc de Saint-Simon, and though those in authority were ignorant of what was going on, the whole court gossiped and

[1] Saint-Simon. M. d'Haussonville remarks that there was probably, judging from later circumstances, some amount of reality in his illness, which, however, he greatly exaggerated to suit his purpose. The history of these intrigues is given at great length by Saint-Simon.

guessed, while as time went on fresh dangers arose. For Maulevrier, excitable, headstrong, and violent, was jealous of Nangis, whom the evident jealousy of Mme. de la Vrillière caused him to suspect.

One day when he knew the Chevalier de Dangeau was absent, he waited for the Duchess of Burgundy after Mass, and, being the son-in-law of Tessé, the equerries held back and allowed him to give her his hand and escort her home. On the way he made a violent scene, abusing Nangis, threatening to tell the King, Mme. de Maintenon, and the Duke of Burgundy, squeezing her hand till he hurt her, and going on like a madman. The Duchess, half fainting with fear, called Mme. de Nogaret into her dressing-room and told her what had happened. Mme. de Nogaret could only advise her to be careful not to irritate such a madman, but on no account to give him any hold over her, and in great alarm she confided the affair to Mme. de Saint-Simon.

Maulevrier went about like a maniac, uttering threats against Nangis and declaring he would challenge him; while Nangis was terrified, not of course at the duel, but at the scandal and commotion that would result; for the real cause of it could not fail to be made public.

For six weeks Nangis kept as much out of the way as he could and the Duchess lived in mortal terror. Then some sensible person, whose name did not transpire, told the whole matter to Tessé, who saw at once the peril of the situation and acted accordingly.

He went to Fagon, the King's doctor, whose influence in things medical was supreme with him and Mme. de Maintenon, and who, being a man of sense and comprehension, entered at once into Tessé's views, gave out

that, since the Marquis de Maulevrier derived no benefit from any of the remedies he had tried, it was evident that a warmer climate was necessary, and ordered him to go at once to Spain, declaring that another winter in France would kill him.

Tessé used all his authority and influence to induce his son-in-law to accompany him to Spain, where he was going, and succeeded in persuading him to do so. Armed therefore with letters of recommendation to the King and Queen for his troublesome charge, he succeeded in getting him safely out of the country.

For several months Maulevrier remained in Spain, where the recommendations he brought from the Duke of Burgundy and other personages, added to his own assiduity, brought him into the confidence of the King, and especially of the Queen of Spain, with whom the position he occupied at the Spanish court caused him to be confidentially associated in various important political matters.

But his folly and presumption again led to mischief; he was supposed to have written love-letters to the Queen of Spain, and early in the following summer his conduct had given such offence at Madrid that Tessé was obliged to ask for his recall.

He returned, therefore, to Versailles, where his behaviour was more outrageous than ever. The Duchess of Burgundy had in his absence taken a fancy to the Abbé de Polignac, who certainly appears to have been a much more attractive person than either Nangis or Maulevrier. It is true that he was forty-four years old; but he was extremely handsome, gifted, eloquent, charming—in fact, one of the most fascinating men at court. The Duchess undoubtedly thought so, and her *penchant* for the Abbé was soon, as her former fancies had been, the subject of gossip and scandal at the court.

From the conduct of Maulevrier at this time it became apparent that his mind was rapidly giving way. Furious with jealousy, he wrote violent letters to the Duchess of Burgundy, who, alarmed and in despair at this return of what she hoped she had got rid of, again answered him through Mme. Quantin, vainly trying to pacify him. To add to all the trouble and danger, the wife of Maulevrier became jealous and angry; in fact, there seemed every prospect of some serious scandal, when Maulevrier became so extravagant and violent that his friends were obliged to put him under restraint, from which he contrived to escape, and throwing himself out of a window, was killed on the spot on Good Friday, 1706.

The Duchess sent Mme. Quantin to Mme. de Maulevrier to try to get back the compromising letters she had written, but without success.

It could scarcely have been otherwise than a relief to the Duchess of Burgundy to be delivered from the man who had so long been keeping her in constant alarm. Tessé made no secret of his joy; but the shock made a deep impression upon the Princess, and although she preserved her composure when, in presence of the court, the news was told her, she afterwards became so low-spirited and unwell that the Duke of Burgundy's anxiety was excited, and he began to inquire what could be the matter with her. She then made an effort to appear gay and light-hearted as usual, but Mme. de Maintenon had discovered the affair and was very angry. The Duchess of Burgundy was much alone with her and often left her in tears; and it was observed that Mme. de Maintenon was much more severe and strict with her than usual,[1] and was no doubt

[1] Saint-Simon. Mme. de Maintenon strictly forbade the Duchesse du Lude and the other ladies to disclose the matter, declaring that any one

filled with consternation, but contrived that everything should be kept from the knowledge of the King and the Duke of Burgundy, neither of whom ever heard anything about the deplorable folly which had led to such fatal results.

To the Abbé de Polignac was given an appointment at Rome, where he was obliged to go and take up his abode. It was observed that the Duchess of Burgundy wished him goodbye with much regret and then retired to her room with a bad headache, but after this there was an end of such episodes in her life. Nangis returned to his military duties and gave no further trouble, and the Princess, having been safely rescued from these perils and difficulties, had the sense not to involve herself in any more. That there was ever anything more than a foolish flirtation between the Duchess and any one of her admirers there is not the slightest reason to suppose.

who should tell the King any gossip about the Duchess of Burgundy should be punished (Corresp. Duchesse d'Orléans).

CHAPTER IX

The War of Succession—Vendôme—Increasing calamities—Birth and death of the Duc de Bretagne—Changed character of the Duchess of Burgundy—A presentiment—Death of Mme. de Montespan—The Flemish campaign—Enmity of Vendôme for the Duke of Burgundy—The Duke of Berwick—Scenes at Marly—An absolute monarch—"She makes me ridiculous."

THE War of Succession dragged on with occasional successes to the French arms; but Vendôme and Villeroy were no match for Marlborough and Prince Eugène. Blenheim and Schellenberg were fought in 1704, and Landau retaken by Marlborough. Portugal had deserted France and gone over to the Emperor, and although in 1705 Vendôme defeated Prince Eugène and the French overran Piedmont, the victory of Ramillies was won by Marlborough in the following year, and Prince Eugène defeated Vendôme in the battle of Turin and drove the French out of Italy.

Vendôme was a man of coarse, disgusting manners and habits, and his immorality was almost incredible. He hated the Duc de Bourgogne, whose lofty ideals and saintly life were a continual reproach to him, and whose scruples he turned into ridicule.

If, however, the Duke of Burgundy were overstrict and exaggerated, it must be remembered that the state of things was so atrocious that it was enough, as in the days of the early Christians, to drive sincerely religious persons into the opposite extreme.

Madame, who later on inveighs against the condition of society and compares it to Sodom and Gomorrah, says :

" Rien n'est plus rare en France que la foi chrétienne ; il n'y a plus de vice ici dont on ait honte ; et si le Roi voulait punir tous ceux qui se rendent coupables des plus grands vices, il ne versait plus autour de lui ni nobles ni princes ni serviteurs ; il n'y aurait même aucune maison de France qui ne fut en deuil."

Whatever might be the reverses of the army, the distress of the country, or the private sorrows of the royal family, Louis XIV. would not allow the gaieties of the court to be in any way interrupted. No change could be observed in his face or demeanour after the catastrophes of Ramillies and Turin. Considering it beneath him to appear affected by any reverse, he spoke a few words of sympathy and regret to those whose relations had fallen, but ordered the balls and masquerades to go on as usual.

The Duchess of Burgundy concealed as well as she could her own anxieties and sorrows, but she felt acutely the cruel position she was in, divided between her affection for France and Savoy.

Her husband and her father were fighting against each other ; her grandmother, her mother, and infant brothers were, she feared, in danger. She wrote to the former that every day she thought of this with tears. The battle of Turin, so disastrous to France, saved the house of Savoy ; but although her anxiety for them was relieved, she was tormented about other matters.

In the autumn of 1703 she had become *enceinte*, which, though it delighted the King, caused her much more terror than satisfaction. In June, 1704, a boy was born after a terrible accouchement, and amidst great rejoicings received the title of Duc de Bretagne. He,

however, only lived until April, 1705; and his young mother grieved deeply at his death, although, as usual, she was expected to conceal her sorrow and take part in the diversions the King arranged for her distraction. In January, 1707, another son was born to her, and again made Duc de Bretagne.

In all her joys and sorrows, in spite of her affection for the King and Mme. de Maintenon, the Duchess of Burgundy always clung to her grandmother, Madame Royale of Savoy; and on one occasion, having received a letter from her which by mistake was partly written to the Queen of Spain, she wrote a pathetic appeal to her not to love her less than her sister.

It seems very possible that the Queen of Spain was, however, the favourite granddaughter; she had been longer with her, and if Marie Adélaïde was like her maternal grandmother, the brilliant Henrietta of England, Marie Louise resembled that able and intellectual woman and born ruler, her father's mother, Madame Royale.

The cabal raised by his enemies against the Duke of Burgundy caused at this time the greatest anxiety and grief to the Duchess, and she made use of all her influence with the King and Mme. de Maintenon to support her husband and counteract the machinations and plots with which he was threatened.

For a great change had taken place in the Princess; she was no longer a spoilt, thoughtless girl, mad after pleasure and admiration, whose life was one long magnificent *fête*. Suffering, sorrow, and anxieties had left their mark upon her; the trouble and apprehension which for so many months her folly had brought upon her had aroused and terrified her. She had listened to the advice and entreaties of the friends whose affection and good opinion she really valued, and in consequence had altered her whole line of conduct.

"When the Dauphine [1] arrived at the age of reason," says Madame, "she corrected herself in an astonishing manner, and repented of her childish follies in a way which showed her judgment. She was lively and agreeable . . . she had received good principles from her virtuous mother, and when she arrived in France was very well-bred. . . . She became reserved and reasonable, remembered her former education, and, as she had a great deal of sense, clearly saw her defects and resolved to correct them. . . . She continued so until her death. She frankly said how much she regretted having been so thoughtless, but excused herself because of her extreme youth; while she blamed and avoided the young ladies who had given her such bad advice and examples." [2]

During the times when the Duke of Burgundy was at the war she wrote to him constantly, to his great delight, for during the time of her flirtations she often neglected to do so.

Madame writes:

"It had been foretold to her that she would not survive her twenty-seventh year, and she often spoke of this prophecy. One day she said to her husband:

"'The time is approaching when I must die; you cannot remain without a wife, because of your rank and your religion; tell me, whom will you marry?'

"To which the Duke replied:

"'I trust God will never punish me so much as to see you die; and if such a calamity happened to me I should never marry again, for within a week I should follow you to the tomb.'

"That happened exactly as he said; in fact, on the seventh day after his wife's death he died. What I say is not a story, it is the simple truth. While the Dauphine

[1] This was written in 1716.

[2] "Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans."

was well and strong and gay, she often said : 'I must enjoy myself, as I shall not do so long, for I shall die this year.' I thought it was a joke, but the thing has only been too real. When she fell ill, she said at once that she should not recover." [1]

In 1707 died Mme. de Montespan at the convent at Bourbon, where she had latterly led an austere life. During the first years of her enforced retirement she could not reconcile herself to her changed position, and never forgave her eldest son by the King, the Duc du Maine, for having been the messenger who brought her the order of dismissal. His estrangement from her and devotion to her successful rival, Mme. de Maintenon, were also sufficient reasons for this. But she had the greatest affection for her two daughters and the Comte de Toulouse, all of whom frequently visited her at Fontevrault, Saint-Joseph, Bourbon, and wherever she went. She had one son by her husband, and to this son she tried in the days of her penitence to turn her affection. But she could never succeed in doing so, though she gave him property and did what she could to benefit him. The Marquis d'Antin was handsome, heartless, and cowardly. He cared nothing for his mother, but was ready and anxious to cringe to his mother's children who were also those of the King.

The Comte de Toulouse and his sisters showed so much grief for their mother's death that they refused to take part in any amusements for some time, though they were not allowed to wear mourning for her.[2] Louis XIV. did not show the slightest feeling for the woman who had for so long been the object of his passion and was

[1] "Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans."

[2] They complained bitterly of this ; especially as the Princesse de Conti was at the same time wearing mourning for her aunt, Mme. de la Vallière (Saint-Simon).

ATHENAIS DE LA ROCHECHOUART, MARQUISE DE MONTESPAN

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the mother of his children. When the Duchess of Burgundy wonderingly made some remark to him about it, he replied that she had been dead to him ever since their separation.

The story of Mme. de Montespan is well enough known: how she supplanted her friend,[1] Louise de la Vallière, how in her turn she was supplanted by Mme. de Maintenon, the poverty-stricken widow of the deformed poet Scarron, who was her friend, and whom she had persuaded to undertake the charge of her children by the King. The Duc du Maine showed no regret for his mother. Madame, who detested him, declared that she did not believe him to be the son of the King at all, though she had no doubt about the Comte de Toulouse.

With all her austerities, Mme. de Montespan insisted on preserving in her retreat those forms of royalty which she had usurped. She would never allow anyone, except Monsieur and *la grande Mademoiselle*,[2] to have an armchair in her presence, and even them she did not rise to receive or reconduct. She spoke to everyone like a queen holding her court, and never returned visits, even from the greatest personages.[3]

In August, 1707, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri went again to the army in Flanders, of which the former was made nominal Commander-in-chief, but with directions which made him unable to do anything without the leave of Vendôme.

It was an unfortunate position altogether for the Duke of Burgundy. Though personally brave, he was young, inexperienced, and could not be expected, even had he possessed military genius, to be able successfully to carry

[1] Saint-Simon says that the husband of Mme. de Montespan was the most to blame, as his wife warned him that the King was becoming attached to her, but he would not allow her to give up her appointment at court.

[2] Daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII.

[3] Saint-Simon.

on a campaign against Prince Eugène and Marlborough, the greatest generals of the day.

Neither, as events soon proved, could Vendôme himself do so; but he took advantage of his position, and of the infatuation entertained for him by the King and the Dauphin, to lay all the blame of his failures and defeats upon the Duke of Burgundy, pretending that battles had been lost, retreats ordered, and mistaken movements made in deference to the opinion or orders of that Prince.

The Duke of Burgundy wrote letters to his wife, to Mme. de Maintenon and others explaining matters, but instead of taking vigorous and energetic means of defending and asserting himself, he bore with all kinds of impertinences and malignity from Vendôme, and said he would leave his own justification to time.

This sort of way of going on never answers. The mistaken weakness which allows those who deserve it to escape punishment and exposure does no good but only harm to the guilty, who are encouraged and shielded, besides the injury it inflicts upon the innocent and the deplorable example which results.

And the Duke of Burgundy did not realise that his fidgetty scruples and overstrained piety brought discredit upon the very principles he so earnestly professed.

"An active campaign is not a favourable time for religious exercises," remarks a modern writer.[1] "The Duke of Burgundy attended Mass when he should have been studying maps and prayed when he should have been giving orders."

And one of his officers remarked to him:

"You will certainly win the kingdom of heaven, but as for winning the kingdom of this world—Marlborough and Eugène set about it in a better way than you."

[1] "The Great Days of Versailles" (Bradby).

The news of the defeat at Oudenarde (July, 1708) filled all France with consternation. It was believed by many that it was the Duke of Burgundy who had lost the battle, and caricatures and verses against him began to be circulated about Paris.

The Duchess was in despair; far from submitting tamely to the slanders and injustice which were so ruinous to her husband's honour, she set herself to refute them with all the spirit and indignation natural to her. Mme. de Maintenon was her firm friend, but even their influence was not strong enough to prevail against the tide of misrepresentation, calumny, and hostility, which the return of the Duke of Burgundy in December, 1708, in no way diminished. He was received with kindness by the King, but was evidently unpopular and discredited, and the Duchess was by no means inclined to submit with the patience displayed by her husband, but importuned the King, refused with scorn the advances of Vendôme, and after bearing herself proudly and defiantly all day, would shed tears at night with Mme. de Maintenon.

But the truth began to come out as the various officers returned and told of the conduct of Vendôme, his insolence, arrogance, and sloth; his failure at Lille, which he could not attribute to any one else, and the hatred with which he was now regarded in the army. The Duke of Berwick, whose reputation as a great soldier was above suspicion,[1] returned and disclosed the real state of things, and the tide of popular favour turned.

[1] The Duke of Berwick, illegitimate son of James II. of England, was a great soldier, and a man of high character, strict religious principles and morality, taciturn and original. Being present at the funeral sermon of his father, on the preacher declaring that the deceased monarch had never committed a mortal sin, he was heard to mutter, "Never a mortal sin! Then what am I? Am I a trifling sin?" Mme. de Caylus says of him that being human, he doubtless had defects, but always seemed to her a faultless hero.

Vendôme had been received with favour at Meudon and Marly, where the Duke of Burgundy met him with resignation, the Duchess with disgust.

One day when they were playing *brelan*, another being wanted to make up the number, the Dauphin actually called to Vendôme to come and play; but this was too much for the Duchess, who prepared to rise and leave the table, saying that it was bad enough to have to meet M. de Vendôme at Marly at all, but that if she had to play cards with him the position would become intolerable, therefore she must beg to be excused. The Dauphin, seeing he had made a mistake, hastily sent away Vendôme, who retired to his room in a furious rage.

The Duchess of Burgundy, supported by Mme. de Maintenon, appealed to the King, whom Puységur had already enlightened about the proceedings of Vendôme. Louis XIV. at once sent a messenger to tell Vendôme that he would no longer be invited to Marly, as his presence was disagreeable to the Duchess of Burgundy.

Meudon also was closed to him, and he retired to the society of his grooms in the seclusion of Anet. But this marked a change in the position of the Duchess of Burgundy, who was now recognised to be a political power to be reckoned with.

She had this year been again *enceinte*, but the King, who could not bear her to be away from him, wanted to go to Marly. Fagon told him the Duchess ought not to go, so did Mme. de Maintenon; but he would not listen to them and insisted on taking her.

Two or three days after their arrival the King and a number of the courtiers were standing by the great tank or *bassin* looking at the carp, when the Duchesse du Lude was seen hurriedly approaching alone. The King, seeing that something was the matter, went to meet her,

and after a short conversation, returned and said in a tone of vexation :

"*La Duchesse de Bourgogne est blessée.*"

Amid the general consternation M. de la Rochefoucauld exclaimed that it was the greatest misfortune, that the Duchess had already had several miscarriages, and that now perhaps she would have no more children.

"Well, what then ?" asked the King angrily. "What should I care ? Has she not a son already, and if he should die, is not the Duc de Berri of an age to marry and have them ? What does it signify to me which succeeds ? Are they not equally my grandsons ? Since she was to have the accident, thank God she has now had it, and I shall not be interfered with in my journeys, and whatever I want to do, by the representations of the doctors and matrons. I shall come and go as I like, and they will leave me in peace."

There was a dead silence, everyone seemed stupefied, and for a quarter of an hour no one spoke. At last the King leant over the balustrade to speak about a carp, but no one was inclined for conversation. When shortly afterwards he went away, all the adulation for Le Roi Soleil could not stifle the chorus of astonished disgust.[1] And yet if there was any one on earth Louis XIV. loved it was the Duchess of Burgundy. He was indeed a strange mixture, Le Grand Monarque, for he was not of a cruel nature and was a kind, indulgent father ; but his colossal selfishness and indifference were the result of a lifetime of flattery, worship, and arbitrary power. It is probable that this episode was simply a burst of pettish ill-temper, like that of a spoilt child unable to bear the slightest annoyance or opposition.

He was to the last the type of a magnificent, absolute monarch, whom his subjects might love, hate, or fear,

[1] Saint-Simon.

but could not ridicule. His conduct in his latter years was unlike that of his successor.

"Long before his death," says Madame, "the King was entirely converted and left off running after women; he even exiled the Duchesse de la Ferté, who pretended to be in love with him. When she could not see him she took his portrait in her coach and gazed at it constantly. The King said she made him ridiculous, and sent her an order to remain in her country place." [1]

[1] "Correspondance de la Duchesse d'Orléans."

CHAPTER X

The Duchesse de la Ferté—The robber Cartouche—Adventure of the Archbishop of Bourges—A nocturnal adventure—Poverty and distress—Fearful winter—Battle of Malplaquet—A clairvoyante—Intrigues for the marriage of the Duc de Berri—Death of Louise de la Vallière—Increasing affection of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy—Confidence of Louis XIV. in the Duchess.

THE Duchesse de la Ferté, mentioned in the last chapter, was a remarkably eccentric person. In the "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy" the writer, who remarks that she was the Duchess's niece, says: "I can assure you that the France of those days was very much more interesting and amusing than that of to-day; for one found original persons and odd things continually before one, and I can tell you that I was surrounded by them. First there was my aunt, the Duchesse de la Ferté, who was without exception the most seriously extraordinary and curious person who could be imagined. . . . We knew she had sprained her foot and been brought back to Paris, where we went (to see her), I behind my grandmother. . . . She was established in a state bed with four gilded columns, a richly plumed and decorated dais, of which the balustrade was closed. . . . She was at least fifty years old, and one of the most beautiful persons in the world. . . . Her *cornette* and *hongreline* were of lace and pearl-grey satin, and the *couvre pied* under which she lay was of a single piece of Venetian lace. I am certain the trimming of her sheets,

which was of *point d'Argentan*, was worth forty thousand *écus*. . . . We had hardly sat down when we heard all the double doors opened with a great noise, and we saw appear a little figure carried in a large armchair of green velvet embroidered with silver . . . by four giants in footmen's livery, surrounded by five or six little pages . . . evidently children of good houses, for they all wore the cross of Malta or of Saint-Lazare. One of them carried a cushion of green velvet for the feet, another a great sheaf of vervain and of green rue to purify the air, and the little figure was François Potier de Blancmesmil de Treorne, Duc de Gevres and Governor of Paris. . . . At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes they came and took away M. le Gouverneur de Paris as he had come. . . . 'My good Princess and you, Marquise' (said the Duchess), 'go and receive the benediction in my chapel . . . I have something to say in private to Mdlle. du Froulay. My dear child,' she said, . . . 'you have no idea how much I am interested in you.' . . . She lifted her *couvre pied*, which concealed a silver dish of pastry, gave me some cakes and advice, especially that I should never sit in moonlight. 'There are some fools,' she said, 'who think that shooting stars are souls going to God; but it is not so at all: they are princes being born. Don't doubt that, and never forget it, my pretty child.' As we left I told them of this wonderful relation. 'Really,' said my grandmother, 'she was very reasonable to-day, for the other day she told the little de Chatillon that the moon was a black hen no bigger than a saucepan.' 'She must have said a *boule*, and that little fool have thought she said *poule*,' observed Mdlle. d'Armagnac, with an air of consideration for the astronomical knowledge of the Duchess." [1]

In these latter years of the reign of Louis XIV. the

[1] "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy."

country, exhausted by war, pestilence, and famine, was in a deplorable condition. Poverty and distress were rife, and bands of robbers not only infested the remotest districts, but even carried their depredations into the capital.[1]

The notorious Cartouche and his band were the terror of everybody; they robbed houses and attacked people in Paris itself. There were forty or fifty men in the gang, and the streets at night were not safe because of them. "One could not go out in the evening without five or six servants well armed, and in crossing the bridges one arranged to drive with other carriages like a caravan. . . . The watchmen of Paris were at their wits' end, and the house of their chief had been sacked by Cartouche. . . . The Major of the *gardes-françaises* could not supply all the sentinels and escorts demanded. They stopped and robbed the Cardinal Archbishop of Bourges, but would take nothing from his secretary, the Abbé Cerutti, who was very good-looking, saying he was *trop joli garçon.* 'Since you have so much consideration and liking for him,' observed the Archbishop, 'you might leave him half that pasty and a flagon of Tokay.' 'Ah! Monsieur! by all means; if he likes to share with us he has only to get out.' The abbé refused amidst fits of laughter, and one of the robbers suggested that he might be a woman in disguise. 'Rash and ignorant caitiff!' cried the good prelate; 'don't you know that it would be sacrilege? and why, if you please, should you take me for a scoundrel and a debauched person?' While Cartouche, giving him a blow that knocked him down, exclaimed, 'Take that to teach you to fail in respect to *nos seigneurs du haut clergé.* . . . See,' he went on furiously, 'this pig of a devil attacking the reputation of the Archbishop of Bourges! [2]

[1] "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy." [2] Ibid.

The Marquise de Beauffremont was another well-known person at court. One night she came home at about two o'clock, and after her maids had left her she sat up by the fire in her dressing-gown writing. Suddenly she heard a strange noise in the chimney: a cloud of soot, plaster, and swallows' nests fell down, and a man, armed to the teeth, sprang into the room. He took up the tongs, replaced the burning wood which had fallen on to the floor, pushed up the hot ashes with his foot, and turning to the Marquise bowed, saying, "Madame, may I presume to ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?"

"Monsieur, I am Mme. de Beauffremont; but as I don't know you at all—you do not look like a thief, and are taking the greatest care of my furniture—I cannot imagine why you arrive in my room in the middle of the night and down the chimney."

"Madame, I did not intend to enter your apartment . . . will you be kind enough to accompany me to the door of your *hôtel?*" And he drew a pistol from his belt and took up a lighted candle.

"*Mais, monsieur . . .*"

"Madame, have the kindness to be quick. . . . We will go together, and you will order the *suisse* to pull the cord."

"Speak lower! speak lower, monsieur! The Marquis de Beauffremont might hear you," she said, trembling with fear.

"Put your cloak on, madame; don't stay in only your dressing-gown; it is dreadfully cold." They went down together, and after the *suisse* had let him out and shut the door, Mme. de Beauffremont heard him knock at the window of the porter's lodge and say:

"M. le Suisse, I have gone two or three leagues over the roofs to-night because the police were after me.

Don't go and tell your master that this is an *affaire de galanterie*, nor that I am the lover of Mme. de Beauffremont, or you will have to do with Cartouche. Anyhow, you will hear from me the day after to-morrow by the *petite poste*."

Accordingly, Mme. de Beauffremont received a letter of respectful thanks and apologies, enclosing a safe conduct for herself and an authorisation to give the same to her family. Also a splendid diamond, which M. de Beauffremont gave to the hospital of the Hotel Dieu.[1]

The poverty and suffering all over France went on increasing year by year, and it became more and more difficult to raise money. Great odium and scandal were caused by a tax upon baptisms and marriages. The people, driven to desperation, dispensed altogether with the sacrament and ceremony of marriage, and baptized their children themselves, and the state of confusion that followed necessitated the abolition of this reprehensible tax. There were riots in different parts of the country, for the peasants were starving and desperate, and to crown the general misery came the fearful winter of 1708–9, to which there had not been one to be compared for more than a hundred years. Rivers were frozen from the source to the mouth, fruit trees and even forest trees killed, all vegetables destroyed; wolves attacked the inhabitants of farms and villages in the wilder parts of the country, and many people died of hunger and cold.

In September, 1709, the disastrous battle of Malplaquet, in which Villars and Boufflers were defeated by Prince Eugène and Marlborough, was another blow to be added to the calamities which were gathering over the latter end of the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., though as yet in his domestic and personal life he had been comparatively

[1] "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy."

free from misfortune. His heir, the Dauphin, was a pattern of submission to his commands; his three grandsons and his great-grandson, the Duc de Bretagne, and the prospect of another child to the Duchess of Burgundy, removed all anxiety about the succession. His legitimatised children were splendidly dowered and married to princes of the blood; even if all his legitimate descendants were swept away, was not the next heir, the Duke of Orléans, married to his daughter by Mme. de Montespan? But such a contingency was scarcely worth consideration—and no one, superstitious or not, could attach any meaning apparently to a curious episode of what we should now call second sight related both by Saint-Simon and by Madame, Duchess of Orléans. The Duke of Orléans was very fond, like many persons in our own times, of what is known as "spiritualism." "He was curious about all arts and sciences," says Saint-Simon; "and, with infinite *esprit*, he had all his life possessed this weakness so common at the court of the children of Henri II., brought, amongst other evils, by Catherine de' Medici from Italy." Before his departure for Italy during the war he was present at a *séance*, at which the person conducting it was accompanied by a little girl, brought up in the household of the Comtesse d'Argenton, and known to have the gift of second sight, by which she would describe places and persons with the greatest accuracy, although it was impossible she could ever have seen or heard of them. He told the child to look into a glass of water and describe what she saw, and, wishing to verify her statement, the Duke of Orléans desired her to describe exactly the room of a certain Mme. de Nancré who lived close by, giving not only a description of the furniture, clothes, &c., in the room, but of the persons just then in it and all that was going on.

Having sent a messenger and found that the child's account was absolutely accurate, the Duke wished, as he said, "to see something more important," and asked for a description of the scene which would be at the death of the King. Without professing to give any idea of the date on which it would take place, the child, who had never been to Versailles and knew no one else belonging to the court, looked again into the water and described with the greatest accuracy and the minutest detail the King's bedroom at that palace, the furniture, its arrangement (as it was on the day of his death), and the persons present on that occasion. She described the state bed, the King in it, the people standing by, and then, with a cry of surprise, she said she recognised Mme. de Ventadour (whom she had seen at Mme. d'Argenton's), holding up to the King a little child wearing an order. She then described unmistakably Mme. de Maintenon, Fagon, the Princesse de Conti, the Duchesses of Bourbon and Orléans, and, with another cry of recognition, the Duke of Orléans, the Duc du Maine, his children, the Comte de Toulouse, the children of the Prince de Conti and Duc de Bourbon, but not the fathers, besides many other well-known persons of rank, courtiers, and servants. Struck with amazement at the vivid reality of the description, the Duke asked for the Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, the Duc de Berri; also the Duc de Bourbon and the Princes de Condé and Conti. But to all his questions and indications she only replied that she did not see them, again enumerating the others.

The Duc d'Orléans and Saint-Simon talked it over uneasily, but agreed that they could not account for it. "But until the event this remained in obscurity."

The succession to the French crown was made still more secure, first, by the birth in February, 1710, of

another son to the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, who received the title of Duke of Anjou, and was afterwards Louis XV., and, secondly, by the marriage in the following June of the Duc de Berri to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Orléans.

The Duc de Berri, now about three-and-twenty, was, of course, the greatest *parti* in France. After the Duke of Burgundy and his sons he was the next heir to the throne, as Philippe V. of Spain had renounced his claim.

Both the daughters of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan had striven and intrigued for him as a son-in-law. The Duchesse de Bourbon was and always had been spiteful, envious, and quarrelsome. She was furiously jealous of her sisters, and had succeeded in supplanting her half-sister, the Princesse de Conti, in the affection of their half-brother, the Dauphin, and also in securing the friendship of their more attractive but less powerful and equally worthless half-brother, their mother's son, the Marquis d'Antin. She was still more envious of her younger sister, the Duchesse d'Orléans, who, as her superior in rank, took precedence of her on all occasions; and when, on her marriage, the King had ordered that his two elder daughters were to use less familiar terms in addressing the Duchesse d'Orléans than those which she might employ to them, though the Princesse de Conti obeyed, the Duchesse de Bourbon refused, and it needed the stern authority of the King to enforce obedience. She detested the Duchess of Burgundy, if possible, even more; and it may be imagined how eagerly she strove to get so magnificent a prize as the Duc de Berri for her daughter, and what entreaties she lavished upon the King, the Dauphin, and Mme. de Maintenon to consent to her wishes. But the Duke of Orléans's position made

his alliance the most suitable, and the Duchess of Orléans had the advantage of being a friend of the Duchess of Burgundy, whose powerful support, united to that of Mme. de Maintenon, carried the day.

The friendship between these two young women, in spite of their entirely different qualities, dispositions, and tastes, was never broken, and was an advantageous one for both. For the Duchess of Burgundy, powerful as she now was, it was not advisable to be on bad terms with all the King's daughters, and the Duchess of Orléans, besides being the most important, was a woman of irreproachable character, and far the best of the three.

As for the Duchesse d'Orléans, she had in vain tried to maintain the peace made with the Duchesse de Bourbon at the time of their mother's death. She was an impossible person, and the Duchess of Orléans, married to her husband against his will, hated by his mother, and treated with polite indifference by himself, was in an isolated position, and had as much reason to congratulate herself on her adherence to the young Princess, who was able and willing to help her, as those who had found out too late that the favourite granddaughter of Louis XIV., the head of his court and the wife of the heir of France, was a power worth conciliating, had to regret their mistake.

On the 2nd of June, at Marly, the King announced the betrothal; he had already told the Duke of Orléans privately, the latter promising not to see his daughter until it could be made public, as he knew he could not resist telling her what would so delight her. She was his favourite child, whose infamous life was the scandal of the Regency.

At present, however, she was a girl of fourteen, whose joy, when she was brought from Saint-Cloud to Marly

and the King, in his cabinet with her parents, told her of the exalted alliance arranged for her, was unconcealed by the demure manners she soon exchanged for the mingled *hauteur* and licence for which she made herself notorious. The Duc de Berri was made Duc d'Alençon, Duc d'Angoulême, and Comte de Ponthieu, but did not wish to change the title by which he had always been known, and signed simply, "Charles, fils de France."

On the 7th of June the Duchesse de la Vallière, called in her Carmelite convent "Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde," died, after a painful illness, in the arms of the Princesse de Conti, who, unlike the children of Mme. de Montespan, was allowed to wear mourning for her, although it was not the custom to do so for a nun.

But her gentle nature, her disinterested love for the King, her remorse even in the days of that supreme power which she never used except to do good, her patience and resignation, and the thirty-six years of her saintly life in the Carmelite convent, where she suffered and died with uncomplaining heroism, caused her to be regarded by the people with compassion and reverence, while even Louis XIV. himself distinguished her in this way from the woman who had supplanted her.

Great were the joy and gratitude of the Duke and Duchess of Orléans to the Duchess of Burgundy, who was, it will be remembered, the daughter of the Duke of Orléans' sister, and great was the fury of the Duchesse de Bourbon, who stormed at and threatened the Dauphin, quarrelled with d'Antin because he paid court to the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, but, of course, dared not complain to the King, who, with all his faults, never forgot that he was King of France, and to whom disobedience or disrespect were inconceivable.

Troubles, anxieties, and experience drew the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy more and more closely together,

LOUIS XIV. WITH THE DAUPHIN, DUC DE BOURGOGNE, DUC D'ANJOU (LOUIS XV.), AND MADAME DE MAINTENON

[After the painting by Largillière at Hertford House]

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and advancing years brought them increasing common-sense, as happily it does in most cases to young people.

The Duke became, as Mme. de Maintenon said, more reasonable. He left off the ascetic retirement in which he had tried to live, took his proper place at court and in society, where he tried to enter into what was going on around him and to make himself agreeable, in which he succeeded so well that he immediately became immensely popular.

As to the Duchess, whose vehement, loyal championship of her husband and constant entreaties to the King had, for a time, irritated him, and slightly diminished her favour with him, she now reigned supreme as ever in his affections. He gave her entire control of her household, with the disposal of all posts and appointments belonging to it, which he had never allowed to the late Dauphine or even to the Queen; and when one of the courtiers suggested to him that she would doubtless render him account of all that she spent and did, he replied: "I trust her quite enough not to wish her to give me any accounts whatever, and I leave her absolute mistress of her household; she is capable of much more difficult and important matters than that."

CHAPTER XI

Death of the Dauphin—Scenes at Versailles—Character of the late Dauphin—The new Dauphin and Dauphine—The King's affection for them—Their immense popularity—Exalted character of the Dauphin—His projects of reform—The hope of France—Outrageous conduct of the Duchesse de Berri—"Eh! je serai leur Reine"—The pestilence—Death of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy.

ON April 9, 1711, news was brought to the King at Versailles that the Dauphin was ill at Meudon, and as the accounts did not improve during the day, he went himself to Meudon, saying that he should stay there as long as the illness of the Dauphin continued, but forbidding the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy or the Duc de Berri to go there, lest the disease should prove infectious.

It turned out to be small-pox, and for a few days the royal family and court waited in anxiety. The King remained at Meudon, and the Princesse de Conti and Duchesse de Bourbon, who had had the small-pox, stayed there too, and helped nurse their brother. Monseigneur was getting better, and even supposed to be out of danger, when suddenly he had a relapse and died. The King had been alarmed by his appearance in the afternoon, but was reassured by the doctors, and had gone to supper, from which he was hastily summoned. Rushing downstairs, he was met in the ante-room by the Princesse de Conti, who persuaded him not to go into the room, where Father le Tellier was receiving the last

confession and pronouncing absolution upon the dying man, who then fell into an unconscious state. The King sat down upon a sofa and, with Mme. de Maintenon, waited till the end, seeming dazed by the shock. When all was over he called for a carriage, motioned away the first that came, which was the *berline* of his son, and drove with Mme. de Maintenon and his daughters to Marly. Passing by Versailles he met the Duchess of Burgundy, and desired her to keep away from him, as he was infected, and to go back to tell the news to the rest of the royal family, by whom it was received with the greatest consternation.

Salons, rooms, and galleries were filled with agitated people eagerly talking; most of them were just going to bed, and Saint-Simon gives a graphic description of the scene of confusion that followed : everywhere doors open, people *en déshabille* going in and out; the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy sitting together on a sofa talking quietly to each other; the Duc de Berri, who had been the Dauphin's favourite son, sobbing, crying, and every now and then screaming in a hysterical way; the Duchesse de Berri in violent grief and despair, which was in her case not caused by any affection for Monseigneur, but by the downfall of all the hopes and projects with which she and those who supported her had looked forward to the time when the Dauphin should be on the throne, and she and her husband should enjoy his favour and usurp, as far as possible, the power and prestige now enjoyed by the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy.

The Duchess of Orléans was calm and dignified, but the Duke, infected by the general excitement, was crying and lamenting like the rest, to the astonishment and rather to the indignation of Saint-Simon, who looked at him and exclaimed, "Monsieur!" knowing quite well

that he had been on very bad terms with Monseigneur. The Duchesse de Berri kept trying to comfort her husband and holding a bottle of some scent to his nose; the Duchess of Burgundy also endeavoured to comfort the Duke of Burgundy, but though she was grave and concerned, there was no absurd and unnatural pretence of grief for the man who for years had been the centre of hostility to her husband, and whose accession to the throne of France could only be a calamity to themselves and to the nation.

The Duc de Beauvilliers stood by, calm and composed, with an impassible countenance, giving the necessary orders and concealing the satisfaction he could not but feel. Suddenly, in the midst of the dishevelled, perturbed assembly appeared Madame, in full court dress, forming a strange contrast to the costumes around her, announcing that she had come to condole with them, embracing one after another, shedding floods of tears, and making the *château* resound with her cries.[1]

The Dauphin was fifty years old when he died. Few princes have been less regretted and made less mark than Louis, misnamed *le Grand Dauphin*. Without natural talent, without any exalted qualities, he had been badly brought up, and treated with over-severity; while the example of his father was ever before his eyes, and the favour and preference shown to his illegitimate brothers naturally excited his anger and jealousy. He detested the Duc du Maine, who, as a child, was lively and precocious, though, as he grew up, the boy failed to carry out his early promise. The Comte de Toulouse he, however, always regarded with affection; most people, in fact, appear to have done so.

The King, whom he regarded with awe, but without

[1] Saint-Simon.

affection, after the first shock of his sudden death thought little about him, his affection, interest, and pride being centred in the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy.

He was chiefly mourned by the Duc de Berri and the Princesse de Conti ; the latter was so exhausted with fatigue and grief that after the death of Monseigneur she became dangerously ill, and the King was summoned to her bedside ; but she gradually recovered.

"The King entirely reconciled to him, the insolent cabal dispersed by the death of a father almost an enemy, to whose place he succeeded, everyone respectful, attentive, *empressé*, the persons most opposed to him at his feet . . . this Prince (Duke of Burgundy), formerly timid, shy, his virtues overstrained, his learning out of place . . . a stranger in his house . . . constrained in everything, embarrassed everywhere, was seen, I say, to reveal himself by degrees, to show himself gradually . . . to be liberal, dignified, lively, agreeable. . . eloquent . . . gracious to all, with proper attention to rank, birth, and age . . . it is incredible with what surprising rapidity he gained admiration, esteem, and affection." [1]

The new Dauphin was the idol of France. The King was delighted, and gave him and the Dauphine all the honours and privileges customary to their rank, though the Dauphin declined to be called Monseigneur and refused the pension his father had enjoyed—50,000 francs a month. "The State is too deeply in debt," he said ; "I shall continue to live as Duc de Bourgogne." And of the 16,000 francs he received as before, he spent most in charity.

The King ordered all the ministers to work with the Dauphin, to render him account of all affairs of State,

[1] Saint-Simon.

placing in his hands an immense and unprecedented amount of power.

"You will see," said Louis XIV., "he knows everything, and he will do better than I."

In all the pages of history we meet with few princes to be compared with him who was now Dauphin of France. His lofty character, his stern sense of duty, his great talents and capacity, and the extraordinary amount of knowledge he possessed, were combined with a discrimination of character, a willingness to take advice when given by those whose opinion was valuable, and a decision, steadfastness, and self-reliance which might well fill his future subjects with joy and confidence and encourage them to look forward to a golden age.

He had no illusions about the condition of the country, the folly of continuing the war, the extravagance and corruption of the court and officials, the need for reforms everywhere, the fearful distress and poverty. He knew all about the silk-weavers in Touraine, the canvas-makers in Maine, the decline of trade there and everywhere in the provinces; he knew the state of the ports, the rivers, the roads. He had persuaded the King to order a general inquiry in these and other matters, the result of which filled forty-two folio volumes, which he studied with earnest attention. To him the great inheritance upon which it seemed probable he would soon enter was no vision of pleasure, luxury, and enchantment, but an arduous task to which he looked forward with courage, resolution, and trust in God.

"There can be no rest for a king," he wrote in his private papers. "If he passes from one house to another, his duties follow him. If he spends an idle day he is overwhelmed with work on the morrow, or else the machine stops. His whole life is a round of tedious functions, harassing cares, laborious tasks, and gnawing

anxieties. . . . The soul needs a supernatural motive to support it in a life of sacrifices that are repugnant to the natural man. But when a king, always mindful of the eye of God which watches him, remembers that he is the minister of His mercy towards man . . . when he remembers, like St. Louis, that the thorns of his earthly crown will change to roses in the kingdom of rest, his soul rises above Nature and itself: nothing can discourage him and he is not weary in well-doing."

When one reads of the enlightened plans of the Dauphin for the reduction of taxes, for provincial councils, for the control of finance, for the sessions of the States General, and for numberless wise and useful reforms, conceived, not like the fanatical visionary schemes of an enthusiast, but with the wisdom, knowledge, and careful consideration of a statesman, one cannot but reflect on what might have been the result if Louis XIV. had been succeeded by the grandson who was now his right hand and the hope of France.

If he had lived to carry out his plans, the French Revolution would probably never have taken place. For he disapproved of, and would have diminished, the autocratic power of the crown; he intended to devote his energies to the revival of manufactures and commerce and to the relief of the miserable condition of the peasants. Consequently, the evils and miseries which produced the Revolution would not have existed, and France might, like England, Germany, and other countries, have developed into freedom by the gradual peaceful progress of reform, without torrents of blood and years of murder and horrors. That the grandson of Louis XIV., the son of the "Grand Dauphin," and the father of Louis XV. should have been such a character is indeed a singular reflection; but his personality

is really one of the most extraordinary and exceptional ones in history. The transformation of the evilly disposed boy, with ungovernable passions and haughty, cruel, sensual tendencies into the ascetic saint was remarkable enough. But it was far less so than his subsequent development into the capable, farseeing statesman, who, when freed from the shackles by which circumstances had bound him, could, in the space of a few months, command the respect and confidence of Louis XIV. and his ministers, the esteem and approbation of the wisest and most intellectual of his countrymen, and the ardent affection of the nation.

The death of the Dauphin was the most terrible calamity,[1] the consequences of which were felt not only by France but by Europe generations afterwards.

It is probable that the year 1711-12 was the happiest of his life. His supreme favour with the King and universal popularity, the prospect at last of carrying out the reforms and plans which had been the dream of his life, and perhaps more than all the affection, sympathy, and union between himself and his wife, apparently left him little to desire.

The Dauphine was also perfectly happy, and among other instances that she did not share the King's mania for drowning all troubles and anxieties in amusement is a passage from the journal of Dangeau:

"*Thursday, 6th August,* FONTAINEBLEAU.

"Mme. la Dauphine drove at four o'clock on the high road to Paris to meet any couriers that might arrive.

[1] Saint-Simon says of him: "What an ardent love of God . . . what a magnificent idea of the infinite mercy . . . what invincible patience and goodness to all who approach him . . . what eagerness to go to God! France sank under this chastisement. God showed her a prince she did not deserve. This world was not worthy of him; he was already ripened for the blessed eternity."

They had tried to persuade her to play, but she said, 'Eh! with whom do you wish me to play? With ladies who have their husbands, or fathers who have their children, in a battle which according to all appearance must be a bloody one? And can I be tranquil myself when it is a question of a State affair of the greatest importance?'"

As for the Dauphine, the King adored her, if possible, more than ever; if she were away from him a cloud of gloom seemed to rest upon him. Yet he was always anxious for her to go to the balls and *fêtes* which amused her, even when he could not be present; she never failed to go and see him before she started, and after she returned she would be in his room as soon as he was awake to tell him all that had passed.

Mme. de Maintenon and she had, however, made a most unfortunate mistake in forwarding the marriage of the daughter of the Duc d'Orléans to the Duc de Berri. For the Duchesse de Berri, though she had concealed her real character behind a modest and quiet demeanour until she was safely married, knowing that upon her conduct depended, to a great extent, her prospects, soon threw off restraint, and showed as time went on that she was in reality one of the most abominable women it is possible to imagine. The almost incredible depravity of her morals, the disgraceful scenes and low intrigues in which she figured and the horrible stories openly circulated about her, are not possible to be related in a book intended for the general public in our day; though they are told plainly enough by the less scrupulous chroniclers of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. She does not appear to have possessed a single virtue. She hated her mother, being filled with a mingled fury against her illegitimate birth and a pride in her own royal blood which amounted

to a mania. Incapable of friendship, affection or gratitude, she repaid all the kindness and protection of the Duchess of Burgundy with hatred and envy. Not long after her marriage she made a compact with her husband, a good-natured, dissipated fool, over whom she had acquired unbounded control, that they should each carry on whatever scandals they pleased without interference from the other. But the Duke did not long survive this deplorable marriage, and the Duchess, after leading for some years a life of riot, drunkenness, and licence in the orgies of the Regency, died at an early age from the effects of it.

Generous and kind-hearted as the Duchess of Burgundy might be, she was not one to overlook the spiteful tricks and malicious annoyances of the illegitimate daughters of the King; who, except the Duchess of Orléans, now her fast friend, were more jealous of her than ever, but, since they had lost the protection of Monseigneur and she was exalted to a position too powerful to be touched by their malignity, dared not give vent to their irritation.

One evening after supper at Fontainebleau, the Dauphine, having as usual been joking and talking nonsense to amuse the King, observed them shrugging their shoulders and making signs to each other in a contemptuous manner. The King rose, went into an adjoining room to feed his dogs, and then wished the Princesses good-night. Seizing the hands of Mmes. de Lévy and Saint-Simon and looking at the Princesses de Conti and Duchesse de Bourbon, who were only a few paces off, she exclaimed, "Did you see? Did you see? I know just as well as they do that there is no sense in what I was saying and it was all nonsense, but he requires diverting, and those things amuse him." Then, leaning on their arms, she began to jump and sing, "Eh! je m'en ris! Eh! je me moque d'elles! Eh! je serais

leur Reine! Eh! je n'ai que faire d'elles, ni à cette heure ni jamais, eh! elles auront à compter avec moi! eh! je serais leur Reine!" and she danced and laughed in the gaiety of her heart, regardless of their entreaties and representations that the Princesses were not gone and might hear, until the King returned.

Evidently the haunting presentiment of coming death which had so often affected her was not then in her mind, which was at that moment filled with the prospects apparently before her. "Alas! she believed it, that charming Princess, and who would not have thought the same? It pleased God, for our misfortune, to dispose otherwise very soon afterwards." [1]

Never very strong, though her high spirits enabled her to go through much fatigue, she had always been subject to terrible faceache and toothache, the pain of which, so often repeated, had weakened her constitution.

The winter (1711-12) had been an unhealthy one, and a virulent and dangerous kind of measles was about. Numbers of people had it; it was called *rougeole pourpre*. On the 5th of February the Dauphine complained of shivering fits and went to bed. She had not been well for some days, but had as usual gone to Marly to please the King, and sat up playing cards with him when she ought not to have been out of bed at all; and although this new attack was a worse one, she got up next day as usual and played cards in the evening with the King, but on the following day, Sunday, she was too ill to rise, and complained of violent pain in her temple, which lasted all day and night. Then it left her, but she became more feverish and semi-conscious. A rash appeared on the chin, which gave hopes that the illness would turn out to be the measles which were so prevalent, but this expectation was not

[1] Saint-Simon.

realised. The Dauphine grew worse; everyone was in despair, Mme. de Maintenon constantly at her side, and the King came perpetually to her room in a fever of anxiety and grief. The Dauphin would not leave her bedside, until, after days of watching, he too was struck down by fever and forced away to his own room, where the doctors, alarmed for his life, kept him in bed by giving him false reports that his wife was better, as he sent every few minutes to inquire. On Thursday, February 11, it was advised that she should make her confession, and the King afterwards came to receive the Communion with her. She asked for the prayers for the dying, but as there was still supposed to be some hope, they told her to try to sleep. But all was useless; indeed, one cannot but think that the deplorable folly of the whole proceedings, the neglect of the illness at first, the journey to Marly, the sitting up playing cards with fever about her, and then the emetics, bleeding, and suchlike remedies, must have been quite sufficient to make recovery impossible. At any rate, on Friday, 12th February, the Dauphine fell gradually into an unconscious state and passed quietly away.

Both the King and Mme. de Maintenon seemed stunned by their loss. When all was over they left the apartments of the Dauphine and drove to Marly without daring to enter the Dauphin's room. It was now impossible to conceal from him the death of his wife, and from this unexpected blow he never recovered. On Saturday morning, 13th, he was moved to Marly, where he heard Mass and received the visits of Mme. de Maintenon and of the Princes and Princesses. Then he had to go to the King, who received him with tears and sobs, embracing him repeatedly, while neither of them could utter more than

a few broken words. Terrified by his grandson's appearance, he ordered him back to his bed, from which he never rose again. After receiving the last Sacraments he died on Thursday, February 18, as he had wished and foretold, within a week of the Dauphine's death.

An outburst of grief throughout France followed the deaths of the adored Dauphin and Dauphine; henceforth the court was sad and gloomy. "*Tout est mort ici, Madame; la vie en est otée,*" wrote Mme. de Caylus. "We are stunned by our loss . . . it is impossible to see the King, or even to think of him." "With her," says Saint-Simon, "departed joy, pleasure, and every kind of grace, and darkness settled over all the court." The death of the Dauphin and Dauphine was the one deep grief of the life of Louis XIV., but it was even then not complete. The heirs of whom he had spoken with such confidence at Marly were to be almost entirely swept away. The Duc de Bretagne sickened of measles immediately, died in a few days, and was buried with his parents; only a frail, delicate baby survived, to become, six years later, Louis XV. Even the Duc de Berri died three years after his brother and sister-in-law.

From the brilliant cynical courtier Saint-Simon the pathetic words come with especial force as he relates his last interview with the Prince he loved so well. As he saw him turn towards the King's room, "He threw upon me a look that pierced my soul, and went. I followed him a few steps, and tore myself away that I might take breath—I never saw him again. May God in His mercy grant that I may see him in eternity, where His goodness has doubtless placed him."[1]

[1] Saint-Simon. Souches. Dangeau. Caylus.

II

MADAME ADÉLAÏDE

DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV

CHAPTER I

The great-grandsons of Louis XIV.—Death of the eldest—Recovery of the younger—Suspicions of poisoning—Fury of the people—The Duc d'Orléans and the Duc du Maine—A king five years old—The Regency—Death of the Regent—Louis XV.—His first and second betrothal—An unpromising marriage—"You are Queen of France"—Fleury—Exile of the Duc de Bourbon.

IN the life just concluded of Marie Adélaïde of Savoy, I remarked that her death was almost certainly the cause of that of her husband, the Dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV., and that the consequences of this catastrophe were so terrible and so far-reaching that it is impossible to estimate their extent.

There was an end of all the projected reforms and enlightened plans on the point of being carried out by the Dauphin; the immediate royal family was almost entirely swept away, for after the disastrous year (April 1711-12) which witnessed the death of the three Dauphins and the Dauphine, very soon followed the death of the Duc de Berri; and for the short time remaining of the reign of Louis XIV., only the old King himself and the delicate baby Dauphin, his great-grandson, were left of the direct line of Louis XIII.[1]

With the late Dauphin disappeared the bright hopes and prospects of happiness and prosperity for the nation, and with the Dauphine the life and gaiety of the court.

[1] Except the King of Spain, who had resigned his claim to the French crown.

Gloom and melancholy henceforth settled upon the once brilliant life of Louis XIV.[1]

Even before the funeral of the late Dauphin and Dauphine, the little Duc de Bretagne, just declared Dauphin, and his brother were struck down with a dangerous form of measles. As they had not been formally christened, only *ondoyés*, the King commanded that the boys should be christened immediately. Godfathers and godmothers were hastily chosen, and both of them named Louis by the King's order. The Dauphin, who was much the strongest, and between five and six years old, died ; the Duc d'Anjou recovered, it was said, owing to the care and skill of the Duchesse de Ventadour, "Governess of the Children of France," who was further reported to have given him a *contre-poison*.[2] For it is hardly necessary to state that, as usual on the death of any conspicuous personage not resulting from accident or old age, the cry of poison was certain to be raised and the crime laid to the account of whoever might have gained anything by the removal of the individual in question.

And there was undoubtedly a more than usually suspicious appearance about this catastrophe, the Dauphin, his wife, and his son having died within twenty-four days in a manner totally unexpected and not of the same disease.

[1] When Louis XIV. returned from Marly to Versailles and passed slowly through the assembly of princes, princesses and courtiers awaiting him, the only one he embraced was the Duchesse du Lude, first lady of honour to the late Dauphine, to whom he said that he was not then able to bear to speak to her, but would see her later. He had a long interview with her, and afterwards often sent for or visited her. He granted her a large pension.

[2] More probably because, while the doctors were devoting their chief attention to the Dauphin, bleeding and drugging him till his strength was exhausted, the Duchesse de Ventadour kept the Duc d'Anjou under her own care, fed him, and kept him warm and quiet in bed.

Louis Quinze

[*From an old French print*]

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The people, wild with grief and fury, attributed the crime to the Duke of Orléans, declaring that it was his intention to destroy all the direct heirs in order to place the crown upon his own head.

That the suspicion was unjust is evident from the fact that the Duke of Anjou lived to become King of France, that the Duke of Orléans was Regent, and under his care Louis XV. grew and prospered. Also that even if he had also died, Philippe V. of Spain would certainly have exchanged the Spanish for the French crown, as he was prepared to do for many years, in case of the death of his nephew. Besides, the Duke of Orléans, in spite of his disreputable life, has never been accused of murder, or, in fact, of any kind of cruelty, but was a kind-hearted, easy-going personage, much attached to the Dauphin and Dauphine. The latter was his niece, had always been extremely fond of his father and himself, was the intimate friend of his wife, and had made the exalted marriage of his daughter. Saint-Simon, representing this, goes on to say that those who had an interest in the disappearance of the Dauphin and Dauphine were not the Orléans at all, but the *bâtards*, that is to say, the Duke and Duchess du Maine,[1] the Duchesse de Bourbon, and perhaps the Princesse de Conti, who were jealous of the Dauphine, and, knowing that the Dauphin disapproved of their preposterous elevation and enormous fortunes, looked forward with terror to the time when he should be King, and saw nothing better for themselves than a long minority, under the Regency probably of the Duc du Maine, or at the worst, of their brother-in-law, the Duc d'Orléans. There was some story about a box of snuff given to the Dauphine by the Duc de Noailles, after taking a pinch of which she left

[1] Saint-Simon hated the Duc du Maine, who was a quiet, studious man unlikely to have committed any such crime.

the box on a table and was seized that evening with her fatal illness, while the box disappeared and could never be heard of.

Saint-Simon, who, like most of the French nobles, hated the *bâtards*—except the Comte de Toulouse, whom everyone liked and nobody blamed—suggests that they were the authors of the crime and threw suspicions upon the Duc d'Orléans to shield themselves, in which they were assisted by Mme. de Maintenon, who was absolutely devoted to the Duc du Maine, and would never believe anything against him.

The mob, however, believed in the guilt of the Duc d'Orléans, and as their adored Dauphine and the heirs of France were borne together to their burial at Saint-Denis, the air was rent with shouts, curses, furious accusations and threats of vengeance.

It seems, however, most likely that they were none of them poisoned at all, and that the persons responsible for their death were the doctors, in the case of the Dauphine and the child; while the shock of his wife's death in his weak condition killed the Dauphin.

Considering the absurd treatment in those days, the violence of the remedies applied to persons already weak and ill, the perpetual bleeding which exhausted their strength, the absence of fresh air or quiet in the sick-room, and all the risks run by want of common precaution in the earlier stages of illness, the astonishing thing appears to be that any one should ever have recovered at all.

Louis XIV. at any rate, after all investigations, was convinced of the innocence of Orléans, whom he made chief of the Council of Regency, though leaving the control of the household of the young King in the hands of the Duc du Maine, who contested the regency, but was entirely defeated by the Duc d'Orléans; and the

batârds were at once deprived of the precedence given them by Louis XIV. (a difference being made in favour of the Comte de Toulouse),[1] his will placing them in the line of succession set aside, and the claims of the Duc du Maine contemptuously dismissed. The Duke of Orléans assumed supreme control, and the court, weary of the strictness, gloom, and monotonous dulness of the years which elapsed between the death of the Dauphin and Dauphine and that of Louis XIV. (1712-15), plunged at once into that wild carnival of mad revelry and licence known as the Regency.

Madame, mother of the Regent, might well write in her letters: "If you came here I am sure you would not like it; the debauch is general and really dreadful . . . all the youth of both sexes in France lead most reprehensible lives; the more outrageous the better. . . . The ladies drink more than the men. . . . He [the Regent] spends every night in this accursed society, and remains at the table until three or four o'clock in the morning. . . . I pray God sincerely for his conversion. . . . Nothing has ever been seen like the young people now; it makes one's hair stand on end . . . in fact, one sees and hears nothing but horrible things; my daughter says that though I had written it all to her she could not have believed it until every day she has seen it with her own eyes. Young people no longer believe in God, and leave off all religious duties, therefore God forsakes them. It is sad to live in a time when respectable people have such surroundings; it inspires one with universal disgust. I thank God my daughter still knows what virtue is, and that she has a just horror of the life

[1] "Après la réduction des légitimés à leur rang de pairie, en 1718, le Comte de Toulouse fut inscrit seul dans l'almanach (royal), et séparé par une ligne. . . . La Duchesse du Maine . . . étoit dans des convulsions de fureur . . ." ("La Régence," Duclos).

they lead here. . . . The young people here are so corrupt and given up to vice. . . . that they neither believe in God nor the devil, and they consider impiety and depravity attractive. . . . I wonder God does not consume them like Sodom and Gomorrah." [1]

In fact, people now looked back to the late reign as a time of well-regulated propriety and correctness. For over the immoralities of the court of Louis XIV. there was always a veil of decorum, restraint, and dignity; the authorities and ordinances of religion were treated with universal reverence, great respect was shown to parents and to superiors in age or rank, and the disgraceful orgies of the following reign would not for a moment have been tolerated by the *Grand Monarque.* Louis XIV. was from first to last essentially a great and magnificent king. Unlike his two nearest successors, neither his virtues nor his faults were in any way calculated to injure his prestige with his subjects. If his courage, generosity, gentleness of temper and love of justice were in their eyes the proper qualities for a sovereign, the colossal selfishness instilled into him, his pride, ambition, extravagance, love of war and of women, were considered excusable defects, by no means inconsistent with their conception of the majesty of the throne. At no time was there anything ridiculous or undignified about Louis XIV. or his court. The passions and love intrigues for which his reign was notorious all belonged to his youth and the prime of his manhood; he never, like Louis XV., sank to become that contemptible spectacle, a dissipated old man; before he was five-and-forty those passages in his life were entirely closed. His overweening indulgence and affection for his natural children, disastrous though they were, at any rate showed a better heart and feeling than the unnatural callousness

[1] "Correspondance de Madame, Duchesse d'Orléans."

of "Monseigneur" and Louis XV., who went into the opposite extreme, while his care and anxiety in the education of his grandsons, the high character of those to whom he entrusted them, and the watchful tenderness of his guardianship over the little Duchess of Burgundy, are worthy of all admiration.

None of these advantages fell to the lot of Louis XV., who at five years old became King of France. The deplorable results of the death of his father, the late Dauphin, were not long in showing themselves. If that enlightened prince had lived thirty or forty years longer, to fulfil the span of a human life, there can be no reasonable doubt that he would have restored prosperity to the nation, given the country a good government and his son a good education, and it is quite certain that such a state of things as prevailed during the regency and reign of Louis XV. could not have existed.

The boy was certainly left in the hands of Fleury, the governor given him by his great-grandfather, in whose care he remained, and who afterwards became his prime minister. But Fleury was not a Fénelon, Bossuet, or Beauvilliers, and the other influences and examples surrounding the young King were so injurious that it would have been a miracle if he had escaped the corruption with which he was surrounded.

The orgies of the regency, which were more incredibly scandalous than even the above remarks of Madame would lead us to suppose, were led by the Regent and the Duchesse de Berri. The details of what went on at the supper-parties where they spent the nights with their chosen friends were, in spite of closed doors and attempts at secrecy, sufficiently known to form the gossip and scandal of Paris, and had the reputation of rather resembling the banquets of ancient days and evil fame in the temple of Isis than the festivities of a modern court in a Christian capital.

And yet the Regent was by many people sincerely beloved. With all the frightful licence and blasphemy of his life he had a kind and generous heart, and was free from the harshness and cruelty conspicuous in some of the princes of the blood. The Comte de Charolais especially, a few years later, was a monster of barbarity and wickedness. The Duchess Dowager of Orléans used to say that the fairies had given her son, in his infancy, every good gift, but that one who had not been present, and was offended, had counteracted the effect by decreeing that, although he should possess these qualities, he should never know how to use them or profit by them.

The *concierge* of the Palais Royal, a man named Ibagnet, had been from his childhood a faithful servant of the house of Orléans. He was now an old man, and the Regent, whom he loved, but whose vices he deplored and whose companions he hated and despised, regarded him with the respect and affection due to his high character and devoted service. He never ventured to suggest his being in any way concerned in his reprehensible pleasures, knowing that he would have at once refused. In fact, when, on one occasion, Ibagnet was obliged to carry a candle to light him to the door of the room in which one of these orgies was to take place, and the Regent, laughing, told him to come in, he replied :

" Monsieur, my service ends here ; I do not go into such bad company, and I am very sorry to see you there."

He treated with indignation and scorn those servants who assisted and encouraged his master in his vicious adventures.[1]

The talents and good qualities really possessed by the Regent were obscured by the unbounded licence and

[1] " Mémoires de la Régence " (Duclos).

PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLÉANS, REGENT OF FRANCE

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corruption of his life and of the society around him; and he was only in his fiftieth year when his career was suddenly cut short by his death from apoplexy in the house of his mistress, the Duchesse de Falaise, December, 1723.

Louis XV., then thirteen years old, was declared of age, but the Duc de Bourbon assumed in some measure the place of the late Regent, and two years afterwards, alarmed for the succession by the sudden illness of the King, he resolved, in concert with the other princes of the blood, that his marriage should be immediately arranged.

Louis XV. had been betrothed at twelve years old, with much reluctance on his part, to the Infanta of Spain, daughter of Philippe V. and Elisabeth Farnese, a child of three years old, who was sent to be brought up at the French court and was now seven. The Infanta was accordingly sent back to Spain, to the great indignation of the King, Queen, and people of that country. The friendship between the two nations was changed into enmity, and the wife now chosen for the boy of fifteen, instead of being seven years old, was two-and-twenty, and was the daughter of Stanislas Leczinska, the dethroned King of Poland, then living with his family at Weissenberg upon the charity of France.

Entering the room where his wife and daughter sat working, Stanislas exclaimed:

"Let us fall on our knees and thank God!"

"Mon père!" cried the Princess; "are you recalled to the throne of Poland?"

"God has shown us a more astonishing favour," replied Stanislas. "You are Queen of France!"

It was not possible that Marie de Leczinska should rebel against her magnificent destiny, even had she desired to do so. But as at this time there were ninety

marriageable princesses in Europe, there could have been no reason whatever why so miserable and unsuitable a marriage should have been chosen for the young King, except the infamous one which speaks so clearly for the abyss of corruption into which the government of France had sunk since the death of Louis XIV.

It was the Duc de Bourbon, whose detestable government since the death of the Regent had made him execrated throughout France, and his mistress, the Marquise de Prie, a worthless, intriguing woman, who to suit their own purpose had chosen a queen who would, they hoped, be always under their influence, being unsupported by any powerful family connections of her own. She was religious, gentle, but without either beauty, talent, or attraction, besides being seven years older than the young King, who accepted this arrangement, as he had done the former one, with passive submission. The Queen arrived in a country devastated with famine, pestilence, and misery; the wretched peasants were collected to mend the roads for her to pass over, which were in such a state that several times she had to be pulled out of her carriage to save her life, and on other occasions the horses were obliged to swim through the floods.[1]

The Queen, grateful to the Duc de Bourbon and Mme. de Prie for having brought about her marriage, began, as they had expected, by being entirely influenced by them; but fortunately they carried their audacity too far when, without the consent of the King, they dismissed Fleury, to whom he was really attached.

Fleury was at work with the King when he was told the Queen wanted him. He went and did not come back. The King went to look for him in vain; he was gone. The King fretted and sulked, but did nothing

[1] "Mémoires d'Argenson."

until the Duc de Mortemart, seeing him shed tears over a letter he received from Fleury, suggested that, as he was master, if he wished him to return he had only to give the order.

Louis XV. took the advice; Fleury returned next morning, and six months later, as Louis was leaving Versailles on a visit to the Comte de Toulouse, he took leave of the Duc de Bourbon with his usual friendliness, but left a letter to be given him when his carriage had driven from the palace, banishing him from the court and exiling Mme. de Prie to her estate in Normandy,[1] where she soon after died of rage. The Duc de Bourbon never recovered any influence or favour, and Fleury remained supreme, the government being nominally carried on by Louis himself without a prime minister, while that post was really filled by Fleury.[2]

[1] "Mémoires du Maréchal de Villars, Règne de Louis XV." (Duclos).
[2] Guizot, "Histoire de France."

CHAPTER II

Declining influence of the Queen—Her children—Mdlle. de Charolais—The Comtesse de Toulouse—Mme. de Mailly—The elder Princesses—The younger ones sent to Fontevrault—Death of one of them.

FOR a short time, strange to say, the unpromising marriage of Louis XV. and Marie Leczinska seemed tolerably harmonious.

The King was extremely handsome, and so precocious that he looked four years older than he really was, but shy in the society of women, and chiefly devoted to hunting. He fell in love with the Queen when he saw her, and for the first year, if any one pointed out to him the beauty of any other woman, he would reply:

"I think the Queen is handsomer."

At the end of that time the affair of Fleury and the Duc de Bourbon caused the first difference between them. The Queen took the side of the latter, by which she displeased the King and made an enemy of Fleury, who from thenceforth used his ascendancy over his pupil to lessen her influence and oppose her wishes.

But for some time there was no appearance of any sort of attraction of the King for other women, although he was surrounded by those who were eager to win his love, and the Queen was the last person in the world to contend with any chance of success against such dangerous rivals. For not only was she neither good-

looking, talented, nor amusing, but she was, in spite of his youth, very much afraid of him, and so reserved, awkward, and embarrassed in his presence that he thought her cold and indifferent; she was also full of little unnecessary scruples, fidgetty and timid, afraid of ghosts, thunderstorms, and everything, dared not be left alone in her room, and was, in fact, just the person to repel instead of fascinate her husband, whom, either through pride, stiffness, or apathy, she would never try to attract. Instead of showing him sympathy and interest, to gain an influence over him, she shut herself up in silence, and was, in fact, a harmless nonentity, taking no interest in political matters, nor in anything of consequence; she lived her own life amongst her ladies, in the midst of what was still the most splendid court in Christendom, of which she was nominally the head, but in which she possessed neither power nor responsibility.

The first children she had were twin girls, born in 1727, and named Louise Elisabeth and Anne Henriette Marie, 1728. The Dauphin Louis, 1729. Louis Duc d'Anjou, 1730. Marie Adélaïde, 1732. Marie Louise Adélaïde Victoire (afterwards called Madame Victoire), 1733. Sophie Philippine Elisabeth (Madame Sophie), 1733. Marie Therèse Felicité, 1736. Louise Marie (Madame Louise), 1737.

It is of the fourth daughter, known as Madame Adélaïde, that this short biography chiefly treats, though her life was always mixed up with those of some of her sisters, especially of Madame Victoire.

They were all born at Versailles, and at once privately baptized; the three eldest princesses were christened in state with their brother the Dauphin. Each of them was appointed a separate and numerous household, and supreme over them was the venerable

Duchesse de Ventadour, "Governess of the Children of France."

In the spring of 1733 two of the children, the Duc d'Anjou and the Princess Marie, then five and three years old, died, leaving the Dauphin the only son, to the great disappointment of the King and nation.

On the evening of July, 1737, the *accouchement* of the Queen took place for the last time, and the numerous persons qualified and appointed to be present having waited for some time in the ante-chamber of her bedroom, the King ordered supper to be served there. They had not proceeded very far with it when the guests heard cries of "A boy! A prince! Vive le Roi! Vive M. le Duc d'Anjou!"

There was a scene of confusion and excitement, couriers were sent in all directions, the King rose and went into the Queen's room, when it was found to be a mistake. Some Spanish wine had been wanted for the Queen, and the official who was to order it, opening the door and seeing no one about whom he could send to get it, called loudly for "Un garçon! Un garçon!"

When the child was born, some time later, it proved to be a girl; and the King, having begged the Queen to tranquillise herself, was so disappointed that he went to bed, though he had only just begun his supper. This daughter was Madame Louise, afterward the Carmelite Sister Louise of saintly reputation.

The King, during the years since his marriage, had been gradually changing from the reserve and almost aversion to the society of women inculcated by Cardinal Fleury to the abyss of licentiousness and depravity into which he afterwards sank. To captivate him had been, ever since he was fourteen or fifteen years old, the crowning ambition of all the unscrupulous, intriguing women of his court, foremost amongst whom was his

cousin, Mdlle. de Charolais, daughter of the Duc de Bourbon and great-granddaughter of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan. At fifteen she was one of the most daring, witty, and depraved of the troop of thoughtless, fast young women of whom she was the leader. Very pretty, amusing, and absolutely reckless, her relationship to Louis XV. gave her more freedom with him and more opportunities of attracting him. She ran about the streets at night with the King and the other disreputable young people who, throwing honour and decency to the winds, were ready for any scandalous adventure. Under Louis XIV. this kind of vulgar rowdyism would have been impossible.

From the time she was fifteen the lovers and *liaisons* of Mdlle. de Charolais were innumerable, and it seems strange that she did not succeed in her attempts to fascinate Louis XV., whom she laughed at for his shyness and reserve, flattered, and pretended to be in love with. She wrote and put into his pocket the following verses :

"Vous avez l'humeur sauvage
Et le regard séduisant ;
Se pourrait-il qu'à votre âge
Vous fussiez indifférent ?

"Si l'amour veut vous instruire,
Cédez, ne disputez rien ;
On a fondé votre empire
Bien longtemps après le sien."

She did not, however, succeed in her plans, but her society pleased the King, who was very difficult to amuse. He cared for scarcely anything except hunting ; he troubled himself about no pursuits ; it was almost impossible to find anything in which he would take an interest. His education and surroundings had been deplorable. To counteract the outrageous examples of his relations, the Regent and the other princes of the blood,

there had been only Fleury, who was a man of narrow views and limited ability, altogether wanting in the commanding intellect, exalted ideas, and strength of character which gave Fénelon power to transform the nature, direct the actions, and retain the confidence of the Duke of Burgundy.

It was not Fénelon or the Duc de Beauvilliers who would have allowed the boy to be shown from the windows of the Tuileries the dense crowds waiting to see him, with the remark, "Look at all this crowd, all these people; they are all yours—they all belong to you. You are their master."

An entire contrast to the set of which Mdlle. de Charolais was so conspicuous a member was the *salon* of the Comtesse de Toulouse, *née* Marie Victoire Sophie de Noailles, wife of the Admiral, son of Louis XIV.

Born in 1688, she was no longer a young woman, but still retained much of the dark beauty for which she had been famous. Calm, dignified, devout, the *salon* of her little court of Rambouillet had, during the brutal licence of the regency, been a social refuge for the former gallantry, the memory, and the remains of the court of Louis XIV. Here the ancient virtues of noble company, the fine customs, the polished and decent manners, the respect for women, the reserve of good breeding, the social traditions, still survived in the easy cordiality, animation, and gaiety of a restricted number of select persons, in the peaceful happiness and epicurean delights of a devout little world quietly enjoying its own life . . . over which still hovered a shadow of grandeur and magnificence which was to be found only there.[1]

The King, who was much attached to his uncle and aunt, the Comte and Comtesse de Toulouse, frequented this society; it had a fascination for him which con-

[1] Luynes.

trasted strangely with the dulness of the Queen's circle and with the career of vice and corruption in which he was shortly to embark.

His first serious *affaire*, with Mme. de Mailly, began in 1733, but was not made public for some time afterwards, and later on was succeeded by the scandalous *liaisons* with all her sisters except Mme. de Flavacourt. They were the five daughters of the Marquis de Nesle, of whom Mme. de Mailly was the eldest, and was now about five-and-twenty years old ; not specially beautiful, but attractive and disinterested. She was really attached to the King, and did not, like her successors, take advantage of her position to enrich herself.

The King, in most ways, compared very unfavourably with his brilliant predecessor, who was only a few years his senior when he ascended the throne of France. Whatever might have been the faults or vices of Louis XIV. at fifteen or twenty, or at any age, no one could call him shy or uninteresting.

"A singular man, this young husband, this young sovereign," writes de Goncourt, "whom, except dogs and hunting, nothing interested ; whose taste the Cardinal led from one pursuit to another, from the cultivation of lettuces to the collecting of antiquities, . . . without being able to attach his fancy to anything, without being able to give employment to his mind or thoughts. Imagine a King of France, the heir of the regency, frozen and enveloped in the shadows and suspicions of an Escurial, a young man in the flower of his age and the dawn of his reign, listless, *ennuyé*, *blasé*. . . . Without friendships, without preferences, without ardour, without passion, indifferent to everything, only making use of his power . . . in the list of invitations to his supper-parties, Louis XV. appeared in the *petits appartements* of Versailles like a great, sulky, melan-

choly child in whose nature was something hard, malicious, sarcastic. . . . A sentiment of emptiness and solitude . . . a vague aspiration after pleasure . . . and the domination of a woman, passionate, intellectual, or amusing, . . . to awaken and dazzle his life with the storms of passion or the frenzy of gaiety." [1]

The immediate circle of the Queen was in no way attractive ; she preferred chiefly persons much older than herself, of quiet tastes and habits, with whom only she felt at ease. Her *salon* was tranquil, correct, and dull. She occupied herself with music and painting, in neither of which she could excel, reading books she had not sufficient capacity to understand, was without the slightest *coquetterie* or fascination of manner, and full of petty scruples ; looking upon marriage as a matter of duty and obedience, incapable of playing her part as Queen, but trembling and hesitating like an old maid out of a convent lost in the palace of Versailles.[2] She was, however, good-tempered, kind-hearted, patient, and religious ; a woman who might have been happy enough in the retirement of a provincial life, but was absolutely out of place as Queen of France.

The whole court was filled with expectations and intrigue as to who should fill the place of La belle Gabrielle, La Vallière, and Montespan, while the Cardinal himself, in his opposition to the Queen and his dread of the return of the Duc de Bourbon, was supposed to regard the prospect with more interest and less reprobation than was consistent with his past professions of morality and religion.

At first it was not known upon whom the King's choice had fallen, but as time went on, and he plunged more and more into the frantic pursuit of pleasure, his listless

[1] "La Duchesse de Châteauroux et ses Sœurs" (Edmond et Jules Goncourt). [2] De Goncourt.

melancholy gave place to a feverish excitement and gaiety. One night at a supper-party he drank to the health of *L'Inconnue*,[1] broke his glass, and refused to answer the questions put to him by the curiosity of his companions. So well was the secret kept by the very few confidants of the King that it was not until 1736 that it began to be guessed, and the *liaison* was only made public in the autumn of 1737.

The youngest child of the King and Queen was born July 15, 1737, and the estrangement between them, which had increased year by year, now became complete. Henceforth the Queen lived her own life with her children, her ladies, her chosen friends, her religious duties, and quiet amusements and pursuits at Versailles and the other palaces, while the King passed his time in the society he preferred.

From the description given of Louis XV., Marie Leczinska, and the state of things prevailing at their court, it will be seen that the education of their children was not likely to be very carefully considered. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between the care and judgment displayed by Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon in the education of the "Children of France"; the strictness of their regulations, their wise choice of the persons placed over them, the anxious affection with which they provided for their future, and the constant interest with which they superintended the details of their life; and the neglect, indifference, and reprehensible folly in which the son and daughters of Louis XV. were educated, or rather, it may be said, allowed to grow up.

Among the persons appointed to the households of the Princesses, we hear that each had a first woman of the bedchamber, a nurse, eight *femmes de chambre*, a cook, a laundress, a valet, a footman, and a porter. The now

[1] The Unknown.

venerable Duchesse de Ventadour was still nominally Governess of the Children of France, but the duties of that position were in reality performed by the Duchesse de Tallard, with three under-governesses. The physician, surgeon and *argentier* of the Dauphin were also attached to the households of his sisters, but no mention is made of any chaplain or professor, while the simplicity displayed at, and the little notice taken of the baptism, confirmation, and first Communion of the children, is all the more remarkable when compared with the extravagant splendour and minute regulations of their balls and *fêtes*.

From an absurdly early age the elder children were initiated into the gaieties of the court. Already on March 30, 1737, they gave their first ball, not, as one would have supposed, to other children, but to the court circle; and after the month of November of the same year there was dancing one day in every week in the rooms of the Princesses Elisabeth, Henriette, and Adélaïde, then ten and five years old, the Dauphin, who was also present, being eight. They attended the *lever* of the King, were present at reviews, went to a masked ball for the first time January 26, 1738, and gave one themselves on the following Shrove Tuesday, which began with a supper at Mme. de Tallard's at five o'clock; the ball began at seven; at nine Mesdames put on their masks and danced till midnight.

Louis XV. was not by any means what is called an unkind father—a writer of the times says that the King loved his children like a *bourgeois;* but it was an absolutely selfish love. While they were with him he treated them with affection; when they were out of his sight and away from his daily life he did not trouble himself about them. And as the all-powerful Cardinal de Fleury objected to the expense of so many princesses with their households at court, instead of proceeding,

as common sense would have suggested, to combine and reduce these absurd and unnecessary arrangements, it was decided, in 1738, that all of them except the two eldest and, of course, the Dauphin, should be sent to the Abbey of Fontevrault in Anjou, to be brought up under the care of the Abbess, Louise de Rochechouart Mortemart, a woman of great family and saintly reputation. But when Mme. Adélaïde heard of the project she threw herself into a violent state of grief and despair, and resisted with all her might, so that it was feared that she would make herself ill. The Duchesse de Tallard joined her intercessions and representations to the entreaties of the child with such good effect that Louis XV. consented that she should remain at court.

The four little ones, who were then five, four, two, and one year old, were sent with maids and valets, who were to remain with them, a *sous-gouvernante* to take charge of them till their arrival, and an escort to protect them on the way, to the convent in question, without their father, who was then at Rambouillet, troubling himself to come and take leave of them. During the twelve years of their absence neither father nor mother ever visited the convent or saw the children; one of them, indeed, they never saw again, as she died during her sojourn there.

They departed in June, 1738, with eight carriages, each drawn by eight horses, two chaises and twenty *fourgons* of luggage; and the journey took thirteen days.

They were received by the Abbess, dressed in white in order not to alarm them, and accompanied by four little girls of their own age. The King had directed that they should not be received by the whole community of sisters, lest they should be frightened, but the children, as they drove up, perceived many at the windows and about the precincts, looking at them, to whom the elder ones

graciously kissed their little hands, after which they got out of their coach and were taken to the apartments prepared for them, where their dinner was served. In the evening their arrival was celebrated, after a dinner of two hundred and fifty people, including their suite, at the table of the Abbess, by a grand illumination and display of fireworks. The children were, of course, shown great honour and treated with every kindness and indulgence. Two nuns were specially appointed to look after them : one, Mother Maccarthy, allowed them to have their own way in everything ; the other, Mother de Soulanges, though extremely fond of them, was much stricter, and was always regarded by them in after-life with respect and affection.

Their treatment, however, does not appear to have been altogether judicious, for Mesdames Victoire and Sophie used to attribute the nervous terrors from which they both suffered in after-life to the ill-chosen punishments inflicted upon them ; such as being sent to say the prayers for the dying in a chapel near the house of the convent gardener, who was insane, and whose cries and ravings they could hear, or to repeat their evening prayers alone in the vaults where the nuns were buried.

Their education, too, was deplorably neglected ; Madame Louise at twelve years old only just knew the alphabet, and could not read properly until after her return to Versailles. They were, however, taught music and dancing, and on one occasion, their dancing-master having taught them a dance then much in fashion called *le menuet couleur de rose,* Madame Victoire said she did not like the name, and that it was to be called *le menuet bleu.* The dancing-master objected, the Princess refused to dance, and the matter was referred to the Abbess, who assembled the community and laid the matter before them, whereupon it was decided that Madame Victoire must not be dis-

pleased. The dance was therefore called *le menuet bleu*, and the Princess danced it.

In September, 1744, there was a grand *fête* at the convent to celebrate the restoration to health of the King, who had been dangerously ill. Madame Félicité, then eight years old, was not well at the time, but was very anxious to take part in what was going on. She insisted, though she was very feverish, in sitting up late and amusing herself with the rest; and, as usual, was allowed to have her own way. The consequence was that she became so ill that she died in a few days. She was said to have been very like her grandfather, King Stanislas. The illness proved to be small-pox, which had been driven in at first, and which the ignorance of the doctor had not discovered.

CHAPTER III

Mesdames de France—Louise Elisabeth—Betrothal to the son of Philippe V. — Marriage and departure for Spain — Project of marriage for Henriette—The son of the Regent—Choisy-le-Roi—The Demoiselles de Nesle—The Dauphin—The King's departure for the war—Death of the Duchesse de Ventadour—The King's illness—The Duchesse de Châteauroux—Marriage of the Dauphin—Mme. de Pompadour—The households of Mesdames—Death of the Dauphine Maria Teresa —Second marriage of the Dauphin—Henriette and Adélaïde.

THE three elder Princesses meanwhile continued to lead the same unchildlike existence at the court of their parents. Little or no attention was given to their education, and soon after the departure of her little sisters Madame Louise Elisabeth was betrothed to Philippe, third son of Philippe V., King of Spain. The marriage of "Madame," as the eldest daughter of Louis XV. was called, had been talked of for some months and the little princess had been taught Spanish; it was formally announced in February, 1739, and the Princess, then less than twelve years old, received it in a childlike way—one evening showing especial favour to the Spanish ambassador at one of her own balls, running up to him with a plate of sweetmeats, in spite of the frowns and signs of her governess, Mme. de Tallard; another day crying and fretting at the thought of leaving her family and country; then again "quite consoled and looking forward to her departure."[1]

[1] Luynes.

At Easter the children were confirmed in the royal chapel of Versailles by the Cardinal de Rohan, and they made their first Communion a few days later. After this they were treated in most ways as grown-up, being admitted to the formal suppers of the King, accompanying the court to Marly and even joining in the *cavagnole* at night, for which they soon acquired a taste. Ladies of the court were presented to them, they received foreign Princes and Ambassadors, and all this, as M. de Barthélemy remarks, "at an age when they ought to have been playing with their dolls." "The King loved his daughters," continues the same writer, "but he had no idea whatever of the manner in which an education should be conducted. . . . One recognises the thoughtlessness of his character, his want of any moral sense, his indifference to, or rather ignorance of, the most ordinary *convenances*."[1]

His young daughters were constantly to be seen in the royal box at the opera and in the royal carriages on hunting-parties with the King's mistresses, the Marquise de Mailly and, later on, Mmes. de Vintimille, de Lauraguais and the Duchesse de Châteauroux.

The Queen, irreproachable in morality, strict in her religious duties, patient, good-tempered, on amicable terms with the King, and beloved by her own immediate friends, was strangely apathetic with regard to her daughters. It must, however, be remembered that at that time in France it was customary to send children for their education at an early age to a convent, where they only saw their parents during short, formal visits, not going home until they were old enough to be taken into society—very often betrothed before they left the convent and married immediately afterwards. In most cases young people were not supposed to have

[1] Barthélemy.

any choice in the matter; but especially affectionate, indulgent parents would listen to the entreaties of their children if they had any strong objection to the marriage chosen for them. It is obvious that the love of parents and children who have always been strangers to each other cannot be the same as it is when from earliest infancy they have never been separated; but that during twelve years neither the King nor the Queen should ever have gone to see their children, even though more than once they were seriously ill and one of them died, does not give one the idea of affectionate parents. The Queen, however, exhausted in health, as well she might be after the birth within ten or eleven years of ten children, had become delicate, weak and inert. Destitute of power or influence, she made no effort to assert herself; possibly it might now have been too late to do so.

If she forgot the younger children who were absent, she treated the elder ones who were present with affection, but instead of interesting herself in their education, bestowed all her attention upon their dress and minute details of etiquette, often passing whole days without seeing them, while *fêtes*, hunting-parties, and different amusements by day and the opera, dancing, and *cavagnole* at night filled up their lives.

The hearts of the children sank as the time drew near for their separation, for they were very fond of each other. When she was told of the betrothal of her eldest sister, the first remark of Madame Adélaïde on entering her mother's room was:

"Mamma, I am very sorry to hear of my sister's marriage."

The wedding was celebrated by proxy August 26, 1739, in the chapel of the palace at Versailles, and the usual *fêtes* were given in honour of "Madame l'Infante." The wife of Count de la Mina, the Spanish ambassador,

LOUISE ELISABETH, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV., WIFE OF FELIPE, INFANTE OF SPAIN, DUKE OF PARMA

[*Nattier*]

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brought her a table-napkin for some fruit the ambassador had offered her, and knelt as she presented it, according to the Spanish rule; but Mme. de Tallard prevented the Count from doing the same homage to Madame Henriette, saying that it was not the custom in France.

The *trousseau* and *corbeille* of the Infanta were splendid and costly to a degree that horrified the Cardinal de Fleury, with whose remark that "it was apparently to marry all Mesdames" the King was much displeased.

On the morning of the 31st the Infanta came to her parents' rooms to say goodbye. She was shut up for half an hour with her mother, who shed many tears, as did her father when she went to him. She clung to her sisters and brother in a transport of grief, saying: "It is for ever"! The Dauphin, still in tears, came to the door of the carriage in which the King was to accompany her for the first stage, the door was shut, the King called out "À Madrid,"[1] and they drove from the palace.

During the drive Louis XV. tried to comfort his daughter and gave her advice for her future conduct. He told her to endeavour to please the King of Spain, remembering that he was her uncle,[2] and to be careful to tell him all about Versailles, which he knew so well in his youth. On his return, more deeply touched than was his wont, he waited till the Queen came out of Madame Henriette's room, sent for her to his cabinet, embraced her, and then set off for Rambouillet.

Henriette was now called "Madame": she was the King's favourite daughter, and of a gentle, angelic disposition. Adélaïde, called by the King's desire after his mother, Adélaïde of Savoy, was not, like her two elder sisters, a beauty; on the contrary, she was plain, but

[1] According to French custom on the marriage of a princess.
[2] It will be remembered that he was the brother of the late Dauphin.

lively and more talented than any of her sisters except the Infanta, who was the most gifted of the family.

The three remaining children clung together with perhaps even greater affection after the departure of their sister.

In reading their history at this time one has to remember how very young were all the chief actors in the scenes before us. The King, who had just presided at the marriage of his daughter, was only twenty-nine, the Infanta and Madame Henriette twelve years old, the Dauphin and Madame Adélaïde ten and eight.

The death of the little Princess Félicité does not appear to have made any great impression at Versailles. The Queen and King Stanislas, who was there at the time, abstained for a few days from the theatre and card-tables, but the King made no difference in his pursuits and diversions.

There was, after the marriage of Madame, some idea of marrying Henriette to the Duc de Chartres, grandson of the Regent and son of the Duc d'Orléans, who was very anxious about the matter. The King gave it his countenance, and allowed the young people to look upon it as a probability. But Cardinal Fleury, ever the evil genius of the Princesses, interfered and persuaded the King not to allow it, though the Duc de Chartres and the Princess were then much attached to each other. They were very young at the time, for in 1743 the Duc de Chartres was married to the daughter of the Prince de Conti, whose beauty and depravity were afterwards conspicuous even at the court of Louis XV., and with whom the Duke was exceedingly unhappy.

The Duke of Orléans, son of the Regent, was as strange a contrast to his father as was the late Dauphin to his father "Monseigneur" and his grandfather Louis XIV., and the present one to his father Louis XV. The

sudden and awful death of the Regent, struck down in the house of his mistress, had made so strong an impression upon his son that he renounced immediately the life of dissipation he had in some degree led, and spent the rest of his life in the strictest morality and devotion.[1]

Marly, built and laid out by Louis XIV. as a place of less rigid etiquette and greater relaxation than Versailles, was not nearly lax enough for his great-grandson, who bought as hunting-boxes and places of amusement various little *châteaux* within easy reach of Paris. Of these there was none more delightful than Choisy-le-Roi, which stood between the forest of Sénart and the Seine, at the foot of a gentle slope, with gardens and terraces down to the water. It was the favourite place of Louis XV. for the *petits soupers* in which he delighted, and for which Madame de Mailly and her successors might be seen at night leaving one of the pavilions of Marly attended by torch-bearers and pages of the royal stables.

To all this the Queen had long resigned herself, though on rare occasions she would make some sarcastic remark about it. The Princesse de Conti, now too old to carry on flirtations or love-making herself, was a friend of Mme. de Mailly and mixed up as confidant in her intrigue with the King; the Queen, knowing this, observed that "an old coachman always liked to hear the crack of a whip." And when on one occasion Mme. de Mailly asked her permission to go to Compiègne, she replied with *double entendre*: "*Vous êtes la maïtresse.*"

[1] Lorsque le Duc de Chartres apprit la mort de son père il étoit à Paris, chez un maîtresse qu'il entretenoit par air, et qu'il quitta bientôt par remords . . . le prince . . . fut si frappé de la mort subite de son père, qu'il prit tout à coup un parti extrême, et se jeta dans une dévotion monacale où il a perséveré jusqu'à la mort" ("La Régence," Duclos).

The manners and customs prevailing at Choisy were the horror and scandal of the old courtiers of the stately court of Louis XIV. In the society of the King everyone sat or lounged in any chair they liked, the ladies walked about in *peignoirs* and dressing-gowns in the *château* and gardens, the King and his companions made salads, cooked truffles in silver saucepans, and lingered long into the night over the choice wines and delicious suppers of the renowned Moutier, whom the King had with infinite trouble and persistence transferred from the service of the Duc de Nevers to his own. Here, in the *petits appartements* at Marly and elsewhere, the King would often pass the night in revelry until six o'clock in the morning, but in spite of it all from time to time he would be seized with gloom and depression, haunted by the fear of death, a prey to morbid reflections and terrible forebodings.

Mme. de Mailly, who was of a gentle, affectionate nature and really loved him, was after a time supplanted by her younger sister, Mdlle. de Nesle, whose scandalous marriage to the Marquis de Vintimille was followed by her death in 1741 from small-pox. But there were three more *demoiselles de Nesle*, two of whom in their turn shared the King's affections. The Duchesse de Lauraguais was never a prominent or powerful favourite, but the youngest sister, Mme. de Tournelles, was soon known as the notorious Duchesse de Châteauroux.

All this time the Dauphin was growing up to be religious and studious, somewhat resembling his grandfather, the Duke of Burgundy (late Dauphin), though without the remarkable capacity and brilliant talents which were so early lost to France. He was at present very young and boyish, but he detested his father's favourites, and on one occasion, when he was about

fourteen, his mother, having observed him at a court ball making faces at Mme. de Châteauroux, desired Madame Henriette to remonstrate with him and to make him understand that it displeased her that he should interfere in a matter which was not proper for him to notice.

The Princesses, in spite of everything, adored their father, and he certainly now showed them indulgence and affection. On leaving Versailles for the campaign of 1744 he had not had the courage to take leave of his daughters, but had left an affectionate letter for Madame, saying he would write either to the Dauphin or one of them every day, which promise he kept. After a time news came that the King was dangerously ill. The Princesses were in despair. Henriette, usually so calm and gentle, threw herself on the ground in a paroxysm of grief, and Adélaïde became quite ill with the shock. They set off at once, as did the Queen and Dauphin, for Metz, where the King recovered, and after remaining some time with him they returned to Versailles.

He directed that during his absence they should learn to ride, and was much pleased on his return from a successful campaign (November, 1744) to find they had done so. For them both, especially for Henriette, he displayed more and more affection, taking evident pride in the beauty of the latter, who was a general favourite.

Just then died the Duchesse de Ventadour, at the age of ninety-three. The royal family were devoted to her, especially Madame, who had procured for her an apartment at Versailles joining her own, and spent part of every evening with her, saying that was the happiest hour of the day. The Duchesse was a delightful person, amiable, polite, religious, charitable,

with many friends and no enemies. She and her mother had brought up twenty-three "Children of France," and she was said to have saved the life of Louis XV., as she probably did, though not by administering a counter-poison, but by the proper care and sensible treatment of him at the time when his father, mother, and brother were swept away.[1]

The King, when a child, had cried and fretted when he was taken from her care at the usual age, and all his life wrote to her as "Ma chère Mamman": all, Madame especially, were deeply grieved at her loss.

When Louis XV. was taken ill at Metz he began to look with terror upon the life he had led and the consequences which might very soon follow. He sent for his confessor; he made promises and professions without end; he sent orders to Mme. de Châteauroux to withdraw. But, as the old proverb says:

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

No sooner had the King recovered than he sent to beg the Duchesse de Châteauroux to return to Versailles. But before the reconciliation was entirely completed the Duchess was seized with a violent illness and died at her *hôtel* in the *rue du Bac*, at the age of twenty-seven; like her sister, Mme. de Ventimille, supposed to have been poisoned, at any rate by the people; who execrated her, and were only prevented by an escort of soldiers from attacking her funeral. Such was the tragic end of two of the notorious *demoiselles* de Nesle: of those remaining, Mme. de Mailly passed the latter years of her life in the deepest penitence, charity, and devotion, and died at forty-one,

[1] The Duchesse de Tallard was her granddaughter and successor.

MARIE ANNE DE NÈSLE, MARQUISE DE MAILLY

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tended in her illness by her father, who loved her deeply, and arousing the compassionate notice of Louis XV. and Mme. de Pompadour. The Duchesse de Lauraguais died in 1769, but the Marquise de Flavacourt, who, although one of the most brilliant and fashionable women of that licentious court, had always refused the advances of the King, lived through the stormy days of the Revolution, was tried by the revolutionary tribunal, saved by her gay and courageous demeanour, and lived into the nineteenth century.

Although the King made great lamentations and professions of grief at the death of the Duchesse de Châteauroux in December, his thirst for amusement and pleasure was in no way lessened by her loss. Balls, suppers, and hunting-parties went on as before, and at a masked ball given at his desire by Mesdames, on February 7, 1745, he was already beginning what was to be the long scandal of the Marquise de Pompadour, then Mme. Le Normand d'Etiolles.

Early in this year the Dauphin, now sixteen, was married to the Infanta Maria Teresa, daughter of the King of Spain, a plain, uninteresting young girl, whom nobody cared about except her husband. He was very much in love with her, but his sisters found it difficult to get on with her, as they had not a taste in common except hunting. They now rode very well. But even of this the Dauphine soon got tired; it was impossible to amuse her—she liked nothing but shutting herself up with her ladies.

The King and Dauphin joined the army, and after the campaign had closed with the victory of Fontenoy, returned in triumph to Paris. The scandalous presentation of Mme. de Pompadour to the Queen took place a few days afterwards, to the great indignation

of the Dauphin, who tried in vain to conceal his disgust.

After this the new favourite was officially installed at court; she went to all the *fêtes* and ceremonies, and accompanied the royal family to all the country palaces, where she had her *appartement* next to that of the King, and drove in the royal carriages with him, his daughters, and even the Queen. Mesdames, unlike the Dauphin, accepted the situation and showed civility and even friendliness to Mme. de Pompadour, who on her part displayed always the most profound respect for the Queen, who used to say that since she was obliged to endure the existence of such a person, she would rather have Mme. de Pompadour than anyone else.

The Princesses missed Mme. de Ventadour extremely, all the more as they were not fond of Mme. de Tallard, and as Madame was now eighteen, she persuaded her father to declare the education of both herself and Madame Adélaïde, who was just fourteen, finished, and to dismiss Mme. de Tallard. The latter, reluctant to lose the position, begged Mme. de Pompadour to intercede for her, that she might retain the post with some slight alteration. The all-powerful favourite was just beginning to occupy herself with the affair when Henriette came to her, explained the matter, and asked her to prevent Mme. de Tallard from retaining any appointment in their household. Between the eldest "daughter of France" and Mme. de Tallard she could not hesitate, but represented the state of things to the King, who appointed the Duchesse de Duras chief of the household of his daughters and gave them an allowance for their *menus plaisirs*.

Mme. de Tallard was furious, and as it was the custom that on leaving the service of Mesdames their governess had a right to take anything belonging to

them or to their service as perquisites, she laid hands upon everything they had, except the presents given them that year as *étrennes*, and those by the Dauphin at his wedding, which were saved by the King's express command. She even took the *bonbonnières* they carried in their pockets, in consequence of which Mme. Adélaïde kept eating all the *bonbons* which had been given her, saying that she was obliged to do so as she had no *bonbonnière* to keep them in.

Soon after this Mme. d'Andlau, one of the younger ladies of Mesdames, fell under the King's displeasure. During the absence of Louis XV., who had returned to the army, Madame Adélaïde picked up an outrageously immoral and improper book belonging to this lady, the contents of which so scandalised the young princess that she showed it to her brother and sister. The Dauphin made inquiries and found out that the book belonged to Mme. d'Andlau, who in terror and consternation begged them not to say anything about it, assuring them that it had been given her, and that she did not know what was in it. They would have consented, but Mme. de Duras declared that if they did not tell the King she should. Louis XV., whose standard of morality was apparently not the same for others as for himself, was very angry, and threatened to send Mme. d'Andlau to the Bastille, but the entreaties of Madame made him exile her instead to her father's estates in Languedoc.

"The Dauphin," says M. de Luynes, "is capable of friendship, affectionate, merry, open-hearted; he has a lively imagination and makes amusing speeches. Madame Adélaïde has very much the same character; Madame Henriette is less lively and more serious. All three, and even Madame la Dauphine, are quite at their ease with the Queen, but very shy with the

King, Madame Adélaïde rather less than the others, and the Dauphine most. Of all his children Madame Henriette is the one the King appears to love best."

On July 21, 1746, the Dauphine[1] had a daughter,[2] and died suddenly two or three days after. The Dauphin, therefore, at seventeen was a widower with a daughter. He was all the more overcome with this grief as it was quite unexpected. The King, Queen, Dauphin and Princesses left Versailles immediately for Choisy, and in October there was everywhere the talk of the re-marriage of the Dauphin, although the boy had not by any means recovered from his sorrow at the death of his first wife, for whom his grief was rather childish : one day he would cry and lament, and another would play and laugh.

The first Dauphine had died in July, and in the following February the Dauphin was, much against his will, married to Marie Josèphe of Saxe. This marriage, which after a time proved such a happy one, looked unpromising enough at first, and with many misgivings the new Dauphine, in every way so infinitely superior to her predecessor, travelled towards her new country and unknown husband ; her anxiety and fears being increased by the stupid mistake of one of her ladies, Mme. de Brancas, who, having on the way received a letter from the Dauphin, thought it a proper attention to present it to the Princess without opening it. In it the Dauphin lamented at great length

[1] This Spanish Dauphine seems to have been of a singular disposition. When the Comte de Noailles was at Madrid, some ladies who knew her asked him whether the Dauphine cried every day in France as she used to do at Madrid (Luynes, Mémoires).

[2] She died in infancy.

the loss of his first wife and vehemently declared that he should never forget Maria Teresa.[1]

It was a most difficult position for the Dauphine. Her husband did not care for her, and, young as he was himself, looked upon her as a child. He made no secret of his regrets for Maria Teresa, and never remained alone with her during the day if he could help it. He would always have his sisters with them, and generally took Adélaïde with him, leaving the Dauphine with Henriette. In order not to offend the King it was absolutely necessary to respond to the advances of Mme. de Pompadour, whom the Dauphin hated.[2] Marie Josèphe, however, showed a charming disposition and wonderful tact for so young a girl. She tried her best to please the Dauphin, told him on the first day of their marriage that she sympathised all the more with his grief for his first wife from the hope she entertained of inspiring him some day with the same affection, gained the favour and approbation of the King, Queen, and court, kept on good terms with Mme. de Pompadour, and loved with all the devotion of a girlish friendship the two sisters-in-law who were delighted to receive her as a companion. On being told that Madame Adélaïde was very merry and Madame Henriette more serious and reasonable, she exclaimed, "Then I shall consult Madame Henriette, and amuse myself with Madame Adélaïde."

"They all lived in the greatest unity," wrote M. de Luynes; "there is still much childishness amongst them, though Madame is older and more reasonable. . . . Madame Adélaïde is more impetuous; she is never quiet, but will do all sorts of different things in half

[1] "Maurice de Saxe et Marie Josèphe de Saxe," par le Comte d'Eckstaedt ("Mesdames de France," Barthélemy).

[2] Barthélemy.

an hour; she plays the violin, sings, plays the *clavecin.* . . . The Dauphine is also very childish, as is suitable for her age, but, unlike her sisters-in-law, she is rather fond of cards. They are all three very religious, especially the Dauphine." The death of the Queen's mother, the ex-Queen of Poland, at Luneville, threw a gloom over the court during this year, but later on in the summer a new interest began to arise.

CHAPTER IV

The Princesses at Fontevrault—The Queen—Return of Madame Victoire—The affairs of the Infanta—She revisits France—Parma—Madame Henriette—Return of Sophie and Louise—"Mesdames aînées" et "Mesdames cadettes"—An accident at the opera—The escape of Lady Ogilvie.

THE King appeared suddenly to recollect that he had three other daughters, and that they were now of an age to require some amusement. He sent them accordingly two carriages, a gondola, thirty-two horses, and four donkeys, with grooms, workmen, &c.,[1] and ordered their portraits to be painted as a surprise for the Queen, whose delight on receiving them may be seen by the following letter to the Duchesse de Luynes, one of her ladies and dearest friends:

"*12 Octobre*, 1747—À CHOISY.

"Je ne puis assez me louer des attentions du Roi. Il m'a cédé son appartement, afin de m'épargner la peine de monter et descendre; il m'a surpris très-agréablement en arrivant en me montrant les portraits de mes filles de Fontevrault, que j'ignorois que l'on eût peint. Les deux aînées sont belles reellement; mais je n'ai rien vu de si agréable que la petite; elle a la physionomie attendrissante et très-eloignée de la tristesse; je n'en ai pas vue une si singulière; elle est touchante,

[1] Luynes.

douce et spirituelle. Si vous trouvez ma lettre trop longue, prenez-vous-en à la tendresse d'une mère et à la confiance d'une amie. . . .[1]

"13 *Octobre*, 1747 (Choisy).

"Comme je pars demain matin, je veux avoir auparavant la consolation de savoir quand je pourrai avoir le plaisir de vous revoir, avant que d'envisager les rochers de Fontainebleau. Je leur conterois ma peine mais ils sont si sourds, et j'aime un peu les gens qui m'entendent. . . . Ne montrez cette lettre à personne, car elle n'a pas le sens commun. Je souhaite de tout mon cœur que M. de Charost se fortifie en mieux ; je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur. Il ne seroit pas honnête d'en dire autant à M. de Luynes ; je laisse cela à votre prudence. Les attentions du Roi sont charmantes."[2]

These few lines convey a sympathetic idea of the Queen. In her letters one cannot but remark the great superiority of their spelling and composition to those of much more famous and talented women of her day and

[1] "I cannot say enough in praise of the attentions of the King. He has given up his *appartement* to me in order to save me the trouble of going up and down stairs ; he surprised me very agreeably on my arrival by showing me the portraits of my daughters at Fontevrault, which I did not know had been painted. The two eldest are beautiful really, but I have not seen anything so attractive as the little one ; she has a touching face, but not at all sad ; I never saw anything so singular ; it is pathetic, gentle, and *spirituelle*. If you find my letter too long, you must blame the tenderness of a mother and the confidence of a friend."

[2] "As I leave to-morrow morning, I wish first to have the consolation of knowing when I can have the pleasure of seeing you before encountering the rocks of Fontainebleau. I would tell them my trouble, only they are so deaf, and I like people who understand me. . . . Do not show this letter to anyone, for it is not common sense. I wish with all my heart that M. de Charost may go on getting stronger. I embrace you with all my heart. It would not be proper to say the same to M. de Luynes ; I leave that to your discretion. The attentions of the King are charming" ("Mémoires de Luynes").

MARIE LECZINSKA, WIFE OF LOUIS XV., QUEEN OF FRANCE

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even later—the Empress-Queen Maria Theresia, for instance, and her distinguished daughter, the Queen of Naples. And throughout the correspondence of Marie Leczinska runs a vein of sentiment, tenderness, and pathos, which makes one understand the affection she inspired in those intimate friends with whom she was really unrestrained and unreserved.

The King was in fact so pleased with the Queen's resignation to and acceptance of Mme. de Pompadour, that he became extremely attentive to her.

"I have spoken of the King's attentions to the Queen during the journey to Choisy, which have been more than can be expressed, occupying himself with everything concerning her health and amusement. . . . He left Choisy on Saturday, hunted a wild boar in the forest of Fontainebleau, came home early, and thought of nothing but the moment of the Queen's arrival, hurrying over his *débotter* to be in her rooms before she arrived and have time to see the improvements he had ordered to be made there. He waited there until she arrived, and took pleasure in showing her all that had been done. The Queen appeared much touched by his attentions."[1]

Madame Victoire, meanwhile, had become very tired of her life at Fontevrault. She was an extremely pretty girl, between fourteen and fifteen years old, and it seemed to her very hard that such a difference should be made between herself and her elder sisters. At her age one of them had been married for two years and had already a child, the others had passed their lives in gaiety and splendour with their brother at their parents' court, while she was kept shut up in a convent, a stranger to her family, leading a life of seclusion and dulness which was becoming intolerable to her.

She wrote letters to the King entreating him to let her

[1] Luynes.

come to Versailles, and after some persuasion he consented, appointed several ladies to her household, sent the Duchesse de Duras to fetch her, and went himself with the Dauphin to meet her at Sceaux on March 24, 1748. They received her with great affection, and brought her back to Versailles in the evening, where the Queen was expecting her.

The antechamber was crowded with the courtiers waiting to see her. The Queen came hastily forward and embraced her with tears of joy, after which she took her to the Dauphine's rooms to be introduced to her. Then various persons were presented to her, after which, instead of going down to the formal supper with the King, she had supper in her own room with her sister, Madame Henriette.

The King and Queen were delighted with the beauty of their daughter, her pleasure in her new surroundings, her innocent gaiety, and her freedom and confidence with her father, with whom she was much less shy than the children who had grown up with him. To the King this strange, pretty daughter was like a new plaything, and he showed so much fondness for her that Adélaïde was at first inclined to be jealous, not on her own account, but on that of her beloved Henriette, whose first place with the King she half feared might be endangered. But she need not have feared ; let who would take his fancy amongst his children, he never loved any one as he did Henriette.

The others were rather inclined to treat her as a child, in spite of her fifteen years, for her education had been considerably neglected, and of course she knew nothing of the world. But she soon learned to ride, joined in their studies, and went everywhere with them.

But although Louis XV. treated his numerous daughters with affection, he troubled himself no more

about their future establishment than their past education. Hitherto the daughters and nieces of the French Kings had had splendid alliances found for them before they had outgrown their childhood ; but Louis XV., having by the marriages of his son and eldest daughter done his best to secure an heir for France and cement her alliance with Spain, did not trouble himself about the rest of his children, whom he rather preferred to keep about him. There had been some idea of marrying Henriette to a German prince, and Madame Adélaïde to the Prince de Conti, but neither of these plans had any result.

It was now ten years since Madame Louise Elisabeth, the Infanta, had left France for Spain to become the wife of the Infant Don Felipe, younger son of Philippe V. and Elisabeth Farnese, his second wife.

Like all the French princesses married to Spaniards, the Infanta did not find that Madrid and the country palaces of Spain took the place of Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, and the other enchanting homes of her childhood in her affections ; besides which, her position as the wife of a younger son of Spain did not please her after being the eldest daughter of France, and she turned all her thoughts and endeavours to the acquisition of some kind of sovereignty for her husband and herself in Italy or elsewhere, in which she was warmly seconded by her mother-in-law, the Queen of Spain.

The death of his first wife, Marie Louise of Savoy, 1714, two years after that of her sister, the Dauphine, had plunged Philippe V. into a state of such despair that those around him feared for his reason, if not his life. Nevertheless, within a few months he married Elisabeth Farnese, who, although in every respect different from his late wife, soon acquired just as unbounded an influence over him. Haughty, ambitious, and overbearing, she was detested by the Spaniards, who had adored

Marie Louise and in order to annoy her successor would shout after the royal carriage : "*Viva el Rey y la Savoyana !*"

She was jealous not only for herself but for her children, for Don Luis, Prince of the Asturias, and Don Ferdinand were the sons of the "Savoyana," and her consternation may be imagined when her husband, to whom advancing years brought a tendency to melancholy depression at times almost amounting to insanity, insisted on abdicating in favour of his eldest son, who ascended the throne as Luis I. in 1724, and married a daughter of the Regent Orléans, another daughter being also sent to be betrothed to Don Carlos.

But Luis I. died of small-pox after a reign of seven months, and the Queen persuaded her husband, Philippe V., to resume the reins of government, which he retained until his death in 1746.

The two Orléans princesses were sent back to France in retaliation for the return of the little Infanta who was to have married Louis XV., and who instead became Queen of Portugal ; and Ferdinand was now Prince of the Asturias and heir to the throne. The Queen's eldest son, Don Carlos, was made King of Naples, to which Sicily was added, and the King and Queen, when arranging with the deepest satisfaction the marriage of Don Felipe with Madame Elisabeth of France, intended that some independent kingdom or duchy should be formed for him. If Ferdinand should not live to wear the Spanish crown or should leave no heirs, Carlos would be King of Spain and Felipe of the Two Sicilies.

The Infanta, in spite of her natural preference for France, was not at all unhappy, and very popular in Spain, especially with the royal family. Don Felipe was devoted to her and absolutely under her influence, the King and Queen were ready enough to join in her plans

for the aggrandisement of her husband, and agreed in her desire that the Milanese should be the province chosen.

The Infanta was tall, handsome, charming in manner, gifted with superior talent, and initiated by her mother-in-law into the secrets and methods of diplomacy. She kept up a constant correspondence with her family in France, and did all in her power to gain the support of her father and brother, in which she was assisted by her sister Henriette, always strongly influenced by her.

When the death of the Emperor Charles VI. was approaching, all Europe waited in expectation, the claims of his lawful heiress, the Archduchess Maria Theresia, whose rights had been acknowledged and assured by the Pragmatic Sanction, being opposed by Prussia, Bavaria, and all those enemies who were longing to break up the vast inheritance of the house of Austria.

The Dauphin, the Queen, and her eldest daughter were at the head of the Austrian-Spanish party at the French court, and although after the accession of Maria Theresia and François de Lorraine to the whole of the Habsburg inheritance and their election to the imperial throne, Milan could not be got, Louis XV. succeeded in obtaining for his son-in-law and daughter the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla as an independent sovereignty.

In 1746 Philippe V., who had for some time been in such a deplorable state of melancholy that he may be said to have been mad, died; Ferdinand VI. ascended the throne, and the position of his stepmother and his half-brother and sister-in-law became entirely changed, for Ferdinand distrusted the Queen Dowager, who had never been his friend, and troubled himself very little about her son.

The promise of Parma was therefore all the more important, as the Infant and Infanta were by this time, the end of 1748, in great difficulties for want of money and anxious to get away from Spain as soon as possible.

There had been many disputes and delays about the possession of different parts of the territory of Parma, into which, and into all the contentions and wars in which the Infant took part in Italy during the later years, it is, of course, not possible to enter here.

But at length it was decided that the Infant might go and take possession of his Italian capital and its huge palace, the dilapidated condition of which, and the lack of money to restore it and to supply the necessaries of a court and government, as well as the natural longing to revisit the country and family she had not seen for nearly ten years, decided the Infanta to appeal to her father, to whom she wrote an urgent letter proposing to go to Versailles.

The King gladly consented, and sent an escort to the frontier to fetch her, going to meet her himself at Villeroy. Before she arrived there she had her hair dressed in the French style, for it was twisted in the Spanish way over a high comb.

The King met her with great joy, and at Choisy she found her sisters and the Dauphin waiting for her. They met again with the greatest delight, the Dauphin embracing everyone he saw in his excitement.

They dined and slept at Choisy, and the next day were at Versailles, where the Queen and the Dauphine were expecting them, and crowds waiting to see the Infanta, whom they declared to be little changed in her long years of absence, except that she was stouter and her complexion darkened by the Southern sun. Five days afterwards arrived her daughter, the little Infanta Isabel, then

seven years old,[1] with her governess, Señora de Gonzalez. The King received her with great pleasure and fondness and took her to the Queen, who sent for her again during the evening. The Infanta and her child were lodged in the apartment over that of the King, who gave orders that all the expenses of his daughter and her suite should be paid and her wardrobe entirely renewed; he also gave her a pension of 200,000 *livres*.

The Infanta had come for a visit of a fortnight, but very soon her husband wrote from Italy saying that, owing to the state of things at Parma, it was impossible for her to go there at present, and begging that she might stay at Versailles until everything was ready.

The King was very willing to have her, for she had at once gained an influence over him, which for a time, but only for a time, threw her twin-sister into the background. The people were not so pleased, for there was already much discontent at the large sums the King was spending upon his daughter, and they saw no end to this new expense, while the poverty in the country grew worse and worse.

The Infanta was delighted to stay, and her family to have her. It was a strange reunion for the brother and sisters, who had parted as children so long ago. To the Infanta, who for years had been a wife, a mother, an ardent politician and naturalised in another land, it seemed astonishing to find her sisters still under the same tutelage and playing the same comparatively unimportant parts; and having first made them promise not to be angry, she told them that to her they seemed to be still children, just as they were when she left them.

Her visit lasted ten months instead of a fortnight, during which she lived constantly with her brother and

[1] Afterwards the wife of the Emperor Joseph II. A strange romance is attached to her history and early death.

sisters, sharing their pursuits and regaining the intimacy which had been broken by their long separation. The Queen, in her placid way,[1] was very happy to have her daughter; she loved them all in her calm, quiet way, and wrote once to them all together, when they were at Versailles and she at Compiègne: "J'embrasse la gracieuse souveraine, la sainte Henriette, la ridicule Adélaïde, la belle Victoire."[2]

All the sisters appear to have grown weary of the court gaieties in which they had so much too early shared. The Dauphin had long ago induced his sisters to join in his studies and intellectual pursuits; they all, including the Infanta and the Dauphine, hated *cavagnole* and the other games played in the evening; they did not care for balls, but studied music, history, philosophy, literature, and languages—amongst others, Greek. The Infanta, who was by far the cleverest and most ambitious, was also shut up for three or four hours a day in her cabinet, occupied with the political intrigues in which she strove to get the support of her father, one of which was to get her husband substituted for his elder brother Carlos as heir to Ferdinand of Spain. The latter had no children, and had cut down the pensions and annulled the appointments of his stepbrother, the Infant of Parma, who did not know which way to turn for money to repair his palace, set up his court, and carry on the government of his duchy. With Parma the Infanta, who had wished for Lombardy or the Netherlands at least, was not at all

[1] It seems an injustice to accuse the Queen, as some writers do, of being indifferent to her children. Her natural disposition, bad health, and the other difficulties of her life made her apathetic and indolent, but she treated them with affectionate indulgence. On one occasion when the Dauphin was going with the King to the army she waited in the passage of her rooms to see him again, called him back repeatedly, embracing him with tears and saying, "In four days you will have forgotten me."

[2] Luynes.

satisfied, but she was obliged to return there in the autumn of 1750, after a sorrowful parting with her family.

A few weeks after her departure her youngest sisters, Mesdames Sophie and Louise, were brought back to Versailles. Sophie was rather tall, but plain; she was, and continued to be, the least attractive and least conspicuous of the King's daughters: she was neither clever nor amusing, but very shy and timid. Louise was plain, also, and small, but more lively; the education of both had been so neglected that they could hardly read and write properly.

Cardinal Fleury had died in 1743, but d'Argenson complained bitterly of the expense of the court and of the households of all these princesses, "*qui ne seront jamais bonnes a rien*," [1] as he remarks in his journal.

"*Voilà qu'on retire de Fontevrault les deux dames de France*," he complains, "*et toutes ces princesses vont habiter Versailles pour profiter de la bonne éducation et des grands exemples qu'on y voit.*" After which sarcastic remark he goes on to say that, with so many women, Versailles will be like a seraglio, and to exclaim at the expense of the court and their households, the latter of which were now to be divided into two and would cost six or seven millions a year, whereas King Stanislas lived very well at Chambord on a hundred thousand *écus*, and gave away liberally.

The Princesses were now divided into "Mesdames aînées" and "Mesdames cadettes," Mesdames Henriette and Adélaïde being usually in the society of the Dauphin and Dauphine and Madame Victoire in that of her two younger sisters.

[1] The Infanta left for Parma loaded with jewels, clothes, costly furniture, and splendid presents for herself, the little Infanta, and her suite, besides the money her father had lavished upon her.

The Dauphin had long ago thrown aside the coldness and indifference he had at first shown to his wife, to whom he was now extremely attached. She used to say that she owed her happiness to Madame Henriette, who had remonstrated with her brother upon his way of going on, and whose reproaches and advice had caused the first change in his conduct. The Dauphine always declared that she would never forget the kindness and sympathy with which Henriette had comforted and helped her in the first loneliness and strangeness of her life at Versailles.

Much mischief might have been avoided if, in later years and similar circumstances, her sisters had followed the example of Henriette.

Cardinal Fleury, in his anxiety to retrieve the disastrous condition of the finances, had carried his economy to absurd lengths, and misplaced it conspicuously in depriving the younger daughters of the King of France of a decent education and proper supervision during their early youth. The Abbess of Fontevrault had been for years too infirm in health to look after them, and the injudicious way they were brought up was a permanent injury to them. Sophie never got over her shyness, awkwardness, and timidity, which, added to her want of learning, made her altogether a nonentity. Victoire also was very timid and, as before said, attributed her terrors to the injudicious treatment she had received. Her family, however, treated her with the greatest tenderness and kindness. On one occasion, when it was necessary for her to have a tooth out, she kept them all waiting and beseeching her the whole day. Her brother and sisters stayed with her hour after hour, the Dauphin knelt before her with entreaties and exhortations, the Queen went to and fro, persuading her and telling the King he ought to use his authority;

the King did not like to do so, but remained for two hours and a half with her. Then she wanted the King to take the tooth out himself, and finally consented to have it done on condition he should hold one of her hands, the Queen the other, and Madame Adélaïde her legs. Madame Henriette took the place of the Queen, whose courage failed, and when it was over Madame Victoire said: "The King is very kind. I feel that if I had a daughter as unreasonable as I have been, I should not have borne it so patiently."

Luynes gives the following anecdote concerning the Dauphin, Madame Adélaïde, and the Duchesse de Duras, first lady of the household of Mesdames.

They were waiting with several others in the *galerie du Roi* to go in to the opera, when the Dauphin took up the edge of the Duchess's dress, saying:

"I am Criquet, and you are the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas"; to which she replied, turning round:

"I have a page of good birth."

"But I shall do as Criquet did," said the Dauphin; "for, you know, he sat down." And he seated himself on the edge of the dress. Madame Adélaïde did the same, and the Dauphin, wishing to make her fall down, pulled the dress and not only threw down his sister, who was not hurt, but Mme. de Duras, who fractured her foot. The King just then entered the gallery and ran to help her up, but she said with perfect calmness that she could not move her foot. Surgeons were sent for, and a chair that could be wheeled, and the foot was set; fortunately it had not been moved or the bone would have pierced the skin. The Dauphin and Mesdames were in the greatest consternation and affliction, but Mme. de Duras bore it with the utmost fortitude and even gaiety.

"Within the last few days," writes Luynes, "Lady Ogilvie has arrived here. She is of high rank in Scotland,

and one or two and twenty years old. Although her father is in the English Parliament, and, it appears, attached to the interests of King George, while her brothers of the same party served in the Duke of Cumberland's army, she and her husband are devoted to the cause of the Pretender. She was only eighteen or nineteen when in Scotland she heard that most of the Highland troops had retired to their homes; immediately she mounted a horse and rode all night from house to house among the mountains, representing the disgrace of abandoning their King, and brought back four hundred of them. Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland advanced with his troops, and being most anxious to capture the woman who was doing his interests such injury, spared no pains to discover her. Mme. Ogilvie, hearing of his designs from spies in the English army, calculated the distance . . . and thought she would have time to cross a certain river before the Duke of Cumberland's troops came up; which she did just before they arrived at the opposite side. Finding herself in safety, she ordered her troop to fire in the air in derision. Unfortunately, in the last battle lost by the Pretender she was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London with her sister. . . . She escaped disguised as a trader, and, as she is tall, walked for a long time with her knees bent, not to be recognised. She embarked in a very small vessel and was five days exposed to storms and tempests, but arrived happily in France. Her husband was here. He has large estates in Scotland, but his attachment to the Pretender having caused his lands to be confiscated and himself condemned to lose his head, he retired to France, where the King has given him a regiment, which brings him 14,000 or 15,000 *livres de rente.* Upon this, and the help their relations secretly send them from England and Scotland, they live."

CHAPTER V

Hostility between Mesdames and Mme. de Pompadour—Death of Madame Henriette—Despair of the King and royal family—Visit of the Infanta —Mme. de Pompadour presented at Court—Contrast between the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.—The snuff-box of Madame Adélaïde and the *garde-du-corps* — Characteristics of Madame Adélaïde—Revels of the court—The natural sons of the Regent—His daughter—A romantic story—The Austrian alliance—Death of the Infanta.

THE influence of the Dauphin over his sisters was all-powerful, and to it may perhaps partly be attributed the hostility to Mme. de Pompadour, which at first they did not show, and in which the Queen does not appear to have taken part.

There was at Versailles a certain set of rooms on the *entresol* immediately under those of the King, which had been occupied at one time by the Comtesse de Toulouse, and then by the Duc and Duchesse de Penthièvre, and which the King had given to the Infanta during her visit. There was a small private staircase from the King's rooms to it, down which Louis XV. used to go to his daughter's apartment. After she was gone her sisters were most anxious to have this *entresol*, and tried to persuade their father to give it to them ; which he would probably have done had not Mme. de Pompadour interposed. She saw with uneasiness the influence his children now and then exercised upon Louis XV., knew that for every reason, religious, domestic, and social,

they detested her connection with the King, and she dreaded the facility of communication between them which this arrangement would give. Therefore she used all her powers of persuasion to induce the King to give the *entresol* to her, and succeeded in getting her own way.

Although the children of Louis XV. did not, like those of Louis XIV., nearly all die in infancy, very few of them were really healthy or strong. Adélaïde and Victoire were the only two who lived to be really old. Sophie and Louise were sickly, nervous, and weak, while the two eldest sisters and the Dauphin were always delicate, and as they grew older appear to have suffered from a kind of scrofula, which, as is well known, is often associated with or develop consumption.

The Infanta, tormented by a rash which appeared sometimes upon her skin, made use of some preparation to cure it, which she also gave to Madame Henriette. The doctors declared this had an injurious effect upon the delicate girl; but she must have been already in a precarious state. She went out one cold day in February in a sledge with her father. Madame Adélaïde knew that she was ill and unfit to go, as blood, that alarming warning in consumptive cases, appeared in her mouth. She got a chill during the drive, went to bed, and the King and Queen in alarm sent for the doctors, who followed their usual methods of bleeding, &c.; the Princess became delirious, grew worse and worse, and it was soon evident that she had only a short time to live. She died after receiving the last Sacraments, to the bitter grief of her family and the whole court.

The Princess Sophie exclaimed, "Oh! why did they not leave me at Fontevrault, and then I should never have known her!"

The King, not having the courage to see her die, lay

ANNE HENRIETTE MARIE, SECOND DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.
[*Nattier*]

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stretched in violent despair upon a sofa in his cabinet. When all was over, according to the usual custom, the royal carriages were ready to take him and his family away from the scene of death, the *Œil-de-bœuf* was crowded with courtiers waiting to know where he would go, the guards were mounted, but no one dared to ask him. At last the Dauphin ventured to do so; and he replied, "Wherever they like"; and the royal party set off for Trianon.

Madame Adélaïde was in such a state of grief and despair that she could not shed tears; the King, alarmed for her health, would not allow her to go to the funeral service. The grief of the royal family was soon distracted by their anxiety for the Dauphin, who had the small-pox but recovered, and later in the year they had another visit from the Infanta, who had given birth to a son in the previous year, 1751, in which a son had also been born to the Dauphine, and had received the title of Duke of Burgundy.

The Infanta, who at first had been rather pleased with her life and little court at Parma, had now become very tired of it. In the first place it was dreadfully uncomfortable. The huge palace was wanting in most of the comforts of life, though exceedingly magnificent, and anyone who knows it, and who also knows how Italian houses are even now pretended to be heated in winter, can imagine the terrible cold of it.

Neither the Infanta nor her husband could manage their finances; they were always in debt, and constantly obliged to be helped by the King of France. The Infant was always ready to be guided by the Infanta, but she was now out of health, suffering from the discomforts and anxieties of her life, deeply affected by her sister's death, and very nervous about herself, feeling that she also had the same symptoms.

In this frame of mind she wrote to her father begging that she might come to Versailles as a "daughter of France," finish her life there, and be buried by her sister.

Louis XV. observed that it would cost a great deal, but was touched, and consented that she should come for a time. Her grandfather, the ex-King of Poland, met her at Montargis, and the meeting with her family at Versailles was so affecting that it made her quite ill.

She resumed her life with her sisters, and now her chief stay and companion was Adélaïde, who since Henriette's death had become the King's favourite daughter, though none of them ever replaced Henriette in his affections. She stayed a whole year, and when she left took away with her fourteen carriages, chaises, and *fourgons*, of course well filled.

Three French ladies, the Countesses de Noailles, Crussol, and Narbonne, embarked at Antibes for Genoa on the King's ships, and couriers were posted all along the route to carry constant news of the Infanta to Versailles. "It is to be hoped," wrote d'Argenson in his journal, "that she will never come back again."

While she was in France (October, 1752) a new scandal took place—the presentation of Mme. de Pompadour to the Queen. She was made duchess, and had the right to a *tabouret* in the presence of the Queen.

The court of Louis XV. presented at this time an extraordinary spectacle; entirely different from that of his predecessor, notwithstanding that both were magnificent, immoral, extravagant, overburdened with etiquette, and that in both the Queen was a nonentity and the King's mistresses were conspicuous figures (though this latter was not the case during the last thirty years of the reign of Louis XIV.). But in the court of the *Grand Monarque* the royal family and the King's legitimatised

children were the chief figures, took the lead in all social matters, and very often in political ones too.

"Monsieur," the King's brother, "Madame," the two Dauphins, his son and grandson, the Duchess of Burgundy, the Dukes of Anjou and Berri, the Princes and Princesses of Orléans, Maine, Bourbon, Conti, Toulouse, were the leaders of all the festivities, and some of them the cause of many of the quarrels and scandals of the court. They were always *en évidence*, and their different circles and households were part of the same society.

But in the present state of things the court and royal family were cut up into separate groups and divisions, absolutely opposed to each other in habits, ideas, and tastes.

The Queen lived her own life amongst her intimate friends in a dull routine, spending her evenings in *cavagnole* and receiving the visits of her children.

The Dauphin, the Dauphine, and Mesdames can scarcely be said to have passed their lives in a more amusing way. It may have been that their too early initiation into the gaieties of the court had wearied them and prematurely destroyed their capacity for enjoying the pleasures and excitements naturally attractive to youth; or that they inherited the apathetic nature of their mother and their father's tendency to morbid depression and difficulty in being amused, excited, or interested in anything. Added to which they were all extremely religious, and so horrified at the scandal and corruption of the court and society that they went, as usual, into the opposite extreme. They appeared, of course, on all religious and ceremonial occasions, but otherwise they held entirely aloof, caring neither for dancing, cards, the opera, nor even for hunting, after Madame Victoire had a bad fall one day. The strictest

propriety and the deadliest monotony pervaded their households.

From their childhood they had been assiduous in their religious duties. M. de Luynes describes, amongst other ceremonies, the "washing of the feet," after which the little princesses brought the soup, bread, and wine to the poor people; and the thirteen rows of tables, with the thirteenth salt-cellar empty, "because of Judas."

"The Dauphin and Mesdames," writes M. d'Argenson, "follow their tastes without any constraint; they like to see nobody and speak to nobody."

They studied and read a great deal, drew and painted, probably as amateurs usually did at that period, and gave a good deal of time, with more success, to music. Madame Adélaïde played the violin very well, and Madame Victoire the *clavecin*. With these pursuits, their religious and charitable duties, their visits to the Queen and her "*jeu*" in the evening, their ceremonious visits to their father twice a day, and their friendly, intimate ones to the Dauphin and Dauphine, their lives were filled up.

The two occasions on which they saw their father every day were his *lever* and *débotter*—the latter took place about six o'clock, on his return from hunting, at which hour they were generally being read aloud to. They would stop the reading, put on over their ordinary dress a skirt of some costly stuff, a long train, *paniers*, and a silk mantle, and go in procession, preceded and followed by their officers, to the cabinet of the King, who kissed each of them ceremoniously on the forehead; after which they would return to their own rooms, take off the cumbersome clothes, and resume their reading and embroidery.[1]

Such a life seems more suitable to old women whose

[1] Luynes.

life is practically over than to young ones to whom it is just beginning.

Madame Adélaïde, however, who, though by no means the most amiable of the sisters, had more talent, originality, and spirit than the rest, seems to have had some other ideas and fancies.

When she was about twenty years old she was attracted by the fascinating appearance and manners of one of that famous regiment, the *gardes-du-corps*, the King's body guards, of which all the private soldiers, as well as officers, were of good blood.

Apparently the idea did not occur to her that the admiration might not be mutual, for she sent him, anonymously, a costly snuff-box, which had been given her by the King, in which she put a note saying only, "This will be precious to you; you will soon be told from whose hand it comes." [1]

Whether the *garde-du-corps* had no idea by whom the mysterious box was sent, or whether he guessed and was more alarmed than flattered by his suspicions, he consulted his captain, the Duc d'Ayen, who told the King. Louis XV. desired to see the snuff-box, which he recognised at once, and put an end to the matter by giving this dangerously good-looking *garde-du-corps* a pension of 4,000 *louis*, on condition that he should go away immediately to the other end of France and remain there for a long time.

The strictness of the etiquette surrounding Mesdames makes this attempt of the Princess's even more remarkable. When they were mere children it was customary that in the absence of the King, Queen, and Dauphin the eldest of them should give the watchword for the night to the sentinel on guard. Mme. de Tallard, however,

[1] "Ceci vous sera précieux; on vous avertira bientôt de quelle main il vient."

complained to the Cardinal de Fleury that it was not proper for the Princess, being a young girl, to whisper to a man. The matter was laid before the King, who decreed that, although the Princess must give the watch-word, she should first ask her governess what saint she was to name.

As a little child Adélaïde used to say that she saw no reason why they should lament the Dauphin being the only son of the King; they had only to dress her as a boy and call her Duc d'Anjou and she would do just as well.

One night she was met by one of her *femmes de chambre* secretly trying to leave the palace, and when taken back she explained that she was going to the army to put herself at the head of a regiment and fight for "*Papa-roi*." She said she knew of a man who would go with her and serve her faithfully; and this proved to be the boy who looked after her donkeys.

In the strongest contrast to the almost ascetic propriety and dulness of the households and society of the rest of the royal family was the King's court, the most licentious and dissipated in Europe. Its pleasures and revels, unlike those of his great-grandfather's reign, were entered into and enjoyed by no member of his family but himself. The Duke of Orléans was even more strict and *dévot* than the Dauphin, and there were no legitimatised sons and daughters to share the affections of the King, take part in the festivities of the court, and excite the jealousy of the nobles.

The pretensions, the arrogance, and the rapacity of most of the children of La Vallière and Montespan had so disgusted and wearied everyone that neither Louis XV. nor his grandfather "Monseigneur" would do anything for the advancement of their illegitimate offspring. A daughter of Monseigneur was adopted by his half-sister,

the Princesse de Conti, who married her to a private gentleman, while Louis XV., if he recognised his children, made the most modest provision for them. The notorious and reigning favourites, Mme. de Mailly, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. du Barry, had had none; the son of Mme. de Vintimille, called derisively the *demi-Louis* by the court, was treated as the son of the Marquis de Vintimille, one of the most disreputable of the corrupt court of Louis XV. One son of the King was regarded with favour and affection by the royal family. He was brought up to be an ecclesiastic, and as the Abbé de Bourbon he died while comparatively young.

Three children were provided for by the Regent and treated by Madame with affection, but only one was publicly acknowledged by him—the son of Mdlle. de Séry, one of his mother's maids-of-honour. Madame remarks in her letters that her son did not wish to have descendants of that kind, so he caused both his illegitimate sons to take vows of religion. The son of Mdlle. de Séry, that is to say, was made a Knight of Malta and called the Chevalier de Lorraine. The other, who was only the son of an actress named Florenz, became the Abbé de Saint Albin. Of him Madame speaks affectionately, saying that she regretted the difference made between him and his brother, which was always a trouble to him; that he had a much stronger resemblance to the Bourbons, and in fact was so like Mdlle. de Valois that no one seeing them could doubt their being brother and sister. Of the other child, who was the daughter of Desmarets, the celebrated actress, Madame and other writers tell the following rather romantic story.

She was sent in earliest childhood to be brought up at a convent away from Paris, where she passed her childhood in total ignorance of her parentage. When she was

fourteen or fifteen years old, there appeared one day at the convent a carriage with six horses to take her to Paris, and she was told that the secret of her birth was at last to be revealed to her. On arriving at the house at which the journey ended, she was brought into a room and left by herself, being directed to wait there until her father should come to her. Presently the door opened and the Duke of Orléans came in, received her with kindness, explained to her who he was and her relationship to him. The young girl, who was extremely pretty and whose dreams and aspirations were directed to the court society, and the pleasures and excitements of life there, was at first transported with delight, thinking she was the daughter of Mdlle. de Séry and would be acknowledged by the Regent, like the Chevalier de Lorraine, of whose existence she knew very well. But her newly-found father hastened to undeceive her. Her mother, he said, was not the well-born maid-of-honour but the actress Desmarets, whose daughter he could not publicly own, but for whom he would provide. Bitterly disappointed, the young girl began to cry, and the Regent, after saying what he could to console her, said that he left her the choice of a distinguished lot in the cloister or, if she objected to take the veil, a marriage with a man of good family but not large fortune—that she had better take a few days to consider the matter and he would wait for her decision. She chose the latter alternative, and the Duke gave her a dowry and married her to the Comte de Ségur. Some time afterwards, when Mdlle. Desmarets was acting at the theatre, she suddenly saw her daughter in the box with the Duke of Orléans and his mother. Struck by her beauty, guessing who she was and eagerly inquiring, she was deeply affected and agitated, and afterwards had an interview with her daughter. The marriage turned out satisfactorily and the Comtesse de

Ségur was always very fond of her father, whom she found indulgent and affectionate, as his family always did find Philippe d'Orléans, whose deplorable career and terrible end were all the more to be regretted from his many good qualities of mind and heart.

Mme. Adélaïde was now the King's favourite daughter, and having a certain amount of influence with him, the Infanta depended a great deal upon her exertions to forward the projects in which she was perpetually engaged. Austria, anxious to secure the assistance of France and to entangle that country in what is known as the Seven Years' War, proposed as a bait to make the Netherlands into a kingdom for the Infant and Infanta of Parma, and to betroth the little Infanta Isabel to the Crown Prince Joseph (afterwards the Emperor Joseph II.). The Infanta eagerly entered into these plans, and Mme. de Pompadour threw all her interest upon the same side, in order to gain the favour of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresia.

The Austrian alliance and betrothal were carried out, but the Netherlands were not ceded to the Infant of Parma, to the great disappointment of the Infanta, who now remained for some time at Parma, devoting her attention to the management of her little court and the government of the duchy, and also to the education of her three children, the eldest of whom, the Infanta Isabel, worshipped her mother with such adoration that she is said never to have recovered from her death.

In the autumn of 1757 she again arrived in France, leaving the Infant at Parma, where he lived contented and tranquil enough.

The agitation against the Jesuits was now going on, and she entered ardently into the views and party of the Dauphin and her sisters in their favour.[1] But she

[1] Luynes.

had no longer the same influence with her father, and her health was declining, impaired by the same malady from which her sister had suffered. She deferred from time to time her departure, and in December, 1759, was seized with the small-pox, which she had not strength to resist, and died on the sixth of that month after a week's illness.

CHAPTER VI

The Dauphin—The Dauphine—Attempted assassination of Louis XV.—Mme. de Pompadour— Marigny—The court of Louis XV.—The Duc de Richelieu—The daughter of Mme. de Pompadour—Extraordinary career of Mme. de Pompadour—Her death.

THE succession to the throne, so endangered at the close of the reign of Louis XIV., seemed about to be well secured. Within a few years took place the births of the Dukes de Bourgogne and Berri, the Comtes de Provence and d'Artois, and the Princesses Clotilde and Elisabeth. Upon these children Mesdames bestowed the deepest affection and interest ; and the Dauphin and Dauphine, who were devoted to them, were resolved that they should be brought up as "the sons of the Most Christian Kings." [1]

"I wish I could give the portrait of my father," wrote one of his sons, long years after his death ; [2] "but I know that I am unworthy to portray such virtues. His pure soul could not long inhabit this earth. His crown was not of this world. . . . My mother, well worthy to be the wife of the Dauphin, was the faithful mirror in which were reflected all the virtues of her husband. Like him, she was good, pious, indulgent, attached to all her duties, thinking only of the happiness of others, loving the

[1] "Le Dauphin mon père voulut qui nous fussions élevés, mes frères et moi, en fils des rois tres-chrétiens" ("Mémoires de Louis XVIII.").

[2] The Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.

French as her own family. Her disposition, naturally grave and melancholy, was not without a gentle gaiety which gave her an additional charm. She was the model of her sex, the hope of a great nation, and had she ascended the throne she would have displayed all the influence which a woman's virtues could exercise upon the happiness of a people. With all the philosophy which more narrow minds impute to me as a crime . . . I have found myself in the midst of the greatest calamities invoking the holy spirits of my mother and my august father."

When the Dauphin had the small-pox at Versailles (July, 1752), the King, Queen and court fled in alarm, and great anxiety prevailed; all the more as the Dauphin had then only one son, an infant. Besides the court doctors, a famous physician was sent for from Paris. He sat down in an armchair by the Dauphin's bed, felt his pulse, pronounced that he had small-pox, and proceeded to give directions. A woman very simply dressed began to make remarks and ask questions, to which he gave curt answers in an authoritative, unceremonious manner, as if to a nurse. But seeing that she at once began to carry out properly all his instructions, he said, raising his voice so that all might hear: "Let everyone do exactly what this little woman tells them, for she understands exactly everything that is necessary to be done."

He then left the room, promising to return next day, and was informed by the scandalised attendants that the person he had treated with so little respect was the Dauphine.[1]

"No one knew how to receive ambassadors better than the Dauphin. He understood the interests of the different States, was acquainted with all the families

[1] "Mémoires de Dufort, Comte de Cheverny."

of Europe and the productions of different countries. . . and had the art of making conversation general and not too prolonged. He sang and played the *clavecin* well and was fond of music, . . . was animated in his private society, but with a gaiety which was irreproachable and *du meilleur ton*. He acted a comedy he had seen one day with such spirit and in a manner so amusing that everyone was in fits of laughter, but without rendering himself in the least ridiculous." [1]

"Madame Adélaïde," writes the Comte de Cheverny, "combined with an interested, animated appearance all the qualities necessary to render a man happy." She had talents which she cultivated, but, like her sisters, she had only the changes of residence for all dissipation. The Dauphin, who by his asceticism controlled his natural inclinations, looked after them all. As to the King, he might well say to his children, like the preachers: "Do what I say, not what I do." When one of the ladies in residence complained to Madame Adélaïde that she had to dress and undress four times a day and never had a quarter of an hour to herself in peace, the Princess replied, "Madame, you escape with a week's rest afterwards, but as I have to do this all the year round you will allow me to keep my pity for myself."

The attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis XV. happened in 1757. The King was very little hurt, but the court, the royal family, and all Paris were filled with consternation; the King's bedchamber and ante-rooms were crowded with anxious courtiers; the Dauphin and Mesdames in the deepest anxiety both for the life and the conversion of their father, Mme. de Pompadour trembling for her own future should it prove that the assassin had succeeded in his attempt.

Damiens was put to death, of course; and the cruelty

[1] Idem.

of the punishments of that day was fully displayed in the manner of his execution.

For twelve days the King remained shut up in his bedchamber, or latterly sometimes in his cabinet, a prey to terrors and despondency. First he feared that the knife was poisoned, then that there was a conspiracy against him; then he began to look with remorse and apprehension upon the life he had led, and to resolve, as he did before at Metz,[1] to give up Mme. de Pompadour.

The Dauphin, Mesdames, and their friends were filled with hope, but the result was just the same as on the former occasion.

One day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the King, in his dressing-gown, was walking slowly and despondingly about his room, leaning upon a stick. Now and then he stood looking out of a window, or stopped and seemed preoccupied—few people were present, as most of them had gone to dinner. He gave the sign of dismissal to the Dauphine, who departed with all her ladies except the Duchesse de Brancas, called *la grande*, because she was tall. To her he said, "Stop a moment. Give me your mantle." She unclasped it and gave it to the King, who put it on his shoulders, bowed, and walked to the other side of the room. The Dauphin walked after him, but turning round he said, "Do not follow me," opened a door, and disappeared. After an absence of nearly two hours he returned, a different man. Mme. de Pompadour had reassured and consoled him, scouted the idea of conspiracy, expatiated on the love of his people, and so restored his spirits that he dressed as usual that evening, and the next day the hunting-parties and *petits soupers* went on as usual, and the favourite was all-powerful as ever.

The ministers she disliked, MM. de Machault and

[1] In the case of Mme. de Châteauroux.

d'Argenson, were dismissed; M. de Marigny, her brother, received additional marks of favour; the hopes of the Dauphin and Mesdames were shattered.

During many years Mme. de Pompadour possessed not only the highest honours and enormous riches, but immense political power. She received all the ambassadors except the Pope's Nuncio, she had a post in the Queen's household, she accompanied the court to Fontainebleau, Marly, Compiègne, and on all the journeys she had an *appartement* above or near the King's, she patronised art and literature, and her political influence was so great and so well known that the Empress-Queen Maria Theresia herself wrote to her on friendly terms. The favour shown to her brother, Jean Poisson, created first Marquis de Vandières (called in scorn by the courtiers "*Marquis d'avant hier*"), afterwards Marquis de Marigny, created general jealousy and disgust, which rose to a climax when at one time it was proposed to give him the *cordon bleu* of the order of the Saint Esprit. It was sarcastically said that he was "*un bien petit poisson pour être mis au bleu.*" [1]

M. Dufort de Cheverny declares that the beauty of Mme. de Pompadour eclipsed that of all who approached her; the court and society flocked to her *salon* and her *toilette*, where she received everyone with the perfection of ease, grace, and correctness.

She was, of course, besieged with petitioners; everyone who wanted anything knew that she could probably grant the favour or procure the post they desired. Once, before she was the declared mistress of Louis XV., when

[1] Luynes, who disliked Marigny, abuses him as presumptuous, avaricious, &c., but other writers declare that he was upright, good-hearted, just, and cultivated, the generous patron of literature and art, but melancholy and susceptible, and with a cold dry manner and a sensitive shrinking from the career of his sister, the source of his riches and honours.

she asked for a place for someone in whom she was interested, the perplexed official, not being certain of the true state of things, hesitated to grant her request, greatly to her indignation. "Monsieur," she exclaimed, "I shall be obliged to cause you to be asked for it by one whom you will not be able to refuse."

"Madame," he grumbled as he accompanied her to the door, "if you are what they say, I shall obey you; if not, you will not obtain it."

This speech afterwards cost him his own post.

Nothing could exceed the splendour and luxury of the *fêtes* given by all the principal members of the court and society not belonging to the set of the Queen, the Dauphin, or Mesdames.

There were magnificent entertainments at the Palais Royal and the palace of the Prince de Conti; the Prince and Princess de Condé kept open house; everyone vied with each other in the ardent pursuit of pleasure and excitement. Splendid balls began at midnight, at which Mme. de Pompadour sat in an armchair at the King's right hand; suppers of the most costly and exquisite delicacies in suites of rooms of which the descriptions read like those of the "Arabian Nights": gilded halls, with brilliant lights coming from behind columns, *salons* from behind whose carved panelling came the sounds of enchanting music, *boudoirs* lined with rose-coloured and silver gauze, or with crimson and gold divans and cushions; all brilliantly illuminated, and heated with stoves of the most lovely porcelain; vaulted rooms lined with mirrors, unseen doors that opened noiselessly by secret springs.

It was beginning to be said by some that the manners of the court of Louis XV. had lost some of the stately, chivalrous grace of that of his predecessor, and the King himself was heard to remark with displeasure, on seeing

a crowd in which men were forcing their way regardless of the women they almost thrust aside, that such a spectacle would have been impossible in those days, and that Louis XIV. would have been extremely angry if he had ever beheld a gentleman of his household or court trying to pass before a lady.

"Twenty years before the Revolution I already often heard that the imposing aspect of the power of Louis XIV. was no longer to be found in the palace of Versailles; that the institutions of the ancient monarchy were rapidly falling; that the people, crushed by taxation, were silently miserable, but were beginning to listen to the daring talk of the philosophers, who loudly proclaimed their sufferings and their rights." [1]

Mme. de Pompadour protected and patronised Voltaire, Marmontel, Helvetius, Chamfort, Montesquieu, and all the literary and political clique called the philosophers, who, as well as the painters, musicians, sculptors, and theatrical celebrities, crowded to her toilette, and her Sunday receptions, where were also to be found all the great nobles of the court.

Amongst her most assiduous courtiers was the notorious Duc de Richelieu, Marshal of France, one of the most brilliant figures at the courts of Louis XIV. and XV., polished, fascinating, with perfect manners, absolutely unscrupulous, heartless, and immoral. His son, the Duc de Fronsac, inherited and, if possible, exaggerated his vices without possessing his attractions; and upon him Mme. de Pompadour had fixed her choice as the husband of her only child, Alexandrine, her daughter by her husband, then being brought up at a convent with all the state and luxury of a princess.

She actually wrote to propose this preposterous alliance to the Duc de Richelieu, who, not wishing to offend his

[1] Campan.

powerful friend, but outraged by the very thought of such a marriage for his son, replied that, much as he appreciated the offer of Mme. de Pompadour, his son belonged, through his mother, to the house of Lorraine, and he could not dispose of him without their consent.

Mme. de Pompadour understood, and very shortly afterwards Alexandrine, a gentle, charming girl, inheriting her mother's beauty and talents, was saved by an early death from the fate of becoming the wife of any such man as the Duc de Fronsac.

It was of her that her father, M. d'Etioles, wrote when, in his grief and despair, he tried to persuade the wife he still loved to return to him :

"Madame, remember that you have a daughter whom I love almost as much as yourself ; but what am I to do with her ? When the mother of a family dies her children are pitied. You are not dead, but my daughter is much more to be pitied." [1]

This letter was written with the approbation of the brother of Mme. de Pompadour. She put it into the fire, and Louis XV. exiled her husband to Vaucluse.

It was not love for the King, but for the riches and power offered to her, that made Mme. Lenormand d'Etioles, who was the daughter of a butcher at Paris, and whose husband was *fermier général*, choose her life of splendid dishonour, and she certainly fulfilled her ambition. For nearly twenty years she reigned supreme over Louis XV., a great part of the time by the infatuation of his passion for her, and latterly by her skill in keeping him amused and her complaisance in forwarding or even providing his other *liaisons*.[2] She was sur-

[1] "Madame, songez-y, vous avez une fille que j'aime presque autant que vous-même ; mais que voulez-vous que j'en fasse ? Quand une mère de famille meurt, on plaint les enfants. Vous n'êtes pas morte, mais ma fille est bien plus à plaindre."

[2] The Parc aux cerfs, of evil reputation, was her invention.

rounded by flatterers, for it was exceedingly dangerous to be her enemy; but the people, who had not objected to the sisters de Nesle, because they were of high rank and disinterested in money matters, hated their successor for her low birth and rapacity.

But all France was at her feet; she made and unmade ministers, generals and ambassadors; she decided the most important political affairs. The Empress Maria Theresia sought her help to gain the alliance of France with Austria in the Seven Years' War; it was partly by her influence that the "Family Compact," or alliance of the Bourbons of France, Spain, and Italy, was arranged. She supported Choiseul and the Austrian party; she was influential in the exile of the Jesuits.

"Louis XV. had three prime ministers—the Cardinal de Fleury, the Duc de Choiseul, and Mme. de Pompadour. The rest were only creatures subordinate to the Marquise, the Duke, or the Cardinal. . . . It was she who wished for the alliance of England against Prussia. She was the first to see the danger of that kingdom threatening our frontier. To her are owing the École Militaire and the manufactory of Sèvres. People have been too much in the habit of seeing in this woman nothing but a courtesan at the feet of the King. . . ."[1]

But the fear of losing the favour of the King was ever present, at least after the first few years. Latterly, especially, she was always occupied in finding amusement for him, and, as M. Arsène Houssaye remarks, "Mme. de Maintenon had had less trouble in amusing Louis XIV. when he was old and *dévot* than Mme. de Pompadour in distracting Louis XV. when he was still young, but tired of everything."

In the terror of losing her hold upon the King, her power and position, and in fear of her own death, Mme.

[1] "Louis XV." (Arsène Houssaye).

de Pompadour spent the last years of her career. She died, 1764, at Versailles, where she begged to be removed during her illness.[1]

[1] M. Dufort de Cheverny contradicts the story sometimes given of the heartless remark made by Louis XV. on the occasion of her funeral. He says: "It was six o'clock in the evening, and a frightful tempest. . . . The King took Champlost by the arm . . . and went out on to the balcony. Keeping religiously silent . . . appearing insensible to the storm, he watched the funeral pass down the avenue, following it with his eyes until out of sight. As he went in two large tears rolled down his cheeks as he said to Champlost, "Voilà les seuls devoirs que j'aie pu lui rendre!"

CHAPTER VII

The little Duke of Burgundy—Influence of Madame Adélaïde with the King and Dauphin—Amiable character of the Dauphine—Death of the Dauphin and Dauphine—Of King Stanislas—Of the Queen—Monotony and dulness of the lives of Mesdames—Their nephews and nieces—Madame Louise becomes a Carmelite nun at St. Denis—Marriage of the Dauphin to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette—Disapproval of Madame Adélaïde—Her reprehensible conduct—Opinion of Madame Victoire—She is over-persuaded by her sister.

THE little Duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the Dauphin, so far resembled his illustrious great-grandfather that he showed at a very early age considerable talent, generosity, and fortitude, but extraordinary haughtiness and self-will.

Being present when he was only four years old at an audience of the ambassadors, M. de Fronlay said to him that the *corps diplomatique* hoped that the same congratulations would be offered him after eighty years. He drew himself up and asked, "Why not after a hundred?"

The apartments of the young princes under twelve years old were always hung with tapestry and padded up to the height of a man lest they should hurt themselves. M. de la Vauguyon, tutor to the Duke and his brothers, one day on leaving their rooms, gave orders to M. de Boisgelin, who was on guard, not to let the princes go into the next room, where a billiard-table was being put up. No sooner had Vauguyon departed than the

Duke of Burgundy stepped forward to pass through the forbidden door.

"Monseigneur," said Boisgelin, barring the way, "you heard, and you will not pass."

"But if I wish to? I suppose I am master here! Would you dare to lay your hand upon me?"

"I should be obliged to do so, to prevent you from disobeying."

"Obey! But you are only a gentleman, and I am a prince; it is you who are made to obey me!" and he rushed forward. Boisgelin had only one arm, but he caught hold of the child and brought him back into the room. Some of the household closed the door, and the boy burst into a storm of rage without shedding tears. Presently he became calmer, turned to Boisgelin, and said:

"My anger is over; you did your duty, and I esteem you all the more."

But if he was proud and passionate the boy was also brave and honourable, and possibly forfeited his life to his resolution not to betray one of his favourite *gentilhommes de la manche*, the Marquis de la Haie, who, when playing with him, let him fall off a wooden horse, and, seeing no outward injury, begged him not to tell what had happened. The Duke of Burgundy promised, and although he at once began to feel ill and gradually to suffer more and more terrible pain, he never betrayed the secret until at last La Haie was killed at the battle of Minden. Then he said, "It is he who was the cause of my illness, but I promised him not to tell." It was discovered that he had been internally injured and was suffering from abscesses, but if anything could have been done to save him it was now too late. He died in 1761 at ten years of age.

The hostility of Mesdames to Mme. de Pompadour

and her party increased year by year, and after Henriette was dead "Mesdames" meant, in fact, Madame Adélaïde. It does not appear that Louis XV. ever loved Adélaïde, or any of his daughters, as he did Henriette; in fact, Adélaïde was in no way so lovable a person as her beautiful, gentle sister. None of her sisters resembled the latter in the charming disposition which won all hearts and estranged none. Madame Victoire, indeed, was pretty, kind-hearted, and good-tempered, but she was the younger instead of the elder sister of Adélaïde; and whereas so long as Henriette lived she was the most important and influential, as the elder sister, the King's favourite, and that of the Infanta, and had been from infancy brought up at the court and in the royal family, Victoire was one of the younger ones, whose early years had been spent in a distant convent, whose education had been neglected, who had neither talents nor strength of character, and was entirely governed by her elder, cleverer, and stronger-minded sister. Sophie was so shy and so stupid that she was of no weight at all; and Louise, who had more character, was the youngest of all, very plain and insignificant in appearance, and quite under the influence of Adélaïde, who became more and more powerful with the Dauphin and with the King in those matters which did not concern his private life and pleasures.

But if Louis XV. loved Adélaïde less than Henriette he consulted her more, and after her first violent grief for her favourite sister, Adélaïde turned her whole attention towards gaining and preserving an influence with her father for the furtherance of the political party to which she was attached—that of the Dauphin and the clergy.

The King gave her the much-coveted *appartement* of the Duchesse de Penthièvre, with a private staircase com-

municating with his own, by which at any time he could come without ceremony or publicity to visit her. Madame Victoire used to dine and sup with Madame Adélaïde, while the two younger sisters were usually together.

The two parties, in every respect so opposed to each other, were always watched with anxious interest by the court, and during the latter half of the reign of Mme. de Pompadour, whenever there were signs of the King being rather less infatuated, rumours would go about that her supremacy was coming to an end. Very few persons imagined that even were she to be dismissed Louis XV. would reform his life as Louis XIV. did; what they hoped was that he would have no *maîtresse en titre* to replace her, but would content himself with unimportant and passing love affairs; taking as companions of his daily life, his *fêtes*, amusements, and journeys, his daughters, the Dauphin and Dauphine; while for such confidences and recollections as could not be suitably exchanged with his children there was always his old friend and aunt, the Comtesse de Toulouse.

These wishes and prognostications were, however, all doomed to disappointment. If the sway of Mme. de Pompadour had depended entirely upon her personal charm, there can be no doubt that it would have come to an end, like that of the Marquise de Mailly over Louis XV., or of La Vallière and Montespan over his greater predecessor. But it was much more than that. The Pompadour was a woman of far greater abilities and superior capacity; she knew how to manage the King and to amuse him; she understood and entered into his affairs; he was accustomed to turn to her for advice and assistance, and, what was, perhaps, one of the chief reasons why she so long maintained her hold over him, she did not love him. As time went on and she saw that she was no longer his only absorbing passion,

she was not heartbroken and melancholy like La Vallière and De Mailly, nor jealous and violent like Montespan ; she remained cool, careful, and prudent, and, instead of annoying the King with useless reproaches and scenes, took care to insure that his fancies should be fixed upon those who could be but passing playthings, and whose rivalry she need never fear in matters of importance.

She consequently became so necessary to the King that if ever any coolness or difference arose between them the hopes of her enemies were soon dashed to the ground by the reconciliation that was sure to follow. During the last few years of her life, however, her influence was waning, and as that of Madame Adélaïde grew and strengthened she became more and more arbitrary, narrow, and domineering. "Madame Adélaïde governs everything," writes d'Argenson. "She absolutely decides what M. le Dauphin is to do during the day, and affects to contradict the few orders given by the Dauphine, in order to show her authority."

D'Argenson says that Madame Adélaïde was jealous of the Dauphine and that her attitude towards her resembled that which she assumed afterwards to her successor, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, but as other writers declare that the Dauphine was on the most intimate terms with both the King and Madame Adélaïde, this may probably be a harsh judgment from a writer who is apt to be severe in his remarks.

Louis XV. was very fond of his daughter-in-law, to whose *appartement* he often went after supper. She was in the first place the mother of the future Dauphin and King, she was always gentle, graceful, and good-tempered, very seldom asked him for anything, and never troubled herself about political affairs, which last was an additional reason for her preserving the favour of Madame Adélaïde.

But in December, 1765, the Dauphin died of the same disease which had been fatal to his elder sisters.

Louis XV. remained in his son's room until all was over, and then, taking the Duc de Berri by the hand, led him to the Dauphine's *appartement*, and as a communication of the calamity which had befallen her, said to an officer of the household, "Announce the King and Monseigneur le Dauphin."

The Dauphine did not survive her husband more than about three months, old King Stanislas died the year after, and the Queen in June, 1768.

She had been ill for some time, but not in such a manner as to give any certainty of approaching death. At last the King, being told that she had a very short time to live, hastily summoned his daughters to her bedside, and kneeling with them, said, "Here are Mesdames, whom I bring you." Marie Leczinska understood what this meant, gave her benediction to her daughters, and expired as she tried to finish her prayers.

Just before this the Queen had been occupied and much interested in installing the Ursuline nuns of St. Augustine in the Château de Clagny, which had been originally built for Mme. de Montespan. This work she had desired her daughters to complete, and to it they now turned their attention. It took three years to finish, and they gave out of their allowances 45,000 francs to it during that time. When it was ready the King went to see it and was received there by them, the nuns taking possession on the following day.[1]

Madame Adélaïde, or, as she was called, "Madame," was now the first princess at the court. The *jeu*—*i.e.* the card tables set every evening, the *jeu de la Reine*, or *jeu de la Dauphine*, now called the *jeu de Madame*—had been removed to her *salon*.

[1] "Mesdames de France" (Barthélemy).

Her ascendancy over the King was greater than ever; it was remarked that she no longer said to him "*Vous plaît-il que cela soit, Sire?*" but "*Nous ferons ceci ou cela.*"[1] But her influence extended as little as ever over the separate life of dissipation he continued to lead. While he spent a portion of every day in the society of his daughters, visiting them at different times in their own apartments, and treating Madame with confidence, and all of them with affectionate familiarity, the other part of his life was entirely apart from theirs, and given up to the licentious pleasures which his increasing years made not only much more reprehensible but also ridiculous.

The place of Mme. de Pompadour had not very long remained empty, but was occupied by Mme. du Barry, a beautiful woman of low extraction, disreputable antecedents, and little or no education, and without the capacity and *savoir vivre* of her predecessor. All this, however, did not prevent Louis XV. having her presented at court, or Madame from receiving her; probably she could not help herself, or else she was ready to make the sacrifice in order to preserve her influence over her father.

But it was a singular state of affairs. After the death of the Dauphin and the Queen, religion and morality at court appeared only to be found in the households of Mesdames; who, while their daily lives were almost as rigid and monotonous as those of the cloister, were yet obliged to admit to their acquaintance a woman so notorious as Mme. du Barry.

In reading the numberless chronicles of the time one is tempted to wonder whether no possible medium could have been found by the Princesses between the utter licence of their father's splendid court and the intense dulness of their own circle. It was often said that if Madame Henriette had lived the state of things would

[1] D'Argenson.

have been different; that she would have made her society much pleasanter and more attractive to the King and to everybody. As it was, Mesdames had all the trouble and restraint of court life without any of the pleasure of it. Their time was spent in perpetual ceremonies, wearisome journeys to and fro between Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Choisy, &c., and the evenings passed at the *jeu;* while their early renunciation of dancing, masquerades, the opera (except when they were obliged to go there), their absolute separation from any of the pleasures and amusements going on around them, had the effect of narrowing their ideas and sympathies and exaggerating the violence of their animosities and prejudices.

They had all adored their brother the Dauphin, and they now gave a large portion of their affection and interest to his children, for whom the King cared very little, though he gave orders that they were to be treated with profound respect and never denied anything they wished for. His favourite was the youngest boy, Charles, Comte d'Artois, who was handsome, merry, mischievous, and supposed to be very like himself.

The second boy, Louis-Xavier, Comte de Provence, was the favourite of Madame Victoire, who used to say that, being the cleverest and most reasonable of the three, he would repair the mistakes which would be made by his brothers.

Madame Adélaïde's chief affection was bestowed on the Duc de Berri, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI., the least attractive of the boys. He was plain, awkward, slow, and not very popular. After the death of his parents he found himself lonely amidst the crowd of persons who served him with respect, but without affection, and said one day, shedding tears, "Eh! whom shall I love here, where nobody loves me?" Madame Adélaïde filled, as well as she could, his mother's place

to him, showing him at any rate boundless indulgence and affection. "Make a noise, Berri!" she would say; "break my porcelains, imitate your brother d'Artois, only assert yourself."

She soon acquired great influence over the boy, who was extremely attached to her; in fact, all the children were very fond of their aunts. Of the two Princesses her favourite was, perhaps, the little Princess Elisabeth. She contrived to inspire the Duc de Berri with her own bitter hatred of Choiseul, the enemy of the Jesuits; a dislike which he never lost, notwithstanding the part taken by that minister in arranging his marriage.

An event which made great impression on the royal family was the retirement into a convent of Madame Louise, which took place in February, 1770. From her early youth her inclinations had turned towards the cloister, and especially towards the Carmelite order; her mother, indeed, had prophesied this, observing to one of her friends: "You will see that Louise will become a Carmelite, and the poor little thing is not strong enough for the life."

It was materially a great contrast to that led by her sisters and herself, who, like their father, had enormous appetites, and besides the extraordinary number of dishes they consumed at the *déjeuners*, *dîners* and *soupers* of which we read with astonishment in the records of the time, they had always in their rooms all kinds of food, such as ham, sausages, chocolate sweetmeats, wine, &c., of which they ate and drank at all hours of the day. The state and luxury of their lives, the constant attendance of their numerous households, were scarcely a fitting preparation for the hard ascetic life upon which Madame Louise desired to enter, the longing for which her association with her mother, their constant visits to the convents, and her own dislike of society had contributed to strengthen.

The Comtesse de Boigne, who knew them well, says, indeed, in her delightful "Mémoires," that of all the Princesses Madame Louise was the most worldly, greedy, fond of pleasure and dress, and with a great tendency to *coquetterie*;[1] and that when the King, entering Madame Adélaïde's room in the morning, told her that Louise had gone away during the night, her first exclamation was: "With whom?"

The King did not like it at all, but had at last been induced to consent; her sisters deeply resented the secrecy with which she had carried out her plans—indeed, Mme. de Boigne says they never forgave it. When Madame Adélaïde first heard of it she flew into a violent passion, and bitterly reproached the King for having concealed the matter from her.

Mme. de Boigne also states that it was Madame Victoire who gave rise to the well-known story of the absurd remark of a Princess during a time of famine. She says that during the prevailing distress Madame Victoire, touched by the terrible accounts she had been hearing, exclaimed with tears in her eyes, "Mais, mon Dieu, s'ils pouvaient se résigner à manger de la croûte de pâté."

She herself had the greatest dislike to pie crust.

The afterwards celebrated Mme. Campan, then a young girl, was at this time *lectrice* to Madame Victoire, of whom she was exceedingly fond. She says in her "Mémoires":

[1] "Récits d'une Tante," "Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne."

In a footnote to the above accusation (p. 52, t. i.) occurs the following paragraph: "Under these appearances of frivolity, if indeed they were so real as Mme. de Boigne seems to affirm, Madame Louise is known to have concealed the austerities, mortifications, and heroic virtues of the Venerable Mother Therèse de Saint Augustine. One is led to suppose that before her entrance into the Carmelite convent (April 11, 1770) she had offered herself as an expiatory victim for the soul of her father." Cf. "Madame Louise de France" (Léon de la Brière).

The character of Madame Louise, with its mixture of austerity, saintly devotion, worldly intrigues and bitter animosities, offers a perplexing problem.

ADÉLAÏDE, VICTOIRE, AND SOPHIE, THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS XV.

"Louis XV. came every morning down a back staircase into the *appartement* of Madame Adélaïde, often bringing coffee he had made himself, which he drank there. Madame Adélaïde rang a bell which announced the King's visit to Madame Victoire, who, rising to go to her sister's room, rang for Madame Sophie, who, in her turn, summoned Madame Louise. The apartments of the Princesses were very large—Madame Louise lived in the furthest one. This youngest daughter of the King was very small and rather deformed . . . and having to run as fast as she could across a great number of rooms . . . often had only just time to embrace her father, who was going out hunting."

One summer evening when she was alone in Madame Victoire's room the King entered and asked: "Where is *Coche?*"

The young girl could not imagine what he meant and looked at him in astonishment. When he was gone she asked Madame Victoire, who replied: "He meant me"; and explained that her father's pet names for them were *Coche* for her, because she was the fattest, *Loque* for Madame Adélaïde, *Graille* for Madame Sophie, and *Chiffe* for Madame Louise.

In spite, however, of these and other strange expressions, picked up probably from the low persons with whom he formed *liaisons*, and which people so contrasted with the language and ways of Louis XIV., it was only in these kind of expressions that any want of dignity was displayed by Louis XV., whose manners and demeanour were most stately and imposing; "he combined with an attitude truly royal the greatest politeness, and gracefully saluted the least important *bourgeoise* whom curiosity threw in his way."[1]

Mme. Campan anxiously asked Madame Victoire

[1] Campan.

whether they would lose her as well as Madame Louise. That easy-going, comfortable Princess kissed the young girl, and pointing to her luxurious armchair, said :

" Reassure yourself, my child, I shall never have the courage of Louise ; I am too fond of the comforts of life. Here is an armchair which is my ruin."

The King, his daughters, his grandchildren, and various members of the court, constantly visited Madame Louise, who became much more important and influential than she had been before her profession.

The marriage of the Dauphin to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette of Austria was highly obnoxious to his aunts for more reasons than one. It was the work of their enemy, Choiseul ; they hated the house of Austria, and they feared lest the young Dauphine should exercise over her husband and Louis XV. something of the fascination of that other young princess who had been the idol of Louis XIV., the Duke of Burgundy, and their court.

They need have had no fear. Louis XV. was incapable of caring for or troubling himself about anyone on earth as Louis XIV. did about the Duchess of Burgundy, and, whereas the *Grand Monarque* would not even allow the young wife of his grandson to associate freely with his own daughters, because he did not consider them good companions and examples for her, his successor made the wife of his heir, a girl of fifteen, brought up at such a court as the Austrian, under such a mother as the Empress Maria Theresia, have supper with, and to a certain extent associate with, Mme. du Barry.

Unable to prevent the marriage, Madame Adélaïde and Madame Louise bitterly opposed it, and when M. Campan, before starting with the household of the Dauphine to meet her at the frontier, came to ask

Madame Adélaïde for orders, she said that she entirely disapproved of her nephew's marriage and that if she had any orders to give they would not be to fetch an Austrian.

Louis XV. went to meet the Archduchess at La Muette and was delighted with her beauty, liveliness, and grace; in fact, just at first he talked of nothing else, thereby exciting the jealousy of Mme. du Barry, who was not satisfied with her attitude towards herself.

Mesdames made her magnificent presents and at first appeared anxious to receive her well.

Madame Adélaïde gave her a key of her *appartement* that she might go in and out without ceremony, and the young princess accepted it with a graceful compliment.

If Marie Antoinette had been like Marie Adélaïde, placed in the care of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon, protected from evil influences and loved by the court and people, we cannot doubt that the mistakes which arose, and were after all only from the thoughtlessness of an inexperienced girl, scarcely out of childhood, would have been avoided.

But Marie Antoinette at fifteen was thrown absolutely unprotected into the most licentious court in Europe, at which, like her predecessor, she had to occupy the most exalted place; but instead of being under the guidance of powerful protectors, well qualified to take care of her, she had no one to control her, and the only members of the royal family to whom she could have gone for advice, namely, her husband's aunts, were just the persons who were most hostile to her; while the French court and people, who had adored Marie Adélaïde and been eager to conceal or condone the foolish flirtations and pranks of their favourite, were equally desirous to see harm and suspect evil in the most harmless diversions and

tastes of Marie Antoinette. No rash flirtations like those of the Duchess of Burgundy with Nangis, Maulevrier, and the Abbé de Polignac could be attributed to the present Dauphine; the passion for amusement and pleasure had been quite as conspicuous in one as in the other, but Marie Adélaïde might spend the whole of the summer nights until the dawn running about the gardens of Marly with the young officers of her household without any blame or scandal, whilst when, on one occasion, Marie Antoinette, with the consent of her husband, accompanied by several of her relations and surrounded by her ladies and household, went to see the sun rise from the terrace, this innocent diversion was made the subject of the most shameful and impossible libel.

The fact was that the French liked the house of Savoy and hated that of Austria; but all this would have been impossible under Louis XIV., who would have made short work with any one who ventured to write or circulate such attacks upon the members of his family. But between Louis XIV. and Louis XV. there was a vast difference, and the years of licence of the Regency had accustomed people to believe or imagine any sort of infamy on the slightest foundation.

The Duchess of Burgundy had also been more fortunate in the Duchesse du Lude, whose heart she had won during the first days of their meeting and kept until the end of her life, than Marie Antoinette in the Duchesse de Noailles, who filled the same place in her household. Although the young princess had begged for her counsel and affection, Mme. de Noailles was not the person to be of real use to her, for she was the incarnation of formality and punctiliousness, to whom a breach of etiquette was something between a calamity and a crime; while to Marie Antoinette,

brought up in the simple family life which co-existed with the state and splendour of the court of Vienna, the rigid etiquette of Versailles was perfectly intolerable. When she could not evade the burden of it, she consoled herself by turning it into ridicule, and in this and other similar matters Mesdames might, if they had chosen, have been of the greatest use to her. If they had shown her affection and friendliness, they could by their advice, explanations, and persuasions have done immense good and prevented infinite mischief.

Madame Victoire saw this, and, recalling the example of her sister Henriette, resolved that she would be to this Dauphine what Henriette had been to the other. She welcomed her when she came to see her, encouraged her to be on familiar terms, tried to amuse her, and caused her *dame d'honneur*, the Marquise de Durfort, to give several *fêtes* in her honour. But Mme. de Noailles and the Dauphine's confessor, the Abbé de Vermond, must needs interfere and raise objections; and Madame Adélaïde took no trouble to overcome her prejudice against the Austrian Archduchess, who was not congenial to her. Accustomed from her infancy to the trammels of the most burdensome etiquette; never having even in her youth possessed to any great extent the power of enjoying herself; not caring for society or the amusements natural to youth; brought up by a father whose vices were the scandal of Europe, a mother who was a pious nonentity, and a brother whose virtues were more fitted for a private station than the steps of a throne; in the habit of being considered the cleverest and strongest of her family, she had shut herself up in her own immediate circle, where her opinions were received with deferential submission; and now, as she entered middle age, she was so narrow in her ideas, so violent in her dislikes, so obstinate in

her prejudices, so impatient of opposition, and so jealous of any rival in her power and influence, that she did far more harm than a much worse woman would have done.

For Madame Adélaïde was really a good woman, religious, moral, charitable, unselfish, a good friend, and in her own family affectionate and kind. She was, however, not nearly so much liked as the good-natured Madame Victoire, with whose gentleness and that of Henriette her haughty manners and harsh voice always contrasted. But the support of Madame Victoire, like that of all weak persons, could not be relied on, and was consequently of no real use. She soon yielded to the influence of her stronger sisters, Adélaïde and Louise, and allowed herself to be drawn into their party, while those whose interest it was to separate the Dauphine from her husband's family triumphed in the success of their plans.

CHAPTER VIII

Intrigues against the Dauphine—Forebodings of evil—Marriages of the Comtes de Provence and d'Artois—Private theatricals—A childish quarrel—Glück or Piccini—Distress in the country—The denunciation of Nineveh—The last supper of Louis XV.—His death—The new reign—Choice of ministers—The old aunts—Anger of Louis XVI.—They retire to Bellevue.

THOSE who wished to injure the Dauphine, and those who were her friends, but mistaken in their advice to her, seem to have combined to do her all the injury possible; even the Empress herself recommended her not to identify herself with her husband's aunts, but to conciliate Mme. Du Barry, whose assistance she thought of more importance.

And though very fond of Madame Victoire, to whom she would sometimes go three times in the day, the Dauphine could not get on with Madame Adélaïde, of whom she was rather afraid, nor with Madame Sophie, who was impossibly stupid, and at the end of her first year in France was on very cool terms with Mesdames. She had begun by showing great affection for her little sisters-in-law, but they were too young to be companions to her, and even there mischief was made. She showed a preference for the little Elisabeth, though she liked Clotilde also, and they got on very well until their governess, Mme. de Marsan, managed to alienate them by pointing out to Clotilde that

the Dauphine cared less for her than for her sister. Clotilde was only twelve years old, and of a charming disposition, but was so enormously fat that the people called her "Le gros Madame."[1] The Dauphine made depreciatory remarks on the system of education pursued by Mme. de Marsan. The Abbé de Vermond, her confessor, mixed himself up in the gossip and petty quarrels; every trifle that went on in the household of the Dauphine, even the harmless games she played with the younger of her ladies, was turned into evil; Prince Louis de Rohan, ambassador at Vienna, spread even there stories against her, and drew down letters of reproach from the Empress to her daughter; the Dauphin himself was for a long time indifferent to his wife and guided by his aunts.

Many people said that ill-luck would attend the marriage of the Dauphin and Dauphine. He had been born rather before the expected time, at Choisy, and none of the royal family had arrived in time to be present. The courier sent to Paris to announce his birth was thrown from his horse and killed; the priest sent for to baptize him was struck down with paralysis on the great staircase of Versailles; of the three wet-nurses chosen for him two died within the week and the other was seized with small-pox. His title of Duc de Berri was considered an unlucky one, and Louis XV., on hearing this catalogue of misfortunes, said, "Voilà qui n'est pas d'un heureux augure, et je ne sais comment il a pu se faire que je l'aie titré Duc de Berri; c'est un nom qui porte malheur."

The Archduchess Marie Antoinette was born the day of the earthquake at Lisbon, and the state entry into Paris of the Dauphin and Dauphine was marked by a horrible catastrophe. There was an alarm of fire, a

[1] Campan.

wild panic, and in the *Place Louis XV.*, which little more than twenty years later was to be the scene of their murder, hundreds of people were crushed to death.

The fall of Choiseul shortly after this, and the suppression of the provincial parliaments, caused general commotion and excitement. Speaking one day of the latter to the Chancellor, Louis XV. observed:

"I shall bequeath to you at my death a difficult business."

"What, Sire?"

"The return of the black robes. My grandson will think he is making himself popular by recalling them, and I fear their vengeance for you. Unfortunately, he who commits this fault will gain no profit from it; he will only have to contend with new opposition and new ambitions, and it is very seldom that a monarchy can resist those repeated blows which undermine it in detail and end in shattering it from its foundations."[1]

The Duc de Choiseul had a strong party and his fall was justly deplored. The whole body of the magistracy, the "*gens de robe*," were on his side. An immense number of the members of the court requested the permission of the King to go and pay their respects to him in his exile, a most uncommon occurrence in the case of a fallen minister. Louis XV. was displeased, but did not like to refuse, saying he had enemies enough and that at his age he wished for peace.

The fall of his only great minister, who could by no means be replaced, was another disadvantage to the Dauphine and a triumph to Madame Adélaïde and her party, who had done all they could to bring it about.

Madame Louise, from her Carmelite convent, was also a

[1] "Mémoires de Louis XVIII."

centre of intrigue and a passionate devotee and partisan of the party opposed to anything in the shape of liberalism.

The toleration of Protestants in France, the laxity in the surveillance exercised over books, any inclination towards the houses of Habsburg and Lorraine, were alike an abomination to them, and as to Madame Louise, in spite of her real goodness and religious enthusiasm, Marie Antoinette might well say she was "the most intriguing little Carmelite in France."

At this time, and during all the lifetime of Louis XV., Marie Antoinette, though surrounded with enemies in the court and royal family, was admired and loved by the people. The King also was very fond of her.

As the first in rank among the Princesses, the *jeu du Roi* was removed to her *salon* from that of Madame Adélaïde, who, although her mania for etiquette ought to have led her to approve what she knew to be the rule at the French court, was very angry, would never go to it, but set up a *jeu* in her own *salon*.[1]

The marriage of the Comte de Provence in 1771 to a daughter of the King of Sardinia, and of the Comte d'Artois in 1773 to the younger sister of the Comtesse de Provence, brought new life and gaiety to the court and royalty. The young brothers and sisters-in-law, all so near to each other in age, lived in the most intimate companionship. They dined together, except on the days when they were obliged to dine in public, they always met to have supper, and spent the evening generally in the rooms of the Comtesse de Provence. Madame Clotilde and Madame Elisabeth were of course included in their society when they were old enough.

These last marriages were much more popular than that of the Dauphin, the house of Savoy being much more liked in France than that of Habsburg, and Madame

[1] Campan. Barthélemy.

Adélaïde not only showed to the wives of her younger nephews all the favour and affection she refused to the Dauphine, but actually tried to sow dissension between the latter and the Comtesse de Provence in order to establish her influence.

They were all, at the time of the marriage of the Comte d'Artois, between sixteen and nineteen years old, except Mesdames Clotilde and Elisabeth, who were younger still. In spite of the occasional disputes and quarrels between them, which were generally such as might be expected amongst boys and girls of their age, married or not, they were very happy together. One of the diversions they instituted was that of acting amongst themselves all the best plays they saw at the theatres. The only spectator was the Dauphin, the actors his two brothers, their wives, the Dauphine, and MM. Campan, father and son. But as they were afraid Mesdames would consider this amusement improper and the King would forbid it, they took the greatest precautions that no one should know anything about it, and chose a room in an *entresol* at Versailles, where nobody ever went, and where they kept all the stage properties in a large closet. The parts were played in full dress; the Comte de Provence acted very well, the Comte d'Artois tolerably, the Princesses badly. But in all times theatricals are well known to have the tendency to attract young people to each other, and from these dated the first beginning of admiration and love from the Dauphin for the wife to whose fascinating appearance and personality he had hitherto been so strangely indifferent.

One day the Dauphine, having forgotten something in her dressing-room, sent M. Campan down to fetch it. He was rouged and dressed as Crispin, but as a private staircase led down from the *entresol* close to the dressing-room, he imagined himself to be safe. But at the

bottom of the stairs he heard someone moving, and in hopes of being unperceived, remained motionless behind the door, which was opened by a *valet de chambre*, who on being confronted with so strange a figure was so startled that he fell backwards, calling for help. M. Campan picked him up and explained the matter, enjoining the strictest secrecy, but the Dauphine, on hearing what had happened, was afraid they would be found out, and decided that this harmless diversion must be discontinued.[1]

The Comte d'Artois was rather in the habit of making merry at the expense of the Dauphin, especially about his dancing, which left much to be desired.

One evening at a party given by the Comtesse de Provence, the Comte de Provence came in just as they were trying a new *contre-danse*, in which his eldest brother was taking part. The Count laughed; the Dauphin, who wanted to repeat the dance, grew angry and ordered the room to be cleared of several people, including the Comte d'Artois, who in his turn got angry, resisted, and had to be almost dragged out of the room by his alarmed suite. Wrenching himself out of their hands, he ran and got up into one of the galleries, from which, looking down into the *salon*, he hissed the Dauphin just as the *contre-danse* ended.

The Dauphin looked up, saw who it was, ran up in a passion, caught hold of his brother, and either struck or hustled him. The Comte d'Artois called for help; several persons hurried to the scene of disturbance and separated them. The story spread at once through the palace. The Comte d'Artois and his wife cried; the Dauphin, already repenting, looked sorrowful and depressed. The King was told, and sent for the Comte de Provence immediately.

[1] "Mémoires de Louis XVIII."

"It appears," said Louis XV. when his grandson entered, "that my children, having no respect for anything, wish to make themselves a spectacle to France by their disunion, and not satisfied with committing outrages in words, they must needs carry them into action. I am very angry with the Comte d'Artois."

"But, Sire," answered his grandson, "it was he who was attacked."

"Why did he fail in respect to his brother? He forgets that the Dauphin will one day be his King."

"It seems to me, Sire, that the Dauphin should be the last to remind him of that."

The King paused, and then said in a milder tone, "I own that your eldest brother is a little brusque, notwithstanding his good qualities, but it is for you, the most reasonable of my grandsons, to interpose between your brothers. It is the part reserved for you in the future."

He then desired the Comte de Provence to go to the Dauphin from him, to tell him that, however much he was displeased with the conduct of the Comte d'Artois, he would have desired greater self-control on his own part, and that he expected this quarrel to be settled by the Comte de Provence without being obliged to interfere himself.

The Comte de Provence met the Dauphine, who was most anxious to restore peace, and they went together to the Dauphin, who was walking up and down the room in a perturbed state, and when he saw them exclaimed:

"You have come to scold me, and I deserve it. I confess that I acted foolishly; I ought to have laughed instead of getting angry, and you can't reproach me more than I blame myself."

They then proceeded to the rooms of the Comte d'Artois. The Comtesse sprang up and was hurrying away, but the Dauphine ran after her and brought her

back; the Dauphin and the Comte d'Artois embraced each other, and the Comte de Provence returned to their grandfather to announce that the quarrel was at an end.[1]

The tardily awakened affection of the Dauphin for his wife increased from this time, and the three young households went on in tolerable harmony, united by their mutual delight in the pleasures and amusements so natural to their age, and occasionally disturbed by the trifling quarrels, perhaps equally natural, of which the above is a specimen.

Sometimes it was a question of the grandeur and antiquity of their respective houses, fomented by the mischievous folly of Mesdames. The dispute would begin amongst the young princesses, whose husbands would take their parts, though generally the prudence and caution of the Comte de Provence would moderate their anger. Another subject of dispute was the attitude to be observed towards the Comtesse du Barry, to fail in respect to whom was to excite the anger of Louis XV. The Comte de Provence accordingly took care to be on good terms with her and show her many attentions, to the great indignation of the Dauphin, who hated her, as his father and aunts had for years hated all the King's favourites, and who could scarcely treat her with ordinary politeness. The Dauphine agreed with him, though she was less vehement and more careful in her conduct. The Dauphin would remark scornfully to his brother that he wondered he did not wear the colours of the favourite.[2]

The two different schools of music now in vogue, those of Glück and Piccini, were also a fruitful source of dispute and rivalry at the court. "The Dauphine was impatient of contradiction in musical matters. She was a passionate advocate of Glück. A Piccinist was re-

[1] "Mémoires de Louis XVIII." [2] Ibid.

garded by her as a personal enemy." Mme. du Barry, on the other hand, patronised Piccini. The court and city were rent by their factions ; literary persons mixed themselves up in the dispute—pamphlets, epigrams, songs, and caricatures abounded on both sides. It does not appear that any such rivalry existed amongst the painters, about whom the limited space afforded by a sketch like this, necessarily extending over so many years, prevents much being said, but who were very numerous and very characteristic.

There were Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Van Loo, Nattier, Gérard, Gros, Chardin, Greuze, and many another famous painter of beautiful portraits, conventional landscapes, and graceful, charming groups of people sitting in woods or gardens dressed in satin and lace and brocade, with powdered hair and jewels—costumes which were suitable enough for a ball or a festivity at court, but preposterous out of doors in a northern climate. More like fairy scenes than reality, they were still fascinating, and all the details exquisitely painted. David, afterwards regicide and terrorist, was rising into fame ; his pupils,[1] with their heads full of fanatic worship of Greek republics and their studios of bad copies of Greek art, were enthusiastic followers of the most fantastic theories of the Encyclopædists.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Chamfort, d'Alembert, Marmontel, Condorcet, Turgot, Morellet, were pouring forth in speech and writing their atheistic and radical tenets and aspirations. Most of them were to be met with in the *salons* of Mme. du Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin, and a few others of the advanced set called "philosophers," and were rapidly preparing the way for

[1] This does not mean those of David's pupils who were portrait painters, amongst whom were some of the most famous of that day, such as Gérard, Gros, Girardet, &c.

the Revolution, in which many of them were to become the murderers, others the victims, and some both.

Meantime Paris feasted and danced, while far away in the provinces and around the magnificent country palaces and castles of Louis XV. and his courtiers, want and misery prevailed ; the peasants were starving.

Passing a group of peasants carrying a litter as he rode through the forest of Fontainebleau, the King sent to inquire what was the matter with the man being carried.

"Sire, he is dead."

"What did he die of ?"

"Sire, of hunger."

Louis XV. turned without a word and galloped away. Not long after the marriage of the Comte d'Artois, the Marquis de Chauvelin, a gentleman of the King's household and a friend of his childhood, was struck down by apoplexy at his side while he was playing cards with Mme. du Barry.

This blow made a profound impression upon the King and throughout the palace. The next day the King said to the Duc de Richelieu :

"Chauvelin has gone *là-bas* to reserve my place and yours, Marshal."

"Ah ! Sire," replied Richelieu, who always shunned, as well he might, any allusions to a future world, "it is my duty always to give place to your Majesty."

"Upon this occasion, Monsieur le Duc," said the King, laughing, "your age will allow you to dispense with etiquette."

"Believe me, Sire, I do not ask for it." [1]

On March 31, 1774, the Bishop of Sencey preached a powerful sermon in which he inveighed against the corruption of the court and city, which he compared to

[1] "Mémoires de Louis XVIII."

Nineveh. The King, royal family, and court were present, and were astonished at the hardihood with which the preacher spoke, while they shuddered at his denunciations and prophecies. Mme. du Barry complained to the King of the invectives, which, she said, were directed against her and the Duc d'Aiguillon; he replied that the priest spoke according to his profession, but that did not prevent his having the right to choose his friends, and she need have no fear of losing his favour.

Not many weeks afterwards (May, 1774), Louis XV. gave a *petit souper* of the usual kind at Trianon. The party consisted, besides himself, of Mme. du Barry, Mme. de Flavacourt, Mme. de Mirepoix, Mme. de Forcalquier, the Prince de Soubise, the Dukes de Richelieu, d'Aiguillon, de Cossé, de Noailles and de Duras; a brilliant company, in which distinction, grace, beauty and wit combined to throw a radiance over the last banquet of Louis XV., "the feast of Belshazzar."[1] Never had a *petit souper* been more delightful, never the conversation more amusing, the jests and laughter more constant, the gaiety more universal, and when about midnight the King rose to withdraw, no shadow of approaching evil disturbed the merriment of the departing guests, on leaving whom the King went to a *rendez-vous* he had arranged with a beautiful girl in another part of the *château*. The next morning he became suddenly and alarmingly ill, the small-pox was announced by the doctors, who also declared that he had caught it from the young girl, who, without knowing it, was sickening for that terrible malady.

The King was removed to Versailles, where Mesdames Adélaïde, Victoire and Sophie took up their abode by his bedside, to the exclusion of course of Mme. du Barry,

[1] "Mémoires de Louis XVIII."

who was only admitted to a hurried interview while they happened to be out of his room for a few minutes.

He forbade his grandchildren to run the risk of coming near him, and when he understood the gravity of his illness he had a farewell interview with Mme. du Barry, and desired the Duchesse d'Aiguillon to take her to Ruel.

With the deepest grief and most untiring devotion Mesdames watched beside their father, and needed not the letters Mme. Louise kept writing to urge them to avail themselves of all the help and consolations of religion on his behalf. The King's confessor and several other ecclesiastics were summoned; the King made his confession, expressed by the Grand Almoner his repentance and regret for the scandal of his life to those around him, and received the last Sacraments.

Meanwhile everyone waited in anxiety. Who were to be the ministers in the new reign?

The Dauphin, as usual, did nothing but hesitate and procrastinate, the Dauphine was ardently in favour of Choiseul. The Comte de Provence, with his habitual caution, took care neither to compromise himself nor to offend his sister-in-law; Mesdames, unable to see the Dauphin, wrote letters to him, each recommending the candidate she approved of.

They were all strongly opposed to Choiseul, but the minister proposed by Madame Victoire was far superior to the one whose claims were urged by Madame Adélaïde.

In spite of the easy-going nature of the former and the superiority in talent and energy of the latter, Madame Victoire had really the most common sense of the sisters, and was not nearly so blinded by prejudice or so fanatically narrow as Mesdames Adélaïde and Louise; and the person she proposed, M. de Machault, was an old man of austere and incorruptible virtue, with whose experience and probity it would be impossible to tamper.

Madame Adélaïde gave all her support to the Comte de Maurepas, a frivolous, incompetent courtier, who thought much more of making his parties pleasant than of the affairs of government, but who had secured the friendship of Madame Adélaïde, partly by his hatred of Choiseul, partly by flattering and amusing her. He had long corresponded with her, sending her letters full of epigrams, *bons mots*, caricatures and gossip, which pleased her, and he now wrote to apply for her support, while at the same time she received an anonymous letter informing her that Madame Victoire was working for M. de Machault.

This had been discovered by the cabal surrounding Louis XV., of whom the chief members were the Dukes d'Aiguillon, de Richelieu and de Saint-Florentin, whose emissaries, suspecting Madame Victoire's plans, had intercepted and opened her letters before they were delivered to the Dauphin.

Madame Adélaïde, who represented all the most intolerant and extreme ideas of the *ancien régime*, considered that her seniority gave her a sort of domination over her sisters, and looked upon the opposition of Madame Victoire as a sort of rebellion against her authority, which she set to work with all her might to counteract. Either Choiseul or Machault would have been a thousand times better than her *protégé*, and her ultimate success in placing him at the head of the government, which he was absolutely unfit to conduct, was another nail in the coffin of the French monarchy.

It had been agreed between some of the officials of the King's and the young Princes' households that a candle placed in a window of the King's apartments, and visible from those of the Dauphine, should be extinguished upon the death of Louis XV. This took place at three o'clock on the morning of May 10, 1774, and in a few

minutes hurried footsteps approached the Dauphin's rooms to salute Louis XVI., King of France.

The young King and Queen, with the Comtes and Comtesses de Provence and d'Artois, left Versailles for Choisy at daybreak in one of the great state coaches. They took up their abode in the new part of Choisy, the old part being occupied by Mesdames.

Madame Adélaïde at once assumed the right of advising her nephew, and directed all her energies against Choiseul, whose cause was supported vehemently by the Queen, the Duke of Orléans, and the Duchesse de Bourbon. But on the 14th Madame Adélaïde was seized with small-pox, and Mesdames Victoire and Sophie shortly afterwards developed the same malady. Their nephews and nieces were kept away for fear of infection, but the Prince de Condé devoted himself to Madame Adélaïde with such assiduity as to confirm the rumour that he was going to marry her—a project in which he was assisted by the Duc d'Aiguillon and several others.

From her bed of sickness Madame Adélaïde carried on her intrigues, endeavouring to keep in office the Chancellor de Maupeou and Abbé Terray.

"It is the old aunts who are agitating for this masterpiece," writes the Abbé Badeau; "Madame Adélaïde is a sort of minister, the committees are at the Carmelites of St. Denis and with the Archbishop of Paris."

Public feeling was not at all against Choiseul, and the Queen sent for the Duke to La Muette and brought all her influence to bear upon her husband, who might have been induced to accept him but for the intrigue of Mesdames, who not only hated Choiseul, but dreaded the influence of the Queen over the King, which this appointment would confirm. Madame Adélaïde therefore persuaded Louis XVI. that Choiseul had always been the enemy of the royal family, and especially of the late

Dauphin, his father, and so worked upon the vacillating mind of the King that he declared Choiseul should never be his minister.

He kept getting letters from Madame Victoire on behalf of Machault, from Madame Adélaïde on behalf of Maurepas, hesitated, changed his mind, despatched a courier to summon Machault, and before he had started was induced to change his mind, recall him, and send for Maurepas. And thus did the intrigues of Madame Adélaïde and her friends place the direction of affairs in France at a critical time in the hands of the most utterly incompetent of the persons proposed. Madame Adélaïde had done this mischief partly out of hostility to the Queen, and she continued for some time to preserve the greatest influence over her nephew, who consulted her in everything, admitted her to the council, and, it was said, allowed her *un véritable portefeuille*, and permitted her to dispose of places and money until there was a general outcry against the waste and folly of her proceedings. Madame Louise, now called "Sœur Thérèse," was as spiteful as Madame Adélaïde against the Queen, finding fault with every trifle—her dress, her coiffure, her dislike of etiquette, and the fondness for amusement, which they could not understand, never having possessed it themselves, but which was only natural at her age.

Many writers have extolled the saintliness of Sister Thérèse, who was doubtless a woman of sincere religious principles and self-denying austerity of life. But she would have done far better, as M. de Barthélemy truly remarks, if she had been content to live a holy life in the convent she had chosen instead of mixing herself up in all the political intrigues of the day, meddling constantly with matters that did not concern her, and actually helping the unscrupulous schemers she and her sisters collected round them to injure the happiness and reputa-

tion of their niece, between whom and her husband they tried to sow dissension.

Their proceedings at this time rendered them extremely unpopular, and the Abbé Badeau, a moderate, sensible man and distinguished economist, writes of them :

"The old aunts run the risk of getting themselves disgraced and banished from court, all the more as they have neither character nor ideas of their own."

The weak, irresolute Louis XVI. would complain to his wife of the accusations of his aunts, and when she had disproved them, would express his displeasure to them. Then Madame Adélaïde would lose her temper and threaten to retire to Fontevrault.

"I do not advise her to go there," says the Abbé Badeau, "for she would never come back."

Sometimes, after an explanation with the Queen, the King would declare he would separate from his aunts; and on one occasion he went so far as to order the Château de Commercy to be got ready for Madame Adélaïde, whom he proposed to send there with the title of Governess of Lorraine, and accompanied by her two sisters.

"A handsome present would be to give her the Carmelite besides, so that we may be left in peace," remarks the Abbé Badeau.[1]

"Three aunts," writes another; "three old maids, three natural advisers of an easy-going King, active and intolerant, especially the eldest; three champions of all the old usages and customs of royalty. . . . It is the cabal of the Chancellor and the old aunts, who set about these calumnies to ruin that poor Princess [the Queen] and to be the sole masters of the court. It is the old aunts who agitate. That is where the detestable satires against the Queen come from."[2]

[1] Badeau, "Chronique secrète." [2] Cuvillier-Fleury.

In fact, the King's four aunts, or, to speak correctly, Mesdames Adélaïde and Louise, for the two others did not count, pursued the Queen with a daily increasing hatred. The fear of losing her influence had produced in Madame Adélaïde an excitement which made her lose all control.[1]

The clique of which Madame Adélaïde was the head comprised the Dukes of Orléans, Richelieu, Aiguillon, Rohan, the Duchesse de Noailles and Mme. de Marsan, both of whom had been offended by the thoughtless gaiety of Marie Antoinette; all the foes of Choiseul; the Comtesses de Provence and d'Artois, who were influenced by their affection for their aunts and jealousy for their sister-in-law; the Comte de Provence, whose interest was certainly not that the King and Queen should have a son, and even Madame Elisabeth, a mere child, devoted to and ruled by her eldest aunt, who, however, in after years, by her unselfish, heroic devotion, nobly redeemed the error and injustice of earlier times.

They were actually base enough to endeavour so far to ruin Marie Antoinette as to cause her to be sent back to Austria, and mad enough to think they had a chance of succeeding in their iniquitous project. But they overreached themselves and went too far.

One day (July 22, 1778) Madame Adélaïde, accompanied by the Prince de Conti, came to the King with a long list of grievances against the Queen. That he should ever have permitted his aunts to bring accusations against his wife shows what a poor, miserable creature he was; but even his apathy had its limits. He listened in silence, allowed them to withdraw without any reply, and went straight to the Queen, who had just had an impertinent, outrageous letter from "Sœur Thérèse." He told her all that Madame Adélaïde had

[1] Barthélemy.

dared to say, and his tardily-roused indignation was increased by the revelations of the Count de Maurepas, who had lately become more and more disgusted with the proceedings of his late allies and alarmed at the lengths to which they were carrying their violence and animosity. In consequence, he had collected all the songs, pamphlets, and caricatures circulated against the Queen, which he now laid before the King. After severely reproaching Madame Adélaïde, he ordered her to retire with her sisters to Bellevue and not leave it without his permission. He would have been still more severe had not the Queen, with the generosity she always showed, interposed in their favour.

Bellevue was a splendid *château* with beautiful gardens on a slope towards the Seine, between Sèvres and Meudon. The King had before given Choisy to his aunts, to whom Louis XV. had neither given nor bequeathed any estate.

Even at Bellevue the secret intrigues against the Queen still went on, until Louis XVI. interposed a second time, and forbade Madame Louise ever to meddle with political affairs.

Marie Antoinette repaid their attacks with the most noble generosity. It was she who, knowing that they were anxious to have Bellevue, persuaded the King to give it them. She even employed some of her own money to complete the furnishing of it, and caused their pension to be increased.

The conduct of Mesdames to their younger nephews and nieces was very different, and consequently they were always regarded by them with great affection. They also showed considerable interest in and kindness to various illegitimate children of their father. With the Abbé de Bourbon they were always on affectionate terms, and there were five natural daughters of Louis

XV., to each of whom was given four hundred thousand *livres*, when Necker was complaining that there was not a *sou* to be had.

One day a baby was found left at one of the entrances to their *château* with an inscription stating that it was of the blood royal of France. Much perplexed, Mesdames at length decided that it probably belonged to the Comte de Provence or d'Artois, and must be provided for—they therefore undertook the charge of its bringing up. It was supposed afterwards that the Comte de Provence had put it there to play a trick upon his aunts.

CHAPTER IX

Marriage of Madame Clotilde—Birth of Madame Royale—Of the Dauphin—Life at Bellevue—Death of Madame Sophie—Reconciliation with the Queen—Harmony of the royal family—Prosperous life at Bellevue—Approach of the Revolution—Death of Madame Louise—The States General—The attack on Versailles—Horrible scenes—The King and Queen taken to Paris—Mesdames return to Bellevue.

IN 1775 Madame Clotilde, eldest sister of Louis XVI., was married to the son of the King of Sardinia and conducted to Turin by the Comte de Provence, who had represented as proxy the Prince of Piedmont.

Until the end of 1778 the Comte d'Artois was the only one of the three Princes who had children, but in December of that year the Queen gave birth to her first child, Madame Royale, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, and in October, 1781, to the long wished for Dauphin.

Mesdames reappeared at court, and Madame Adélaïde made another attempt to regain her influence. Even after all the experience he had had Louis XVI. was again inclined to consult and listen to her. She had succeeded in obtaining a house called "L'Ermitage," which had been built for Mme. de Pompadour upon ground taken out of the park at Versailles—there she was close at hand. But her return to meddling with government affairs did not last long.

Marie Antoinette was now in a much more secure and powerful position, and was not likely to allow any interference.

The King, at the death of M. de Maurepas, refused to choose the Cardinal de Bernis, whom his aunt desired to recommend, but gave his post to M. de Vergennes.

But Madame Adélaïde actually persuaded her nephew to name her guardian of the Dauphin in case of the absence or illness of the Queen, with the right of appointing the *sous-gouvernante*. This mischief, however, the Queen cancelled, and gave the charge to Mme. de Polignac instead.

The command of a regiment which Madame Adélaïde tried very hard to get for M. de Narbonne was also refused, and, seeing that she would no longer be allowed to interfere in the government of the kingdom nor the private affairs of the King and Queen, she to a great extent relinquished her intrigues and cabals, and occupied herself with her sisters in the management of their estates, in religious practices, ecclesiastical affairs, and works of charity, in which Mesdames all set an excellent example.

Their vehement dislike of Choiseul had arisen from conscientious motives, for they considered him to be irreligious, being an enemy to the Jesuits and suspected of leaning towards the party of the "philosophers," as well as being the friend and partisan of the house of Austria, the rival and supposed enemy of France.

That they should look with horror upon the philosophers, encyclopædists, and persons of different names, but of atheistic principles, who were so rapidly increasing in France, was not to be wondered at. Theories and principles which a few years ago would have been looked upon with abhorrence were now openly proclaimed; everywhere the spirit of lawlessness and

irreligion was rapidly spreading; everywhere were to be met young men, well-meaning, generous, and credulous, longing to remove the evils they saw and knew by other evils of which they knew nothing, believing the specious arguments, preposterous opinions, and utopian visions of fanatics and dreamers who foretold an era of universal prosperity and happiness; and others who waited in secret impatience for the reign of plunder and bloodshed they were all consciously or unconsciously helping to bring about.

More fortunate than her sisters, Madame Sophie died in March, 1782, after a few days' illness. Not long before, she and Madame Adélaïde had bought together the *château* and estate of Louvois, in Champagne, which now belonged to Adélaïde alone. They used to go there occasionally, and were much beloved for their charity, the good they did, and the improvements they made. But their chief residence and home was Bellevue, which was a magnificent place. Delicious gardens, with terraces down to the Seine, fountains, cascades, grottoes, statues, and thickets of forest trees; the *château* decorated by Boucher, Vanloo, Vernet, and other of the favourite artists of the reign of Louis XV.; a theatre, a music saloon, an orangery—everything to make their lives pleasant as well as magnificent. Here they must have passed their days much more agreeably than they did during their father's reign—in this delightful home, which was entirely their own, where they were absolutely free and unfettered. They had a little court and households composed of persons many of whom bore the greatest names in France. Each had a bishop for her *premier aumônier*, five other *aumôniers*, and a confessor, a *dame d'honneur*, a *dame d'atours*, thirteen other ladies, besides equerries, secretaries, and various other officers.

Mme. de Boigne remarks that Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire were deeply grieved by the death of Madame Sophie, whom they loved much better than Madame Louise.

Madame Sophie, amongst other things, was dreadfully afraid of thunderstorms, and on one occasion, when she was visiting the Comte and Comtesse de Provence, who wanted to get away to go to the opera, the Comte de Provence assured her that a storm was coming on, and caused a barrel to be rolled about the floor overhead, which was so good an imitation of thunder that his aunt got up and hurried home at once, lest she should be caught in the storm.

The two remaining sisters continued to live at Bellevue, where their court was called "*la vieille cour*," and where they received frequent visits from their nephews and nieces, who would send a courier a few minutes before their arrival to say they were coming to dinner. Greater preparations were always made when the guest was the Comte de Provence, who was much more particular than the rest. The ladies and chief officers of the two households dined with Mesdames at two o'clock; there were often twenty or thirty people at the table. At five each went to her own apartment until eight, when they met again, and after supper spent the evening together. Many people came from Versailles and Paris, and they generally played loto, at which they often cheated. The Princesses and their ladies also worked in the evenings, and there was freedom enough to make them pleasant.

When they were at Versailles Madame Adélaïde attended Mass every morning in the chapel, Madame Victoire in her own oratory; they spent their mornings together, dined together alone; at six o'clock the *jeu de Mesdames* went on in the *appartement* of Madame

Adélaïde; it was always loto, and the Princes and Princesses were often there, as well as many members of the court. At nine all the royal family met at supper in the *appartement* of the Comte de Provence; the King was always displeased if any of them were absent. The Comte d'Artois used to be considerably bored by these suppers, where, however, everyone was quite at ease, court gossip and family interests were freely discussed, and there was plenty of liveliness and gaiety.

Louis Stanislas Xavier, Comte de Provence, was by far the most capable and reasonable of the King's brothers. For some time his marriage had been a harmonious one, though it was now disturbed by the passion which he so long entertained for the Comtesse de Balbi, one of the ladies of the Comtesse de Provence, whose jealousy was aroused by his attentions to her, but to whom he always showed all the respect and consideration possible under the circumstances, and with whom he lived upon good terms. The Comtesse de Provence was plain, but graceful and intelligent.

The Comte d'Artois was extravagant and dissipated to an extent that often drew upon him the anger of the King; both he and the Comtesse d'Artois were the subjects of constant gossip and scandal.

The Queen, beautiful and charming, was now supreme in the King's affection, devoted to her children, on friendly terms with her brothers and sisters in-law and aunts, eager to amuse herself, and enjoying all the pleasures of her surroundings. The King had given her Le petit Trianon—he had, in fact, offered her the other Trianon as well, but she had only accepted the former. Here she entertained her special friends with an entire absence of ceremony; in fact, the harmless informal parties she gave there were made the subjects of atrocious calumnies against her by

her enemies and traducers. The enormous expense of the *fêtes* given by her and by the Comte d'Artois, and the passion for gambling in which she and the thoughtless young courtiers spent such extravagant sums, were the cause of complaint and remonstrances from the King and the ministers, who were alarmed at the disastrous condition of the national finances. Madame Adélaïde at one time joined the Queen in an attempt to persuade the King of the disastrous and dangerous projects of the Contrôleur Général Calonne, but no matter who was the Minister of Finance, no lasting or sufficient reformation was carried out. Turgot, Calonne, Necker, one after the other tried in vain to stem the tide; Louis XVI. inaugurated reforms, recalled the parliaments, as his grandfather had foretold,[1] and certainly on his own part spent no money and set no bad example. The amusements of his wife, brothers, and sisters-in-law were uncongenial to him, and his chief pleasure was to shut himself up in a workshop, making locks and keys, thereby exciting the contempt of his court and subjects, to whom his virtues and faults were equally ridiculous.

The revolutionary tide was increased and helped on by the English and American war, in which some of the enthusiastic, visionary young French nobles must needs mix themselves up. Lafayette, de Noailles, de Ségur and others joined the American troops, in spite of the prohibition of the King, who forbade his subjects to fight in a quarrel with which France had no concern against a nation with whom she was on friendly terms.

[1] Mme. du Barry had a portrait of Charles I. of England by Vandyck hanging in her room, and pointing to it one day, she observed to Louis XV., "*La France*" (her name for the King), "ton parlement te fera aussi couper la tête."

But in spite of the threatening clouds gathering around them, the splendour, luxury, and prosperity of the twelve or fourteen years of the life of Mesdames at Bellevue contrasted terribly with their lot in the evil days to come.

As the forecast became more and more menacing, they perceived too late the suicidal folly of which they had been guilty in uniting themselves with the enemies of the monarchy and assisting their evil designs, especially against the Queen. Under the influence of the peril which became every day more apparent, they were induced by natural feeling to cast aside their former regrettable animosities, and to make common cause with those from whose interests they ought never to have separated themselves.[1]

Alarmed by the general distress and financial confusion, they increased their charities, and, like many others, sent their plate several times to the *Monnaie;* but all this was useless as a drop in the ocean.

The death of Madame Louise in 1787,[2] at the Carmelite convent of Saint-Denis, spared her the fate of her family, so soon to be dispersed and destroyed by prison, murder, or exile.

It is probable that the austerities she practised, notwithstanding her delicate constitution, accelerated her death, and one cannot but feel that if she had taken common and reasonable precautions, and refrained from mixing herself up with court intrigues and attacking the happiness and reputation of her sister-in-law, it would have been better for herself, for the cause of religion, and for everyone concerned. However, she undermined her health by unnecessary fatigues and hardships, and when seized with a violent attack of

[1] "Mesdames de France," E. de Barthélemy.
[2] November 25, 1787.

LOUISE, SIXTH DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.

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inflammation, insisted on getting up and attending the services of the Church, refusing to take anything the doctors ordered. She expressed joy at the prospect of leaving this world, and a moment before her death exclaimed, as if speaking to her coachman, "To Paradise! quick, quick! gallop!" These were her last words.[1]

The Comtesse de Boigne, whose mother belonged to the household of Madame Adélaïde, and who spent her early childhood with the royal family, says in her memoirs: "My parents ended by spending all the summer at Bellevue; my room was on the ground floor, looking on to the courtyard. Every day Madame Adélaïde took long walks to inspect her workmen. She would call me as she passed; they would put on my hat (or bonnet) and I would climb out of the window and go with her without any nurse. She was always followed by a number of *valets* and a little carriage drawn by a horse, which was led, into which she never got, but which I often occupied. . . . I had for rival and friend a great white poodle, very intelligent, who went with us for these walks. If there was mud in the road they put him in a large linen sack, and he was carried by two men attached to his service."[2] He had a red velvet couch in the *château*, and, when cakes and biscuits were thrown on the floor and the child and dog were scrambling for them together, Madame Adélaïde, in the long violet gown she always wore at Bellevue, would put herself on her knees and join in the scrimmage.

"I often met the King in the gardens of Versailles, and whenever I saw him in the distance I ran to him.

[1] "Au Paradis! vite, vite! au grand galop!" (Campan).
[2] Récits d'une Tante" (Comtesse de Boigne).

One day I did not do so as usual, and when he had me called, I arrived in tears.

"'What is the matter, my little Adèle?'

"'It is your horrid guards, Sire, who try to kill my dog because he runs after your chickens.'

"'I promise you that shall not happen again,' replied Louis XVI., and he gave orders that Mdlle. d'Osmond's dog was not to be molested." [1]

The opening of the States General,[2] welcomed by the enthusiastic young liberals as the dawn of an era of prosperity, by the revolutionists as the beginning of the Revolution, was dreaded and deprecated by most prudent and far-sighted persons. "My father," says Mme. de Boigne, "did not deceive himself as to the gravity of the state of things. The ceremony of the opening of the States General was solemn and accompanied by magnificence, which attracted to Versailles foreigners from all parts of Europe. My mother, in full court dress, sent to tell my father she was ready to start. Not seeing him come, she went to his room and found him in his dressing-gown.

"'Make haste,' she said, 'we shall be late.'

"'No,' replied he, 'I am not going; I don't wish to see that unfortunate man abdicate.'

"That evening Madame Adélaïde was speaking of the fine *coup d'œil* of the hall, and turned to my father for some detail; he replied that he did not know.

"'Where were you placed?'

"'I was not there, Madame.'

"'Were you ill then?'

"'No, Madame.'

"'What? when people came from such distances to be present at that ceremony, you would not even trouble yourself to cross a street!'

[1] Comtesse de Boigne.

[2] May 5, 1789.

"'I don't like funerals, Madame, and not that of the monarchy better than any other.'

"'And I don't like that any one of your age should think himself wiser than everyone else,' said Madame Adélaïde as she turned away.

". . . He had no confidence in Necker. He thought him disposed to place the King upon an inclined plane, not with the intention of pushing him down it, but with the presumptuous idea that he alone could prevent his fall, and that he would thus render himself necessary."

The Duchesse d'Abrantès, in her memoirs, relates the alarm and disapproval of her father, M. Permon, on the meeting of the States General, to which he also refused to go: "Everyone seemed to be animated by the same joyful confidence, well-dressed women waving their handkerchiefs, the people cheering frantically as the deputies passed; everywhere a scene of enthusiasm . . . but Albert remarked the sullen hostile faces of the deputies of the *tiers-état*, and thought of his father's words. On their return he told him his impression, which M. Permon repeated next day to Necker, of whom he was a friend, saying, 'Ah! what a mistake they have made in convoking that assembly in such a stormy time as this!'—to which Necker replied:

"'It is not my fault, and yet I am responsible.'"[1]

Louis XV. had always entertained the greatest horror of the re-establishment of the States General, and on one occasion when it was suggested that it might be necessary had vehemently exclaimed: "Never repeat those words! I am not bloodthirsty, but if I had a brother and he were capable of offering such advice I would sacrifice him in twenty-four hours to the duration of the monarchy and the tranquillity of the kingdom."[2]

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès." [2] Campan.

Madame Adélaïde soon found that her rejoicings were premature. The Revolution was coming quickly. The States General were assembled in May, 1789, and by the end of the summer the condition of the country had become so alarming that, not feeling themselves safe at Bellevue, Mesdames removed to Versailles, where, on the fatal days of October, they witnessed the attack of the furious mob upon the palace. The Comte d'Artois, his wife and children and a number of others had left the country in June, the Bastille had been attacked and destroyed in July, and of what happened in October Mme. de Boigne writes: "My parents lodged near the palace. . . . I do not know who it was that came and warned my father whilst he was at table of the too well-founded reports that began to circulate. He went at once to the palace; my mother was to join him at the time of the *jeu de Mesdames*. But soon after his departure the streets were inundated with people horrible to behold, uttering frantic cries, to which was joined the sound of firing in the distance. What we could hear of their talk was even more frightful than their appearance. . . . All communication with the palace was cut off. Night came on, my mother established herself in a dark room close to the *jalousie*, trying to make out, by the words she could hear, what was going on. . . . I fell asleep; they laid me on a sofa, and she decided to go out to try to get information. . . . She went to several gates of the palace but could not get in. At last she found a man of the *garde nationale*, who recognised her and said, 'Go home, Madame la Marquise; you must not be seen in the streets. I cannot let you in, my *consigne* is too strict. Besides, you would gain nothing; you would be stopped at every door. You have nothing to fear for those belonging to you, but there will not be a *garde du corps* left to-morrow morning.' This was at nine o'clock in

the evening, before the massacres began. . . . She went home in consternation. . . . At midnight my father arrived . . . to wish us goodbye and get some money. He ordered his horses to be saddled and taken by a roundabout way to Saint-Cyr. His brother, the Abbé d'Osmond, who accompanied him, was to go with them and wait for him there. They hurriedly changed their court costumes for travelling dresses, my father loading his pistols while my mother sewed all the gold she could find in the house into two belts, which she made them put on ; it was the affair of about half an hour, and they were gone. . . ." [1]

Mesdames meanwhile had waited in the *salon* of Madame Adélaïde, into which most of their household had crowded. Outside roared the terrible sound of the *tocsin*, the roll of drums, the firing, and the shouts and cries of the frantic mob. The *appartement* being on the ground floor, the shutters were closed. Mesdames in the midst of these horrors remained calm and full of courage, Madame Adélaïde remarking :

" We will teach them how to die."

Lafayette and his national guard were expected from Paris, the King was shut up with the ministers, and even then there were those who declared there was nothing to fear. Mme. de Staël, in the *Œil-de-bœuf*, with a large *bouquet* in her hand, did nothing but laugh.[2]

It was no laughing matter, however. Lafayette arrived as pale as death, went to the King, got him to sign certain decrees and to consent to be escorted to Paris the next day by the Parisian volunteers.[3]

If the King and royal family had left the day before, as they intended, for Rambouillet, they might have escaped,

[1] Comtesse de Boigne.
[2] " Mémoires de la Marquise de la Rochejaquelein."
[3] Idem.

but the orders for the carriages had been given with all the usual ceremony and publicity, and were known to everybody; the populace crowded round the stables and would not allow the carriages to be taken out, while Necker, who heard of it, came and persuaded the King to give it up. "To ride to Rambouillet on a troop-horse, although he was accustomed to ride twenty leagues out hunting, would have seemed an extremity impossible to contemplate; and here, as at Varennes, the chances of safety were lost by the princely habits which were a second nature to the royal family of France." [1]

Lulled into false security by the promises of Lafayette and his friends, most of the royal family went to bed, hoping that the worst was over, while the furious mob outside lighted bonfires in the streets, round which they danced the *Carmagnole*, singing and shouting horrible blasphemies, and looking like devils in the glare of the flames.

About five o'clock in the morning they began to massacre the *gardes du corps* and fire at the windows of the palace; these horrors went on for some hours, after which it was announced that the royal family were to set off for Paris, and the gates were opened. "My mother went at once to her Princess [Madame Adélaïde]; she found the two sisters, Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire, in their room on the ground floor, all the shutters closed, and only one candle lighted. . . . She asked them why they voluntarily made so sad a day still more gloomy. 'My dear,' replied Madame Adélaïde with perfect calmness and gentleness, 'it is to prevent their firing at us, as they did this morning.' In fact, that morning all their windows had been fired at; there was not a pane of glass unbroken. My mother stayed with them till the moment of departure. . . . My parents rejoined

[1] Mme. de la Rochejaquelein.

them next day at Bellevue."[1] So writes the Comtesse de Boigne, whose mother was one of Madame Adélaïde's ladies.

The Marquise de la Rochejaquelein, whose mother was in the household of Madame Victoire, continues her recollections : "When the rioters rushed into the courtyards, the *rue des Réservoirs* was left deserted. My mother and I took advantage of this to leave the palace and escape with trembling to a little lodging the Comte de Crenay had in the town. Several others took refuge there, amongst them some officers of the *garde du corps*. Presently we heard firing and a general cannonade, which went on for half an hour. At first we thought they were attacking the *château*, but they came and put an end to our terror by telling us that it was a sign of rejoicing, that the King had appeared on a balcony wearing the tricolor cockade, and announced that he would live at Paris, and there was universal rejoicing. We returned to Mesdames. I made them some cockades of ribbon . . . they got into their carriage ; the Duchesse de Narbonne-Lara, my aunt de Chastellux, my mother and I, were with them. The carriage followed that of the King, but at a great distance ; it was soon separated by an immense crowd, and even by other carriages. . . . More than two thousand carriages followed the King. . . . The road from Versailles to Paris was the scene of fearful disorder : everyone was in confusion ; one saw bands of men and women like maniacs ; there were constant cries of *Vive la nation*—and shots were fired every minute."

They followed the King's carriage as far as Sèvres, and then turned off towards Bellevue, where they arrived five hours after leaving Versailles. They had permission to live there, and a guard of a hundred men was left for their protection.

[1] Comtesse de Boigne.

CHAPTER X

Last days at Bellevue—The approach of danger—Escape by night—A perilous journey—Over the frontier—Met by the Comte d'Artois—Turin—Bologna—Rome—Four dogs—Escape of the Comte and Comtesse de Provence—Capture of the King and Queen, Madame Elisabeth, Madame Royale, and the Dauphin—Peaceful years spent in Rome—Approach of French troops—Retire to Caserta—Three years there—French troops again—Hardships of travelling—Trieste—Death of Madame Victoire—Of Madame Adélaïde.

AGAIN Mesdames found themselves at their beloved Bellevue, but all peace and happiness in their life was at an end. Being perfectly aware that they were not safe there and that their only hope of security was to leave France, they decided upon Rome as their future residence, and were most anxious to take their niece, Madame Elisabeth, with them.

M. de Narbonne, *chevalier d'honneur* to Madame Adélaïde, was charged by her to see that young princess at Paris and induce her to consent. But he found Madame Elisabeth, though very much alarmed at the rapidly increasing dangers and horrors with which they were surrounded, quite determined not to leave the King, to whom she had always been devoted, and the Queen, for whom she had now an affection stronger than all her former prejudices. They had to make up their minds to start without her.

The year they had spent at Bellevue since the terrible scenes at Versailles was full of uneasiness and sadness ;

but after they had resolved on leaving their home, they had the greatest difficulty in getting permission to do so. The tyranny of the Revolution already lay heavy upon the land : no one's life was safe, no one was free to come and go, the most harmless actions of the most inoffensive persons were spied upon and denounced by those who owed them a grudge, who coveted their property, or who sought to curry favour with the furious mob now terrorising France.

At length, after protracted and wearisome delays, after permission granted and then withdrawn on some outrageous pretext, permission was obtained from the revolutionary authorities, whom Mirabeau had harangued in their favour.

In was in February, 1791 ; they were then in Paris, where they had come *incognito* to see the royal family ; but it was resolved that they should return to Bellevue and start from there as quietly as possible.

They hurried back there accordingly, and preparations were made in a few hours, for the Comte de Virieu, Colonel of the Royal-Limousin regiment, had heard that a mob was coming from Paris to prevent the departure of the Princesses. All was ready by the evening, and the Comte de Virieu, who was the son of one of Madame Victoire's ladies, made Mesdames get into the carriage of a lady who had come to visit them. Just as they were starting an unknown man came up to Madame Adélaïde, who had the key of the park gate, and offered to open it to save her the trouble, which she declined, and drove off with her sister and the Duchesse de Narbonne, Count Louis de Narbonne, and eighteen persons of their suite following in other carriages. The coachmen were ordered to drive slowly till they reached the high road to Fontainebleau, when Mesdames got into other carriages and set off at full speed. They were only just in

time, as they left the *château* the mob arrived there. The infuriated populace, finding their victims had escaped and prevented by a troop of soldiers under Berthier from sacking Bellevue, succeeded until March 24th in retaining their luggage, which was only allowed to go on that day.

It was ten o'clock on the night of February 29, 1791, when Adélaïde and Victoire, the two last remaining daughters of Louis XV., fled in peril of their lives from the kingdom of their father. For the last time they stopped at Fontainebleau, the palace in which they had lived in splendour at their parents' court; the forest in which they had hunted, and driven and ridden with the brother and sisters who, by their early deaths, had been fortunate enough to escape the fate which had overtaken themselves. Madame Victoire shed many tears as they passed through the familiar places and by the well-known landmarks; but Madame Adélaïde neither cried nor spoke, but sat like a stone, as if the power of speech had left her.

Changing horses, they went on to Moret, and there the revolutionary officials pretended to find some irregularity in their passports and decided to detain them. When they remonstrated a crowd of ruffians collected round the carriage with horrible threats and cries of "*A la lanterne!*" The national guards were about to join them, when fortunately a hundred of the loyal *Chasseurs de Lorraine*, then quartered at Fontainebleau, happening to come up, charged the populace, opened the gates of the town, and forced the miscreants to relinquish their prey. They proceeded on their journey until at Arnay-le-duc they were again arrested, and this time they were kept prisoners for eleven days, until a mandate from the Assembly at Paris arrived for their liberation. They lived at the *presbytère*, guarded by the Jacobins, and were visited every day by some royalist ladies of the place, and

played piquet and trictrac in the evenings with the *curé* of Arnay. Their linen had to be washed at night, as they had no luggage.[1]

Delivered from the clutches of the tigers, Mesdames had only one wish : to get safely over the frontier. They hurried on, declining even to stop at Lyon, where the population was loyal and anxious to receive them well ; and meeting at other places with threats and insults, they

[1] This contemptible persecution of two harmless old ladies gave rise to an amusing effusion in one of the papers at Paris, which declared that from some speech made by Marat and misunderstood by the populace they had become possessed by the idea that Mesdames had stolen the shirts of that demagogue ; that in consequence of this the patriots of Arnay *ci-devant*-le-duc had arrested them ; that they had been obliged to get out of their carriage and been confronted with the civic authorities of that town, with their black clothes, scarfs, wigs, and solemnity, demanding of Mesdames, to the air of "Rendez-moi mon écuelle bois"—

"Donnez-nous les chemises
A Marat ;
Donnez-nous les chemises
Nous savons à n'en douter pas
Que vous les avez prises !"

That Madame Adélaïde replied :

"Je n'ai point les chemises
A Marat ;
Je n'ai point les chemises ;
Cherchez, messieurs les magistrats,
Cherchez dans nos valises."

Madame Victoire.

"Avait-il des chemises,
Marat ?
Avait-il des chemises ?
Moi, je crois qu'il n'en avait pas,
Où les aurait-il prises ?"

Officials.

"Il en avait trois grises,
Marat ;
Il en avait trois grises,
Avec l'argent de son fatras
Sur le Pont-Neuf acquises."

saw at last before them the bridge of Beauvoisin, which many a fugitive was soon to look on with delight as the passage from death to life. Shouts and cries of hostility arose from the French bank of the stream as they drove on to the bridge of safety, but at the other side waited the soldiers of the King of Sardinia, the thunder of whose guns proclaimed their safety.

Escorted by them they arrived safely at Chambéry, where they rested for three days in the palace and then set off to cross the Mont-Cenis. Four hundred soldiers had been sent to clear away the snow for their passage, which at such a season was one of risk and difficulty ; at the foot of the pass was their nephew, the Comte d'Artois, who conducted them to Turin, where they were received with great honour by the King of Sardinia, the Queen, and all the court.

They were welcomed with great joy and affection by their niece, Madame Clotilde, soon afterwards Queen of Sardinia, no longer "le gros Madame," for she had grown very thin. Thankful for the escape of her aunts and her youngest brother, she was in the deepest anxiety for her sister and two brothers in France ; and the austerity of her religion had combined with the grief and anxiety for her family to separate her from the pleasures and interests of ordinary society. She dressed with the utmost simplicity, cut her hair short, and when, later on, Mesdames wished to have her portrait painted by the celebrated Mme. Le Brun, she replied that she was sorry to disappoint them, but having renounced the world she could not have her portrait painted.

From Turin Mesdames went to Bologna, where all the chief *émigrés*, who were already flocking to the Italian cities, came to see them, amongst others the Duke and Duchess de Polignac and Calonne. Also one of the most fervent enemies of the Revolution, Ferdinand,

King of Naples and Sicily, also a Bourbon and a cousin.

After spending some time in Bologna they went on to Rome, where they found splendid arrangements had been made by the Pope for them, and proceeded to establish themselves in the palace which for the present, at any rate, was to be their home.

Those who know the great Roman palaces, with their vast rooms, lofty halls, corridors, broad marble staircases, galleries and colonnades, ancient gardens with fountains, statues, groves of orange-trees, tall solemn cypress and ilex, and thickets of roses and camellias, understand what an enchanting home could be made there, especially in those days, before the ravages and greed of the modern Italians had desecrated and destroyed the beauty and charm of the Eternal City, sweeping away delicious gardens and ancient monuments with the same ruthless vandalism. Rome was then the resort of the cultured and learned of all nations, the Roman nobles were in their ancient state and prosperity, and the Papal court in its supreme power. It was a picturesque and delightful existence for those who loved art, antiquity, a delicious climate and beautiful surroundings, and Mesdames might well have been happy there, in the centre of the religion to which they were devoted, if it had not been for their fearful anxiety for their country and those dear to them, and also for the ever-increasing financial difficulties.

They were received by the Pope and society with the greatest honour; everyone, Roman or foreign, came to their little court; the *émigrés*, by whom Rome was soon crowded, gathered round them. The King and Queen of Naples came to see them, on their way home to Naples from Austria, where they had been spending some time. Queen Carolina was a daughter of the Empress Maria

Theresia, her two eldest daughters were married to the two eldest sons of her brother, the Emperor Leopold, and she was the most ardent supporter of the royalist cause. Marie Antoinette was her favourite sister; the thought of her danger, which the accounts given her by Mesdames made still more evident and alarming, urged the Queen of Naples on in the preparations and warlike plans of which she was the heart and soul.

The magnificent churches and ceremonies, the picture galleries, the statues, the ruins and monuments of antiquity were a never ceasing delight to Mesdames, who would also drive out into the country and, leaving their carriage, would wander about in freedom, talking to the shepherds and labourers.

And many people will understand and sympathise with their joy when, soon after their arrival, a young man came from Versailles, bringing with him their four favourite dogs.

Amongst the French refugees prevailed, of course, the intensest anxiety for news of those they had left in France, and news just then was most difficult to obtain. It travelled slowly, and what became known was insufficient, and often so confused as to convey very little idea of what was really going on. The state of things in France was far more terrible than was known for a considerable time, for people living in the midst of spies and denunciations dared not put into private letters anything which might cost their own or their friends' lives, supposing the correspondence were intercepted.

At last a courier appeared with the news of the escape of the royal family. Rome was illuminated; crowds came before the palace of Mesdames shouting "*Vive le Roi;*" the Pope sent his congratulations to Louis XVI., to be delivered on the banks of the Rhine; Mesdames gave a great dinner to all the chief personages of Rome.

The famous portrait painter, Mme. Le Brun, had been one of their first visitors. They had known her well and been fond of her in the brilliant days at Versailles, when it was the height of fashion to have a portrait painted by her. She had painted Marie Antoinette over and over again, and nearly every one of the royal family, with whom her affection and loyalty had so identified her that she had been obliged to escape for her life among the first of the emigration ; but, unlike the rest, her exile was one long scene of triumph, enjoyment, and success. At Rome, Naples, Vienna, St. Petersburg, wherever she went, riches and honours were at her feet—her portraits were in as great request as at Paris. She was now painting those of Mesdames, and Madame Victoire said to her : " I have just received news which fills me with joy. I hear the King has escaped from France, and I have just written to him, only addressing the letter 'To His Majesty the King of France.' They will know very well where to find him."

Then came the news that dashed their hopes to the ground. The Comte and Comtesse de Provence, indeed, who had separated and taken proper precautions, had escaped, and were safe at Brussels ; the King, who had insisted on making the attempt in company with his whole family and several attendants, had, after a succession of mistakes, been recaptured and taken back to Paris with his helpless companions.

For five years Mesdames remained at Rome, their peace and tranquillity only disturbed by the terrible events in France. At the end of that time the spreading of the revolutionary movement throughout Italy and the approach of the French troops made that city no longer safe for them.

They removed, therefore, to the kingdom of Naples, where, under the protection of Ferdinando and Carolina,

they spent three more tranquil years in the magnificent palace of Caserta, within a few miles of the capital, in enchanting scenery. Then came the revolution at Naples. The King and Queen with their family fled to Sicily, and left a letter offering them an escort to Manfredonia, whence they could embark either for Palermo or Trieste. They chose Trieste, but found the frigate they expected had gone. Fatigued with the journey in inclement weather, they stayed for a few days at Foggia, ill-received by the president of the tribunal, after which they were forced to leave that town, and on January 5, 1799, they travelled with many hardships and delays to Bari. Either Nelson or the Russian admiral would have taken them, but owing to the delays and difficulties of the journey they missed both, and in order to escape from the French were obliged to embark hastily on board a small *trabaccolo*, just in time, as they left the harbour, to see the inhabitants assuming the hated tricolor cockade.

After serious dangers from storms and the enemy, and many long weary days spent amidst the greatest hardships on board the little vessel, either out at sea or in or outside some port at which they dared not land, they arrived at Brindisi, whence Admiral Outschakoff took them on a frigate to Corfu. There they were received with every honour, and might have stayed indefinitely, but the health of Madame Victoire, which had for some time been declining, was terribly affected by the fatigue and hardships she had undergone. Madame Adélaïde had, through it all, preserved admirable courage and cheerfulness; but they were anxious to get to Trieste, where they hoped to find good doctors and everything necessary for an invalid. Therefore, after resting for some time, they sailed again on a frigate with an escort, and arrived at Trieste on the 19th of May, after a prosperous voyage of four days.

The firing of guns and the appearance of all the chief persons of the town greeted their arrival, and for the first few days Madame Victoire seemed to be better. But the malady had been increased by all she had suffered, and she died on the 8th of June, at the age of sixty-seven. Madame Adélaïde did not long survive her : she lived in retirement at Trieste until the following February, and died on the 18th of that month, 1800.

But in the end, when their nephew, Louis XVIII., ascended the throne, Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire were brought back to France and buried near their sisters at Saint-Denis.

III

MARIA LUISA, INFANTA OF SPAIN

DAUGHTER OF CARLOS IV., WIFE OF CARLO LODOVICO OF PARMA, KING OF ETRURIA

MARIA LUISA, DAUGHTER OF CARLOS IV., KING OF SPAIN.
QUEEN OF ETRURIA, DUCHESS OF LUCCA

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CHAPTER I

The Infanta Maria Luisa—Bourbon and Habsburg—The royal family of Spain—The Spanish court and society—Madrid—The Escorial—Aranjuez—La Granja—"I do not want to be a nun"—Conduct of the Queen—Manuel Godoï—Rivals.

MARIA LUISA CARLOTTA, the second daughter of Carlos IV. de Bourbon, King of Spain, was born July 5, 1782. Her mother, after whom she was named, was also a Bourbon princess, being the sister of the Duke of Parma, who, as well as the Spanish Kings, descended from Philippe V., grandson of Louis XIV.

With the exception of England and Russia, all the most powerful States of Europe, and most of the lesser ones, were ruled by the families of Bourbon and Habsburg. France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Naples, Sicily, the minor Italian States, and the Netherlands (now Holland and Belgium), were under the sway of different members of these two races, who strengthened themselves by continual alliances with each other; in consequence of which, at the end of the eighteenth century the reigning families of all these countries were, as I say, more or less nearly related to each other. Maria Theresia, Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary, and ruler of the Austrian provinces, the Milanese, and the Netherlands, had taken such care to carry out this plan by the marriages of her children, that besides her eldest son, the Emperor Joseph II., her associate and successor in her own vast dominions, her younger children, sons

or daughters, reigned in France, Naples and Sicily, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Cologne, nearly all of them with Bourbon husbands or wives.

The constant intermarriages of the Bourbon, however, which had gone on for generations, had proved extremely injurious, both physically and mentally, to their descendants, and the Spanish Bourbons were worse than any of the other branches of their family. The elder brother of Carlos IV. was an idiot, incapable of succeeding his father, and Carlos IV. himself was a weak, foolish, contemptible individual, entirely governed by the Queen and her infamous favourite—Manuel Godoï.

Maria Luisa, Queen of Spain, was an unscrupulous woman, of loose morals and violent passions. She had a far worse disposition and greater capacity than her husband and was exceedingly handsome, though there was something sinister in her dark, weird beauty, enhanced by the black lace mantilla, indispensable to a Spanish woman, which fell over her head and shoulders.

None of her daughters inherited her beauty. Maria Amalia, Maria Luisa, and Isabel were all very small and plain, but Maria Luisa, unlike her sisters, was clever, lively, and amusing; she had good eyes, and her dark Southern face, if ugly, was full of expression.

Her elder sister, Maria Amalia, was a dull, melancholy girl; the youngest, Isabel, who afterwards married the Prince Royal of Naples, was, as her sister-in-law remarked, very short and "as round as a ball," besides being so stupid and ignorant that after her marriage even her husband and father-in-law, Ferdinando IV. and Francesco, King and Prince of Naples, begged her sister-in-law, the Princess Amélie, to try to give her a little instruction.[1]

Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, added to all the

[1] "A Sister of Marie Antoinette" (Bearne).

weakness of his father's character various bad qualities and vices not possessed by that monarch : the younger sons were Carlos, Antonio, and Francisco, the last-named said to be the son of Manuel Godoï.

It was not an attractive or admirable family circle, that of the royal family of Spain, but Carlos IV. was good-natured and easy-going, and both he and the Queen were very fond of all their children except the Prince of the Asturias, between whom and the Queen, his mother, stood the detestable figure of Manuel Godoï.

Between the Prince of the Asturias and the insolent favourite burned the most bitter hatred, and Godoï, furious at the opposition and contempt shown him by the heir to the throne, lost no opportunity of sowing discord between that young prince and his parents.

To her family, in spite of their unfortunate tendencies and characters, Maria Luisa was warmly attached ; and the mediæval customs, rigid etiquette, and intolerable restrictions which condemned Spanish women to what was, in fact, little better than a life of slavery, and resembled Oriental more than Western conditions of existence, had not the power to destroy her love of her country or weigh down her buoyant spirits.

During the childhood and early youth of Maria Luisa the ancient manners and customs of Spain were still unchanged. The Duchesse d'Abrantès, writing of the time when she arrived there with her husband, then French ambassador, on their way to Portugal, remarks : "Nothing can be compared to the first view of a country so strangely opposed to our own in customs, language, and manners. England, separated from us by the Channel, differs far less from our country than does Spain from the last village of France upon the opposite bank of the Bidassoa." [1]

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès," t. v. p. 258.

The life and manners of the Spanish court were very much the same as they had been under Philippe V., grandfather of Carlos IV.,[1] who had introduced at the court of Madrid most of the elaborate and stately ceremonial of his grandfather, Louis XIV., at Versailles.

Society at Madrid, intensely national and conservative, was characterised by a picturesqueness and local colour which few of the European capitals even at that time possessed.

In their pride and splendour of descent the nobles of Austria and Spain stood first in Europe.

The Duke of Infantado, for instance, possessed eight duchies and twenty-seven different peerages. Their palaces were magnificent, but generally most uncomfortable.

The travelling arrangements, up to the time of the Peninsula War, were the same as in 1680. The travelling carriages, *fourgons*, &c., were drawn by mules, and it took thirteen days to go from Bayonne to Madrid.

All around that capital lies a vast, hideous, and desolate plain, and the city itself, which until the reign of Felipe II. was a town of minor importance and no attraction, was not (and is not) either interesting, beautiful, or pleasant to live in, besides having a horrible climate.

In old times the dreary desert surrounding Madrid was covered with beautiful forests, of which Argote writes in 1582 as being very good cover for bears and wild boars.[2] The barbarous destruction of these delightful woods had taken place before the time we are now

[1] Philippe V. abdicated in favour of his eldest son, Louis, who died after seven months' reign, after which Philippe resumed the throne. He was succeeded by his sons Ferdinand VI. and Carlos III.

[2] "Buen monte de puerco y oso."

considering, as the Duchesse d'Abrantès in her memoirs describes these desolate, barren plains.

The royal family and court, however, were never to be found at Madrid, but remained always at one or other of the King's palaces in the country. From September until the end of December they inhabited the vast palace of the Escorial, whose gloomy magnificence had not yet been ruined and devastated by the French invaders.

Half palace, half monastery, built upon the slopes of the Guadarrama, surrounded by bare, rocky mountains, exposed alike to burning sun and bitter winds, it seemed haunted by the dark spirit of Felipe II., "whose history," says the Duchesse d'Abrantès, "seems to be written upon its sombre walls."

The rest of the year was spent in brighter scenes. From January till June the royal residence was Aranjuez, in a lovely valley on the banks of the Tagus, thus described by the Duchesse d'Abrantès: "All that poets have told us of Arcadia, of the vale of Tempe, of the places most favoured by Heaven, cannot be compared with Aranjuez. No sooner do you enter the valley than you forget the chalky plains of New Castille; no more desert, no more barren fields; everywhere delicious shade, flowers, green meadows, trees loaded with blossom and fruit; you breathe a balmy air; it is another life, a new existence."

When the burning heat of June became too overpowering in the valley, the court left Aranjuez to pass that and the two following months at La Granja, a palace built by Philippe V., which the Duchesse d'Abrantès pronounced to be a bad imitation of Versailles, but a most suitable abode for a Southern summer, being high up on the slope of a mountain range north of Madrid.

It is easy to understand the delights of a French *salon* before the Revolution, with its graceful, witty society and

well-bred ease, or of the picturesque mediæval functions, musical entertainments and informal dances, theatricals, and open-air picnics of the Austrian royal family, or the splendid *fêtes*, balls, and pageants of the brilliant court of Naples; but neither the friendly home life of Vienna and Schönbrunn, the stately fascination of Versailles, nor the gay *laisser aller* of Naples, was to be found at the Spanish court.

Under the exaggerated ceremonial of the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., increased by the stiffness and rigour of Spanish habits and ideas and the restraints and bondage which encompassed the lives of all, most especially of women, one cannot imagine that there could have been very much pleasure or amusement. The chief and favourite diversion of Spain, the cruel, horrible bull-fights, could only be abhorrent to more humane and civilised nations.

At the court of Carlos IV., unlike most others, the chief scandal noticeable was attached, not to the King, but to the Queen. It had formerly been the rule that a woman who had been the King's mistress should take the veil when that *liaison* had come to an end. The Bourbon Kings of Spain, however, had not formed any such connections. The love of Carlos III. for his beautiful Queen, Elisabeth of Saxe, had been a romance of unchanging devotion, and the custom had consequently fallen into disuse.

It was related of one of the ladies of the court of Felipe IV. that, on hearing that monarch knock at her door, she cried out in alarm: "Go away! go away, for God's sake, your Majesty! I don't want to be a nun!"

But it was the Queen, Maria Luisa, whose proceedings were now the scandal and the ridicule of the court, society, and above all of foreigners who visited Spain.

A certain Don Luis Godoï, son of a small country

gentleman in Estramadura, was, by special favour, it was said by the influence of the Duke of Infantado, given a commission in the King's bodyguard.

Don Luis was tall, handsome, charming in manners, and altogether attractive. The Queen fell in love with him, and Don Luis availed himself of the favour he enjoyed to obtain a commission in the same regiment for his younger brother, Manuel. By this imprudence he destroyed his own prospects of power and riches, for Manuel was handsomer and more attractive than himself—or, at any rate, the Queen thought so; and as her caprices had never hitherto lasted long, she transferred her love from the elder to the younger brother. The King, deceived and hoodwinked, was entirely under her influence, and was now governed by his wife and the favourite, who ruled the kingdom between them. Manuel Godoï rose rapidly in rank and fortune, much to the indignation of the court and the public. He was created Duke of Alcudia in 1792, and in 1797 the now all-powerful minister, after signing the treaty of peace between Spain and France, was made Prince *de la Paz*—a distinction all the more marked as it was not the custom to confer the title of prince upon any subject of Spanish birth.

This time the Queen's caprice had lasting consequences, for the influence of Godoï, instead of disappearing after a short time, like that of his brother, Don Luis, and of other objects of the Queen's fancy, became stronger and more absolute as time went on, although it by no means prevented her intrigues with any other person by whom she was attracted.

Resembling Catherine II. of Russia in morals, though not in genius, strength of character, or capacity, Maria Luisa fell so completely under the influence of Godoï that she was afraid to offend him, and he looked with

jealous displeasure upon the various objects of her transient caprices. That he should have any love for the Queen was, of course, out of the question. She was no longer either young, good looking, or attractive; and in Italy and Spain, where women age much earlier than in the north, such an idea would have appeared preposterous. But Manuel Godoï valued the power and riches and great position which he had attained far too highly to risk the loss of them by any want of vigilance against the danger of rivalry. If the Queen must needs have other love intrigues, he at least tried to exercise some control over the objects of them and to insure their not being prejudicial to his interests. He was therefore both uneasy and irritated when the Queen chose someone he either did not know or disapproved of.

On one occasion, a young guardsman named Mayo having attracted the attention of Maria Luisa, Godoï was standing with the King and Queen upon a balcony at La Granja, when a magnificent carriage with four horses, *piqueur*, servants in gorgeous liveries, apparently belonging to a *grand seigneur en voyage*, was seen approaching.

"Oh! oh!" cried the King; "who is this arriving?"

"Eh! why, it's Mayo!"

The King looked from the Queen to Godoï in astonishment, then suddenly exclaimed:

"For some time, indeed, have I remarked that Mayo is living in a most extravagant style. The other day I saw him on the Prado in a more splendid carriage than yours, *Manuelito*. What is the meaning of it?"

"It is natural enough," replied Godoï; "the thing is perfectly simple. It is an old fool who is in love with him and who gives him as much money as he wants."

And Godoï glanced at the Queen, who trembled lest he should be jealous.

"Indeed!" said the King. "And who is this old fool? Is it *la Santiago?*"

But Godoï, thinking he had gone far enough, changed the conversation, which was not difficult, as the attention of Carlos IV. was very easily distracted.

CHAPTER II

Character of Maria Luisa—Lodovico, Infant of Parma—His Austrian mother—An uncongenial marriage—The Duke and Duchess of Parma—Intellectual pursuits of Lodovico—His correspondence with Chaptal—His proposed marriage with the eldest Infanta—His preference for the second—Asks help from Manuel Godoï—Marriage of Lodovico with Maria Luisa—Of Maria Amalia with the Prince of Brazil—The Grandees of Spain—A disastrous marriage.

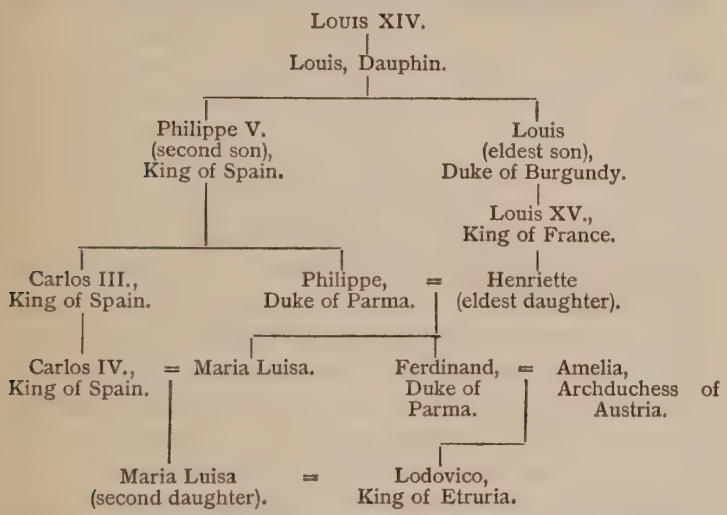
WITH a father whose weakness and folly and a mother whose depravity were equally notorious, it was astonishing that Maria Luisa should have inherited none of their evil qualities ; whereas her eldest brother, the Prince of the Asturias, appears to have united the vices and follies of both in his own character.

It may have been from her grandfather, Carlos III., that the young Infanta derived the strength of mind, capacity, and other good qualities by which she was distinguished throughout her life, and which carried her safely through the storms, dangers, and sorrows of her extraordinary career.

While she and her sisters were still very young, their cousin Lodovico, son of Ferdinando de Bourbon, Duke of Parma, was sent by his father to finish his education at the court of Spain.

It was also understood between the royal families of Spain and Parma that Lodovico should marry one of the daughters of Carlos IV. By the genealogical table given, it will be seen that Lodovico was nearly related both to the

King and Queen of Spain, and the various intermarriages which are shown to have taken place may probably have contributed to the delicate constitution and early death of the young prince, as well as to the weakness and folly of Carlos IV., and the physical disadvantages of his daughters.


Louis XIV.
Louis, Dauphin.
Philippe V. (second son), King of Spain.
Louis (eldest son), Duke of Burgundy.
Louis XV., King of France.
Carlos III., King of Spain.
Philippe, Duke of Parma.
Henriette (eldest daughter).
Carlos IV., King of Spain.
Maria Luisa.
Ferdinand, Duke of Parma.
Amelia, Archduchess of Austria.
Maria Luisa (second daughter).
Lodovico, King of Etruria.

It would appear that the childhood of Lodovico,[1] Infant of Parma, cannot have been very cheerful or amusing.

His mother, the Archduchess Amalia of Austria, was a daughter of the Emperor François de Lorraine and the Empress-Queen Maria Theresia. She was sister to the Emperors Joseph II. and Leopold II., the Queens of France and Naples, and various minor potentates; for the Emperor and Empress had had sixteen children, most of whom had lived to grow up and be established in more or less powerful positions.

The Archduchess Amalia was one of the younger ones,

[1] The children of the Parma branch of the Spanish Bourbon had the right to be called Infants of Spain.

though older than the Queens of Naples and France. She was neither so clever nor so attractive as most of her sisters, and had been forced by her mother to marry the Duke of Parma much against her will.

As he was a boy of seventeen and she a woman of three-and-twenty, who also wished to marry another man, this alliance was not likely to turn out happily; and it did not. For a considerable time there were disputes and quarrels between the ill-assorted pair, perpetual commotions in the little court of Parma, and constant letters filled with complaints and lamentations to the Empress at Vienna.

No scandal, however, resulted from this uncongenial marriage; the Duke and Duchess seem to have been respectable, apathetic sort of people, and gradually to have acquiesced in the inevitable state of things. As time went on, their mutual affection for their children, the agreement of their political and religious principles, their horror and dread of the revolutionary terror spreading through France and Italy, and various other ties and interests in common, brought a tolerable amount of contentment and harmony into their lives. But they were both most eccentric. The Duchess had a passion for riding and spent most of her time on horseback, very much like a man; while the Duke frequently wore a monk's robe; had fits of asceticism, and occupied himself considerably with ecclesiastical matters, especially with Church music. Both he and the Duchess were extremely religious, and he was also very melancholy. The Duke, while sharing the anti-revolutionary sentiments of his family and class, was afraid of embroiling himself with any of the contending forces threatening the peace of Europe, and was only anxious to keep out of danger. With natural horror he recoiled from the Jacobins and the French revolutionists; but he also declined to identify

himself with the imperial claims and the policy of Austria.

The Duchess, on the other hand, an Austrian Archduchess, whose sympathies and affections, like those of all the daughters of Maria Theresia, were ever with her own country and kindred, threw all her influence on to the Austrian side.

Don Lodovico was tall and rather good-looking, with the blue eyes and fair hair of his Austrian mother. He wore his hair drawn back into a *codino*, gathered into black silk—a fashion which even then had become antiquated.[1] He shared his father's enthusiastic love of Church music, and possessed a fine baritone voice, with which he might be heard singing to himself as he walked about.

A studious, rather dreamy sort of lad he appears to have been, but by no means the nonentity described by the lively Duchesse d'Abrantès when, years afterwards, she saw him at Paris.

Before the fatal disease which sapped his physical and mental powers had taken hold of him, Lodovico, Infant of Spain and Parma, was by no means wanting in ability. He was cultivated and devoted to intellectual pursuits, especially to scientific studies.

For chemistry he had a particular turn, and for some time carried on a correspondence with the distinguished French *savant*, Chaptal, who in his memoirs mentions this interchange of letters, and adds that the Infant understood chemistry extremely well.[2]

He mentions also this remarkable letter written to him by that young prince:

"Your Revolution has just shown us, my dear friend,

[1] "Il Regno d'Etruria" (Pier Filippo Covoni).

[2] "Mémoires de Jean Antoine, Comte de Chaptal, secrétaire d'ambassade."

that a king's calling is no longer worth anything, still less that of an heir presumptive. After much reflection I have made up my mind to gain my own independence, and I think I could succeed in doing so by setting up manufactures in Spain, where they do not exist. But I cannot do this without your help. Come here to me and we will work together. My father-in-law will give us all the money and protection we want. When we have made our fortune we will go and live in some place where we shall find repose, if there is any left upon earth." [1]

Chaptal, however, refused this offer; he remarks that the young prince at that time gave promise of becoming a distinguished man of science, but the epileptic attacks from which he suffered so enfeebled his mental powers that, when in after years they met in Paris, he was not like the same man, and they could only shed tears together over his ruined health and intellectual capacity.

As it has already been stated, it was arranged between the royal families of Spain and Parma that Lodovico should marry an infanta; and the eldest, Maria Amalia, had been supposed to be the future Duchess of Parma.

Lodovico, however, was so shy and reserved that it was difficult for any one not well acquainted with him even to carry on any conversation at all; and the Infanta Amalia being also very shy and inclined to be melancholy, he did not get on nearly so well with her as with her younger sister, Luisa.

Both the young princesses were in love with him, but

[1] "Votre Révolution vient de nous appendre, mon cher ami, que le métier de roi ne vaut plus rien; jugez de celui d'heritier présomptif. Après y avoir bien réfléchi je me suis décidé à conquérir mon indépendance, et je crois que je puis arriver en formant des fabriques en Espagne, où elles manquent. Mais je ne puis y parvenir que par votre secours. Venez me trouver, et nous travaillerons ensemble. Mon beau-père nous donnera tous les secours d'argent et de protection. Lorsque nous aurons fait fortune, nous irons vivre là où nous trouverons le repos, s'il en existe encore sur la terre."

he did not care for Amalia, whilst he was strongly attracted by Luisa's bright, animated face, high spirits, and merry, light-hearted disposition.

He went, therefore, to the all-powerful minister, Manuel Godoï, confided to him his wishes, and begged him to arrange that Luisa, instead of Amalia, might become his wife.

It was true that Luisa was only thirteen years old, but a Spanish girl at that age is far more a woman than are the maidens of colder and more northern climates ; and the Prince of Parma was deeply in love with her.

Godoï agreed to use his influence in their favour, and his representations to the King and Queen of Spain resulted in the betrothal of Lodovico and Luisa, who were married at La Granja, August 25, 1795.

Both the King and Queen were extremely fond of their nephew, who was now three-and-twenty, in spite of which they always called him "*El Niño.*" [1] They stipulated that he and Luisa should continue to live in Spain with them, which accordingly they did for nearly seven years, by far the most peaceful and happy of their married life.

Soon after their wedding, the Infanta Maria Amalia was married to the Prince of Brazil, eldest son of the King of Portugal, and went with him to his father's court at Lisbon.

The Grandees of Spain, whose privilege it was to remain covered in the King's presence, were instituted by the Emperor Carl V. to avoid the disputes and competition between the nobles of Spain, the princes and nobles of Germany, and others of different nationalities, his subjects, not as King of Spain, but as Emperor.

The title of "Grandee of Spain" was often afterwards borne by those whose estates lay in different countries,

[1] The boy, or child.

especially in Italy, so many of whose states and provinces were at different times ruled by Spain; for example, the Princes of Botera (Colonna), Melchi (Doria), Molfata (Gonzaga), Stillano (Caraffa), Vinosa and Piombino (Ludovico), the Dukes of Monteleon (Pignatelli), Montalto (Moncada), Torrecusa (Caracciolo), Tursis (Doria), and many others, whose estates lay in Tuscany, Lombardy, Genoa, Naples, Sicily and other parts of Italy; besides others whose lands were in Portugal, Flanders, &c.

Numbers of the most illustrious names were, of course, exclusively Spanish in birth and possessions, such as Infantado, Medina-Celi, Medina-Sidonia, Albuquerque, Arcos, Uzeda, Villa-Hermosa, Astorga, Aguilar, &c.

All these great nobles saw with indignation the favours and honours lavished upon Manuel Godoï.

He was not only Prince de la Paz and prime minister, but councillor of state, chief of the body-guards, commander-in-chief of the army, and admiral of the fleet. He had the Order of the Golden Fleece, and was a Grandee of Spain of the first class.

It may be imagined how all this enraged the haughty nobles of Aragon and Castille; above all, the last-mentioned promotion; for the Grandees of Spain took precedence immediately after the sons, grandsons, brothers, and nephews of the King. In Spain there did not exist, as in France, a large intermediate body of "princes of the blood," such as Orléans, Condé, Conti, with rank and privileges far above all the rest of the nobles.

The Dukes of Medina-Celi claimed descent direct from the Infants of La Cerda, consequently were of royal blood, but were only Grandees of Spain, like the rest.

The question of course arose of arranging a splendid marriage for the favourite, and one was proposed which might crown his ambition and the general indignation.

The Infant Don Luis, younger brother of Carlos III., had married in 1775 a certain Señorita Vallebriga, daughter of a colonel in the army. This young girl happened to be a great favourite of the Queen,[1] and either for that reason, or to please his brother, the King had consented to the marriage on condition that the Infant should live in retirement with his wife in Arenas de San Pedro, in the province of Avila, only appearing on the occasion of some great function at court, where his wife was not received.

The Infant Don Luis was Duke of Sueca, Count of Chinchon, possessed many other titles and estates, and was immensely rich.

He lived accordingly as a private country gentleman, but, however he might ignore his rank as the brother, and later on the uncle, of the King, difficulties and complications unavoidably arose as his children, a son and daughters, grew up, and their establishment had to be considered. The legitimate nephew and nieces of the King, it was necessary to provide suitably for them, but they could not be married to royalties, nor, perhaps, to Grandees of Spain, whose rigid rule of descent extended to four generations and allowed no plebeian blood on either side.

The son took holy orders, became Archbishop of Toledo and Seville, and then Cardinal.

His sister, Donna Maria Carolina, does not seem to have had any vocation for the cloister, but was overwhelmed with indignation and grief when it was proposed that she should marry Manuel Godoï. Her protestations, however, were useless ; it was a way out of the difficulty of her own establishment, and also of that of the Prince de la Paz, whose ambition would be satisfied by becoming the nephew of the King ; though he had no kind of

[1] "Il Regno d'Etruria" (Covoni).

affection for his proposed wife, but was deeply in love with another woman, a Señora Tudo, to whom he was indeed believed by many to be secretly married.[1]

The King and Queen were bent upon this project, and the wedding took place at Madrid, much to the discontent and anger of the Grandees and dignitaries of the court.

A daughter was born of the marriage, whose christening was made a state function, the King and Queen being sponsors.

But the affair turned out as deplorably as might be expected. The Prince de la Paz devoted himself openly to the Señora Tudo, of whom the Duchesse d'Abrantès, who did not like either the Prince or Princess, whom she of course knew when she was at Madrid, remarks: "It was then generally said at Madrid that he [Godoï] was married to Madame Tudo, whom I saw at the theatre, and whom I thought a very beautiful person. She had a *hôtel* where she lived with a large family, said to belong to the Prince de la Paix. However, I do not assert this, I only repeat the gossip of the court and town. . . . To be impartial, I may say that for a long time I believed, as many others did, that the Prince de la Paix had been married to Madame Tudo before he married the Princesse de Bourbon, and that he had been so far blinded by ambition as to commit bigamy. But . . . a few days ago I was told by a person in whom I have entire confidence that she had been witness to the marriage at Rome of the Prince de la Paix and Madame Tudo, after the death of Madame la Comtesse de Chinchon. . . . The Princess de la Paix detested her husband to such a degree . . . that one day when she was at Madrid, after the terrible scenes at Aranjuez, with

[1] There was another daughter, who became Duchess of San Fernando. ("Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès").

a man of my acquaintance, General Joseph Legrange, to whom she was speaking of all that the Prince de la Paix had made her suffer with these mortifications relating to Madame Tudo, she added, pointing to her daughter, who was running about the room: 'In fact, I hate him to such a degree that I don't love that child, because she is his daughter.'

"This marriage, of which I heard strange things in Spain, proves that you should never force into an eternal alliance two people who detest each other. Nothing could equal the hatred of the Princess de la Paix for him whom she refused to recognise as her husband. . . .

"The favour of the Prince de la Paix reminds me very much of that of Potemkin. Catherine[1] feared him when she no longer loved him, and notwithstanding mourned greatly for him. I know from a reliable source that the Queen of Spain feared the Prince de la Paix to a remarkable degree. Nevertheless, it was by nursing him in a severe illness in Rome that she so overfatigued herself as to cause her death."[2]

After the fall of Carlos IV. and the Bourbons, the Princess de la Paz separated from her detested husband, called herself Countess de Chinchon, and established herself at Rome with her daughter.

This young princess, named after her royal god-parents Carlotta Maria Luisa, afterwards married Don Camillo Ruspoli. They assumed the title of Duke and Duchess of Sueca, and lived with great splendour in Rome.[3]

[1] Catherine II., Empress of Russia.
[2] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."
[3] "Il Regno d'Etruria" (Covoni).

CHAPTER III

Intolerable dulness of Spanish society—The *tertulia*—The national dances—A story of the *fandango*—Discomforts of travelling—Of life in Spanish towns—The Prado—Households of the great nobles—The *cortejo*—The Marquesa de Santiago.

DINNER-PARTIES were rare in Spanish society; picnics and country amusements were unknown; private balls, where minuets and other dances in vogue were danced under the supervision of a master of the ceremonies, were tolerably frequent; there were also concerts and the theatre; but the same stiffness and rigid etiquette pervaded everything.

A *tertulia* or a *refresco* was the favourite diversion; the former being like a very stupid "at home," the latter, of which the most important were held on such occasions as a wedding, a christening, or any *fête de famille*, could not, one would think, have been very entertaining.

The people giving it invited everybody they knew, and when the guests arrived the women separated from the men and went into another room, in which the hostess awaited them, seated upon what was called an *estrado*, over which hung an image of the Virgin.

They stayed there until every one had arrived, when the men began to come into the room, large glasses of sugar and water were handed round, followed by cups of chocolate, bonbons, and sweetmeats of all kinds.

These were not only eaten in large quantities by the guests, but carried away in papers, and even in hats and handkerchiefs. After this refreshment every one walked in procession to another room, where sometimes they played cards, and now and then there was a ball, but very rarely, if ever, any supper.

The Spanish ate hardly anything, and their *cuisine* was very national, strongly seasoned with pepper, pimento, garlic, saffron, &c.

Hunting was chiefly confined to the royal family. Public balls and masquerades had been forbidden by the Spanish Bourbons, whose ascetic propriety formed a strange contrast to the very different manners and morals of the elder branch of their family.

What they did not succeed in doing away with were the national dances, the world-famed *bolero* and *fandango*. The court of Rome, indeed, scandalised at the voluptuous fascination of the *fandango*, declared that it was outrageous and must be solemnly condemned.

A consistory was assembled, and sentence about to be pronounced, when one of the judges observed that an accused could not be condemned without being seen and heard. All agreed, and the show was ordered to take place at once. But when the music struck up and a young man and maiden stepped forward and began the dance, its seductive grace and passion were too irresistible for the judicial authorities. The severity of their features relaxed, gradually their countenances became radiant; they rose from their seats, the respectable stiffness of their demeanour vanished, their limbs seemed to recover the suppleness of earlier days. The hall of the consistory was suddenly turned into a ball-room, and the *fandango* was acquitted.

The *bolero* was supposed to be even more incorrect, but it was not danced at private balls; it belonged to

the provinces, chiefly to Andalusia. It was danced by the people and at the theatre.[1]

The hardships, difficulties, and dangers of travelling in Spain, the intolerable discomfort and inconvenience of life there, even under the most favourable conditions, and the narrow, wearisome restrictions and monotonous routine have been vividly described by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, wife of the French ambassador, and by Lord Auckland, English ambassador to Spain during the reign of Carlos IV. The wife of the latter, in a letter from Madrid, says:

"You will see by Mrs. Eden's[2] journal what dreadful roads we have had, and you may easily suppose they must have been bad indeed to have occasioned my riding so many miles. I am persuaded had it not been for my mule I would never have got here safe. . . . What is most melancholy is that you can never put your foot into the street without a black petticoat, and flat over your face a white muslin veil; otherwise you are hissed, hooted at, and mobbed."

"We went to the Prado," writes Lord Auckland (then Mr. Eden) in his journal, "which tired and disgusted us beyond measure. It is a broad road between thick rows of trees, under which are walks and seats, and several fine fountains. In the walks are great multitudes of people walking, but it is quite impracticable for any one of the rank of the ambassadress to get out and walk; if she did, she would be as much stared at and crowded round as a tame dromedary walking in Cheapside. Accordingly, guards are placed in the middle of the broad road on horseback, to direct the manner in which the carriages of the ambassadors and the grandees and others are to drive, and you necessarily go at a foot-pace up one side and down the other until you have

[1] J. Fr. Bourgoing. [2] Afterwards Lady Auckland.

sufficiently exhibited yourself, and then you go yawning home. It is an additional amusement that you are obliged to bow the whole way, almost as much as when chaired at an election. To complete the whole, the Princesses arrive on Monday; we meet them there on their arriving, and shall have that pleasure repeated every night till we go to San Ildefonso. Mrs. Eden felt like a new caught bird in a fine cage, and was ready to cry with vexation."[1]

Although many of the chief Spanish nobles possessed large fortunes and great estates, their style of living did not by any means correspond with what was usual amongst persons of the same, or, indeed, of far inferior rank in other countries. They had neither sumptuous *hôtels* like the French nobles, castles and country houses like the English and Germans, nor beautiful, richly-decorated palaces filled with artistic treasures like the Italians. By no means hospitable, they had no such thing as the *vie de château*, they did not spend their money upon parks, gardens, country pursuits, *fêtes*, and the entertainment of guests in their houses.

The enormous number of their servants and retainers,[2] the costly and cumbersome arrangements, the bureaux of officials employed in the management of their estates, the gorgeous richness of their liveries, the immense numbers of their mules, combined, in fact, a vast amount of display with very little comfort or pleasure.[3]

There were, of course, some few exceptions, who had married foreigners or lived at foreign courts. The Duchess d'Ossuna, who had spent many years in France, her son, the Marquis de Penafiel, whose wife was of

[1] Lord Auckland's journal and correspondence.

[2] The Duke of Arcos, who died in 1780, counted three thousand persons amongst his servants and retainers, with their families, all dependent upon him.

[3] "Tableau d'Espagne Moderne," J. Fr. Bourgoing.

French descent, and her daughters, the Marquise de Santa-Cruz and the Marquise de Camarasa, possessed *hôtels* of which the luxury and artistic decoration might have been remarked in Paris.[1]

The Duke of Infantado, the Duchess of Berwick,[2] and a few others were also exceptions to the severe, solemn, and comfortless grandeur of the Spanish households.

It was probably owing to the rigid morality of the Spanish Bourbon Kings that much more outward decorum and strictness prevailed in Spain than in those countries subject to the authority and example of their French and Italian kinsmen.

There existed, however, under all these professions of virtue, a world of intrigue and licence unavoidable in such a climate, amongst a passionate southern people, whose women were mostly without either education or amusement, and whose only interest in life lay in affairs of the heart.

Like the *cavaliere servente* in Italy, the *cortejo* was an indispensable institution after marriage. He belonged almost as much to the daily life of a married woman as her husband did. Always ready at any time to do anything or go anywhere she wished, he accompanied her into society, to the Prado, to the theatre, even to church. It did not at all follow that there was any harm in it; sometimes there was, sometimes not. One may form one's own conclusion as to what was most likely; and M. Bourgoing asserts that there was more jealousy and quarrelling with a *cortejo* than with a husband. But it was a national custom, like the picturesque long cloaks and large hats which hid men's faces and figures and wrapped them in mystery displeasing to

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."

[2] The Duke of Berwick, head of the Spanish branch of Fitzjames, descendants of the illegitimate son of James II. of England.

Carlos III., who was much stricter than his brother, Ferdinand VI., and who, declaring they were calculated to conceal crime and be injurious to morality, proceeded to forbid them to be worn—whereupon a riot broke out and they were obliged to be reinstated.[1]

One of the most absurd figures at court was the Marquesa de Santiago, whose rather singular features and appearance were rendered more conspicuous by the preposterous manner in which she painted and rouged her face, and by the enormous false eyebrows she wore.

One evening she arrived with her *cortejo* at a party at the Duchess of Berwick's, and being rather late, began to explain that the night being so lovely they had been tempted to walk several times up and down the *Calle de la Reyna*,[2] which had delayed them. While she was speaking, everybody was suddenly seized with uncontrollable fits of laughter, which they tried in vain to suppress. The Marquesa had only one eyebrow; in place of the other was a broad black line, and the shouts of laughter redoubled when the missing eyebrow was perceived entangled with that of the *cortejo*. Coming from the gloom outside, their eyes had been dazzled by the sudden light, and they had neither of them observed anything amiss.

"Well," said the Marquesa, coolly taking possession of her eyebrow, "I don't see that there is anything to laugh at in that way!" [3]

[1] Bourgoing. [2] An avenue of thick trees.
[3] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."

CHAPTER IV

Monotonous lives of Spanish princesses—Early married life of Lodovico and Maria Luisa—Birth of their son—The overtures of Napoleon—The kingdom of Etruria—Florence—Departure of Berthier—Regrets and misgivings—Departure from Spain of the King and Queen of Etruria—Journey through France.

WHEN the death of his elder brother, Ferdinand VI., had called Carlos III. from the Neapolitan to the Spanish throne, his wife, Elisabeth of Saxony, accustomed to the woods and meadows of her native Germany and the enchanting beauty of Naples, complained bitterly of the change to the barren plains and dreary landscape of Spain.

The life of a Spanish Queen or Infanta was not a cheerful or pleasant one in olden times; and from the days when the lovely young Blanche de Bourbon was sent to be the victim of Pedro the Cruel, and the gentle Elisabeth de Valois was forced to become the wife of the gloomy Felipe II., many a young foreign princess had come with tearful sadness and sinking heart to what had been to her little more than a splendid prison, from which her thoughts would turn sorrowfully back to the gay scenes and happy freedom of her native land.

But to the Infanta Maria Luisa, in her own country, surrounded by her family, the wife of the man she loved, these first years of her married life were very happy ones. The exaggerated ceremonial and perpetual restrictions

THE FAMILY OF CARLOS IV.

[*Goya*]

so intolerable to a foreigner did not weigh upon the spirits of one who had always been accustomed to them, while the Infant had exchanged the very small and rather melancholy court of Parma for the much greater one of Madrid, with the position of the favourite nephew of the King and Queen of Spain and the husband of their daughter.

The only drawback to their happiness was the anxiety caused by the health of Don Lodovico, which became worse instead of better as years went on. His chest was delicate; he was subject to a bad cough, and, worse than all, to the terrible fits, which gradually affected his strength both of body and mind.

For the first few years they had no children, and there were great rejoicings when, in 1800, their son was born.

He was named Carlo Lodovico, and when he was still an infant an entire change took place in the life and prospects of his parents.

Delighted with their son, who was also the future representative of the Dukes of Parma, they wished to take him to that court to show him to his grandparents there. But the disturbed, warlike state of Europe made travelling difficult, and the Queen, who adored her grandson, would not hear of his being taken out of her reach, therefore the idea was given up.

But the time had arrived when the sheltered, peaceful, somewhat monotonous life led by the Infanta Maria Luisa with her husband at her father's court was suddenly exchanged for a very different state of things.

Towards the end of the summer of 1800, Napoleon's brother, Lucien Bonaparte, arrived as French ambassador to Spain, and was received with especial honour and favour by the King and Queen, to whom he brought splendid presents from Napoleon to the former, and costly stuffs, jewels, Parisian dresses and embroideries from Josephine

to the latter, who, though no longer young, was exceedingly vain and extravagantly fond of dress. For the Infanta Maria Luisa he brought a magnificent diamond necklace.

General Berthier was also charged with private instructions to negotiate with Carlos IV. upon a project which Napoleon had formed, in whose mind already the continent of Europe was presenting itself as a chessboard and the different potentates, at any rate the minor ones, as pieces to be moved to and fro at his pleasure.

For some time he had spared neither bribes, flattery, nor persuasion to induce Carlos to make war upon Portugal and to forcibly detach that country from her alliance with England, closing the Straits of Gibraltar to the English fleet, which would thereby be prevented from protecting the King of Naples and the allies in the Mediterranean; also to sell to France the American province of Louisiana and six Spanish warships.

In February, 1801, the treaty of Lunéville, which, signed after the battle of Hohenlinden, had dealt so fearful a blow to Austria, guaranteed to France the eastern boundary of the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland, and confirmed the conquests she had made in the north of Italy.

The Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany[1] had fled to Vienna; Parma and Modena were also in the power of the French, and Napoleon, who desired to seize some of the provinces to bestow them upon his own family, and yet to keep the Spanish Bourbons as allies, or rather as instruments, now proposed to make Tuscany into a kingdom for the Duke of Parma, if he would exchange it for his own duchy.

The Duke, however, whose health was failing and who disliked the idea of leaving his native dominions, declined the offer for himself, but it was ultimately arranged that it

[1] Ferdinand of Tuscany was a son of the Emperor Leopold II.

should be transferred to his son, who, on condition of resigning his succession to Parma, should be made King of Tuscany, an offer which, besides being apparently a very advantageous one, was in fact out of the power of those concerned to refuse.

And both Lodovico and Maria Luisa were delighted at the prospect. The kingdom, which, at the suggestion of Manuel Godoï, was to be called Etruria, was not only a state of higher rank and greater extent and importance than that of Parma, but it possessed as a capital one of the most beautiful, famous, and altogether delightful cities in the world.

The tasteless vandalism of the modern Italians has done all it can to destroy the beauty and charm of the once lovely city. Towers, arcades, ancient palaces, *loggie*, picturesque buildings which might have been preserved as a noble heritage for future and, let us hope, more educated and appreciative generations, have been ruthlessly swept away to give place to the hideous, monotonous, square white blocks, devoid of architectural beauty or interest, which form the new streets and squares of the Italian cities. But in 1801, and long afterwards, the "city of flowers" still preserved its ancient glory. Massive walls with huge gateways, graceful towers and domes, marble churches and palaces, arcaded markets, were everywhere to be seen as you wound through the dim, shadowy streets.

Looking from the ancient bridges over the Arno to the country, instead of the dreary plains of Madrid, all around lay hills covered with orchards, where the young corn grew, mingled with flowers, under the olives; vineyards, gardens of ilex, myrtle, and roses; stately villas with their *loggie*, towers, and fountains, farms and convents, marble *campanile*, everywhere a rich, fertile, radiant landscape.

Neither of the young people about to take possession of

the kingdom offered to them, and to begin what must have seemed to them a new and enchanting life, perceived in the least the difficult and unsatisfactory part they would have to play. They were, in fact, intended to be simply the tools and puppets of Bonaparte.

Berthier returned to Paris with a full account of the position of affairs at Madrid and the characters of those who were to be used to carry out the designs of Napoleon. He described the fanatical admiration of the King and Queen for the First Consul, the unscrupulous disposition of the Queen, and the besotted weakness of the King. The bad health of the future King of Etruria had so shattered him, both mentally and physically, that he was likely to be blindly devoted to the interests of France and entirely subservient to the great soldier and ruler who had given him a throne.

As to the Infanta, she was totally inexperienced ; had never lived away from her own family, and could scarcely be supposed to know anything about political affairs.

Before Berthier left Spain the King sent a present to Napoleon of eight magnificent horses, with splendid trappings, conducted by grooms in rich liveries, arranging the minutest details of their journey himself and stipulating that they were to go to church on every Saint's day that happened on the route.

As the time drew near for their departure and the Infanta began to realise the coming separation from her family and her native country, her delight in the splendid future which seemed to lie before her was mingled with affectionate regrets, and with the misgivings natural to so young a woman on the eve of exchanging the protection of her parents and the familiar life of their court and surroundings for a strange land, a foreign tongue, and, above all, a condition of things which appeared more and more uncertain and complicated.

In their eagerness to secure a crown for their daughter, and their infatuation for Napoleon himself, the King and Queen of Spain did not remember that he was not in the habit of bestowing favours out of pure benevolence or friendship, but that for any advantage he gave he would expect a price which might far outweigh the benefit conferred.

His mind was entirely occupied with the vast designs originated by his soaring ambition, and he looked upon everyone according to their capability of being made use of to carry out his plans.

If he gave away a province or a kingdom, it was because he wanted, not an ally but a slave in the ruler he had chosen, as subsequent events proved.

Of those who during his empire rose to sovereign rank only one opposed and defied him successfully; but Bernadotte had won and kept his kingdom by his own courage, strength, and wisdom—not by intrigues or subservience. As to the rest, they were as much satraps as if Napoleon had been Darius or Xerxes. Those who resisted his will in the slightest degree, or failed successfully to execute his orders, were ruined at once; those whose implicit obedience, unswerving fidelity or community of interest enabled them to retain his favour and protection, disappeared in 1814 with the fall of the empire.

The first misgivings were probably aroused in the mind of the Infanta when, one day while she and her husband were together, Manuel Godoï asked for an audience with the Infant in order to discuss the arrangements for their journey.

He informed them that one of the conditions insisted upon by Napoleon was that they should go to Paris and there receive from him the investiture of their new sovereignty. Until they had done so, they were not

to assume the titles of King and Queen, but to travel as Count and Countess of Livorno, and to set off as soon as possible.

It was no secret that the reason for this perfectly unnecessary journey was that Napoleon wished to see what effect would be produced upon the people by the appearance at Paris of members of the Bourbon family.[1]

The feelings of those whom he had selected as the subject of his experiment were, of course, not worth his consideration. But Maria Luisa was filled with consternation, especially when Godoï told her that her father had consented to the request, or rather command; that everything had been settled between him and the French ambassador, and that there was no alternative but to obey.

The Infant, whose weak health had made him indolent and apathetic, accepted what had been decided upon with much more resignation than the Infanta, who remonstrated vehemently against the whole proceeding. She declared that as Bourbons they would certainly not be safe in France, and complained bitterly that their lives were to be endangered merely to gratify a whim of the First Consul, and that her father was careless of their safety in order to please him.

Besides this, she indignantly protested against being made an exhibition of in this manner in a country which had been so lately the scene of the murder of her relations, and amongst the very people who had been their assassins. No one can deny the justice and propriety of feeling which caused her objections; but her resistance was of no avail.

The journey to France was put off from day to day by

[1] "Memorie di Maria Luisa." Addressed to the Allies, 1814, in vindication of the rights of herself and her son to the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla.

the unwillingness of the Queen of Spain to part with them. She placed amongst her daughter's ladies the old Marquesa de Perijaa, who was much attached to her and her governess, the Señora de Casavieja, and gave many instructions to the gentlemen of the Infant's household to take care of him, especially during the long, wearisome journey.[1]

At length their departure could no longer be delayed, but the first day's journey was only to Aranjuez, where splendid illuminations and festivities took place in their honour, after which came the parting, amidst many tears and lamentations, the Queen clasping her daughter, nephew, and grandson repeatedly in her arms until she was obliged to bid them farewell, and the long procession started on its way to Bayonne.

Into his daughter's carriage the King had put a large bag of *louis d'or* and silver ducats for her to distribute right and left on her way, and a box full of decorations for the ladies of her future court at Florence.

All the members of the Spanish households of the Infant and Infanta accompanied them to the frontier; the royal carriages were followed by twelve *fourgons* containing their luggage, and escorted by a splendid troop of cavalry.

At Bayonne the Spanish households had to be dismissed, except those few persons chosen to accompany the Infant and Infanta to Paris. The King of Spain's guards were replaced by French troops under the command of General Brassier, and a squadron of hussars in brilliant uniforms, commanded by Louis Bonaparte.[2] Bayonne was illuminated, and their appearance at the theatre was greeted with rapturous applause.

At Bordeaux their reception was still more magnificent, but amidst the vociferous welcome there were also to be

[1] Covoni. [2] Ibid.

heard hisses and cries of hostility, which, although drowned by the repeated cheers, were all the more painful to Maria Luisa as they were said to proceed from the partisans of the French Bourbons, indignant that members of the younger branch of that ancient family should appear in France, and as the guests and dependents of the usurper.

As they pursued their way by slow stages to Paris, letters were constantly sent after them by the King of Spain, relating the favourable progress of the war against Portugal, which, as it was the adopted country of his eldest daughter, who had married the heir to that throne, was another unsatisfactory condition of the present political arrangements.

They had left Madrid about the 21st of April, and it was not until late in the evening of the 24th of May that, after stopping to dine at Étampes, they drove into Paris with their numerous suite, for the conveyance whereof thirty-six horses and a hundred mules had been assigned by the French Government.

A council was held during that night at the palace of La Malmaison, to decide upon the etiquette with which it was necessary to receive the royal guests ; but as the only person present who knew anything about the usages of a court was the Spanish ambassador, the matter was discussed with considerable anxiety by the perplexed authorities, until it was finally settled that the second and third Consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, should go at one o'clock to visit the Count and Countess di Livorno, and that they should during the afternoon drive to La Malmaison to see the First Consul.

CHAPTER V

Arrival at Paris—The First Consul—Experiences in Parisian society—Magnificent *fêtes*—Dissatisfaction of Napoleon—"He is an automaton"—Illness of Lodovico—Mme. de Montesson—Her parties and *salon*.

"THE royal couple arrived at Paris on a lovely evening in spring," writes the Duchesse d'Abrantès. "The best society still went a great deal to *Garchi* and to the *pavillon de Hanovre*. There happened to be a great many people at Frascati that evening, and we had the pleasure of seeing pass in file before us carriages which . . . must surely have been the very same equipages that conveyed *M. le Duc d'Anjou* when he went to Madrid to assume the title of Philippe V."

She goes on to remark upon the strange effect produced upon the Parisians by the tinkling of the mule-bells, the wild cries of the drivers, the harness, and the costumes not only of the attendants and suite, but of the royalties themselves, who were all three dressed in a manner which gave them a ridiculous appearance in the eyes of the French. Crowds collected to watch their arrival, and wondering eyes followed what to them was the strange procession as it wound along the streets to the palace allotted to the illustrious strangers.

That there should have been this extraordinary difference between the dress, manners, and appearance of the

royal family and court of Spain and those of other nations is a striking proof of the isolated, backward condition of that country at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In our own days, when all European countries are connected by railways and constant intercourse ; when the fashions of Paris and Vienna prevail also in London, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and everywhere else where society is to be found ; when all over the world one well-dressed woman does or may look very like another, it is difficult to realise that the dress and *coiffure* of the son of the Duke of Parma and the daughter of the King of Spain were so impossible that they could not go out after their arrival at Paris until considerable alterations had been made.

Hairdressers came, who cut off the *codino* of hair tied up in a bag which the young King wore at the back of his head, and did the Queen's hair after the French fashion, and after their reception of Cambacérès and Lebrun they set out for La Malmaison in their enormous coach, which excited general astonishment as it passed through the streets.

It was with bitter feelings that Maria Luisa drove about the city which had been the scene of the tragedy of her family ; and one feels the more sympathy with her, knowing that it was entirely against her will that she was there at all, and it was therefore especially trying to be exposed to the malevolent, though not unnatural, strictures of those who remarked upon the impropriety of the presence as guests in revolutionary Paris of the great-grandchildren of Louis XV.

Doubtless, as she looked out of the window of her coach, she must have reflected that there had been a time when such vehicles had been well known in those streets, and that only fourteen or fifteen years ago they would have been received in Paris with affection and

friendship by their uncle and aunt, the King and Queen of France, with honour and state by their brilliant court, and with respect and homage by the people, who now crowded round looking at them with curiosity and astonishment.

It was remarked during their stay in Paris that these natural sentiments were evident enough in Maria Luisa, whilst Lodovico did not appear to feel anything, but was either apathetic or else thought of nothing but amusement. The increasing weakness of his health and the effect of the terrible epileptic fits to which he was always liable would have sufficiently explained this if it had been understood; as it was, common opinion declared the Queen to be ugly, but clever and agreeable[1]; the King good-looking, good-hearted, but a fool.

It was a bewildering, incongruous world into which Maria Luisa found herself suddenly introduced. Accustomed as she had always been to the narrow, but stately, ideas and ceremonial of Spain, the grave and lofty courtesy of manners at her father's court, the reverence for religion, the sober simplicity, not to say discomfort, of daily life, even amongst the greatest nobles, the prestige and privileges of rank and blood, the countless rules and prerogatives attached to different positions and stations, the state of things she now saw around her must have been almost incomprehensible.

The splendid capital of a great nation filled with victorious troops, excitement, and plunder, for the most part apparently without fear of God or of man, except only of the great soldier before whom they all bowed; churches only open on sufferance, religion maintained and followed by what even now was almost a persecuted minority; palaces from which king, queen, and princes had departed, whose magnificent halls, *salons*, and stair-

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."

cases were pervaded by soldiers and officials or by a motley throng calling itself "society"—a society without a head, without laws, without a court, without order, refinement, or manners; a motley crew of rough, unpolished soldiers, revolutionary leaders, *nouveaux riches*, and freethinking philosophers, both men and women; a wild carnival of pleasure, licence, and luxury.

That she should have felt strange in such extraordinary surroundings was not surprising, and might well have caused the "mixture of shyness and haughtiness which at first gave restraint to her conversation and manners," [1] which Madame d'Abrantès (then Madame Junot) remarks upon, saying that when she became better acquainted with her, she found her very pleasant.

The First Consul, who was beginning the attempt to instil some sort of order and civilised form into the chaos around him, was very desirous that these, the first royalties who had visited his capital, should be suitably received.

Before they arrived at La Malmaison he went into the drawing-room to see if all was properly arranged for their reception, but in a few minutes came back to his cabinet looking much annoyed, and said angrily to Bourrienne:

"Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture of me on the summit of the Alps, pointing to Lombardy and commanding its conquest. I have ordered it to be removed. How mortifying it would have been if the Prince had seen it!" [2]

At La Malmaison they were received by Napoleon, surrounded by a group of Generals and other officers and officials of the State, the numbers of splendid uniforms giving a certain amount of brilliancy to the

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."
[2] Bourrienne, Mémoires.

scene, so strangely different from any court reception ever witnessed by the Spanish princes.

Lodovico, recollecting the last directions of his father-in-law, that he should throw himself into the arms of the First Consul, hurried forward to embrace him, but could not remember what he had to say, and being much taller than Napoleon and rather awkward from his habitual shyness, he fell against him, and very nearly knocked him down. Napoleon, however, recovered himself, smiled, and turned politely to Maria Luisa, who, with perfect ease and self-possession, ignored the *contretemps*, and turned the conversation in a suitable direction.

All fears and uneasiness for their personal safety were immediately at an end, for during their stay at Paris and La Malmaison nothing but attention and honour was shown them. They visited everything worth seeing in company with the Spanish Ambassador, and magnificent banquets, balls, and other entertainments were given for them by Napoleon, the other two Consuls, and various persons.

One of the most splendid was given by Talleyrand at his *château* at Neuilly, where everything was so arranged as to appear to be Italian. There was an admirable representation of Florence, its towers and fountains magnificently illuminated, and when the future King and Queen entered the garden they were surrounded by a crowd of young men and girls, all in the costume of Tuscan peasants, who brought them flowers and sang songs in their praise. A concert and a ball succeeded each other, and a great display of fireworks concluded the *fête*.

But even more brilliant was the one given by that same Comte de Chaptal, the well-known authority on chemistry, now *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, with whom some years earlier, before his mind and body had been

weakened and his intellect ruined by the terrible malady which preyed upon him, Lodovico had corresponded with so much pleasure and interest.

It was a melancholy meeting after so many years. The great scientist grieved over the deterioration of his once promising disciple, who was perfectly aware of his own loss of intellectual capacity, and spoke of it with lamentations, and even tears, to the man whose studies and pursuits he could no longer share.

For the *fête* given by M. Chaptal a Tuscan village had been expressly built, and again Tuscan peasants sang Italian verses, brought flowers, and made speeches, which, as Lodovico appeared too shy and stupid to be able to answer, had to be acknowledged by Maria Luisa.

Speaking of "the magic *soirée* given by Chaptal," the Duchesse d'Abrantès remarks :

"The First Consul was delighted, and he, whom I have so seldom seen interested in those sort of things, expressed his satisfaction not only on the day of the *fête*, but long afterwards also he would speak of the invisible voices, of the enchanting harmony sounding, as if by magic, in the garden of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*" that night.

Chaptal escorted Lodovico and Maria Luisa to the mint, where a gold medal was struck in their honour, and everything shown and explained to them by the authorities.

A grand review was held in the Place du Carrousel as a special compliment to the King of Etruria, who, unlike his mother, the Duchess of Parma, hated riding, was timid on horseback, and, much to the contempt of the French officers, preferred to see it from a balcony of the Tuileries, in which were also Joséphine, wife of Napoleon, his sisters, Mme. Bacciochi and Mme.

Leclerc, and the Queen of Etruria. But the officers present upon the balcony declared that the King appeared to take little or no interest in the splendid spectacle before him.[1]

What apparently interested him much more were the society of the literary and scientific men to whom he was introduced, the collections and experiments they showed him, and the lectures and *soirée* at the Academy. Astronomy, natural history, chemistry, geology, all seemed to absorb his attention, and the learned professors complimented him upon tastes, preferences, and knowledge unusual in a sovereign of his age.

For the theatre he cared little; the Duchesse d'Abrantès remarks that he fidgeted about in his chair like a child. On one occasion "Œdipus" was being played at the Comédie Française in the presence of the First Consul. At the phrase spoken by Philoctetus, "J'ai fait des Souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être," thunders of applause filled the theatre. The house was crammed, and again and again the stamping and shouts and cries seemed to shake the building as all eyes were turned to the First Consul's box.

"You remarked it, Bourrienne?" said Napoleon afterwards.

"Yes, General. . . ."

"The fools! . . . They shall see! . . . They shall see! . . ." exclaimed Napoleon.[2]

The King's manner of dancing appears also to have been somewhat ridiculous. "I had the honour," says the Duchesse d'Abrantès, "to be his Majesty's *vis-à-vis* at the ball given by the Minister of War on the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, and I think I gave proof of great self-control by retaining my gravity during the whole of the *contre-danse*. The King was

[1] Covoni. [2] Bourrienne, "Mémoires sur Napoléon."

dancing, I think with Queen Hortense, and he made jumps and bounds not at all suitable to the dignity of royalty, to whom such gambols are not usual. Suddenly . . . a heavy object flew up in the air, fell upon my head, and entangled itself in my hair. It was one of the King's shoe-buckles. Seeing where it had gone and was reposing, his Majesty was so delighted that he laughed till he could hardly breathe. But we laughed still more when, wishing to find out how the buckle could from the royal foot have arrived in my *coiffure*, we discovered that the buckle was only stuck on the shoe. This singular fashion can scarcely have been continued by the master of the wardrobe, for a quarter of an hour afterwards the second buckle, after having described a circle in the air, caused by the impetus of a *jeté battu*, fell upon the nose of an old gentleman, who I would not undertake to say was not M. Jolivet himself."[1]

"This *fête* of the Minister of War had a special character, the supper being served in the garden under tents, with all the military circumstances of a bivouac. . . . A balloon was sent up during the night, and as it rose it traced upon the clear dark sky the name of Marengo."[2]

The King and Queen of Etruria used to go in the morning to sit with Joséphine. Napoleon would also be present for a short time, and would sit, leaning his elbow on the table, listening attentively while Maria Luisa related anecdotes of the Spanish court. Very shortly, however, he would retire to his private cabinet, and it then fell to the reluctant *aides-de-camp* to entertain his Tuscan Majesty, with whom they had not an idea in common, and who would have been far happier with some ecclesiastics or professors of the Academy.

In judging Lodovico (or "Louis") de Bourbon, it is

[1] Minister of War. [2] "Mémoirés de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."

fair to recollect the esteem and approbation of the learned men of Paris and the professors of the Academy, and the sincere friendship and sympathy of that distinguished, excellent man, the Comte de Chaptal, as well as the natural contempt and dislike of the gallant, unpolished, uneducated young soldiers of Napoleon's staff for a man who understood chemistry and other scientific pursuits, could translate books from one language into another, but was afraid to ride a spirited horse, knew nothing about military affairs, and preferred a lecture at the Academy to a review on the Carrousel.

The enjoyment she might have had of the festivities and amusements provided so lavishly in her honour was spoiled for the young Queen by the strain upon her feelings, the false position in which she was placed, and also by the fact of her being ill during most of the time. She suffered from fever, was often obliged to stay in bed, and when she took part in the diversions constantly going on she was not really fit to do so. Her anxiety about her husband was also a severe trial; he depended upon her for everything, and would look anxiously to her to know what he was to do or say when in society.

It was no wonder that Napoleon complained that he could get nothing out of him, that he was an automaton,[1] with whom it was impossible to converse. Lodovico's absurd shyness was naturally increased tenfold by his awe of Napoleon, who was often seen to look at him with perplexity and vexation; and, on being told of the epileptic fits which had brought him to this deplorable condition, he remarked with a frown:

"Hum! si j'avais su cela, il serait resté où il était."

[1] One day, after spending several hours with him and his consort, Napoleon remarked to Bourrienne, "I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he could answer none. He was obliged to ask his wife, who made him understand, as well as she could, what he ought to say" (Bourrienne, Memoires).

One day, as he got out of the carriage at La Malmaison, where they were going to dine, he suddenly fell to the ground, seized with one of the terrible fits. The Duchesse d'Abrantès, who was present, says :

"Je traversais le vestibule à colonnes pour me rendre dans le salon, lorsque je me trouvai au milieu du tumulte qu'occasionna cet événement. La Reine paraissait fort en peine et voulait cacher son mari . . . il était pâle comme un mort, et ses traits absolument renversés . . . cet évanouissement . . . était effrayant. Lorsque il entra dans le salon, Mme. Bonaparte lui demandait avec intérêt ce qu'il avait.

"'Oh, ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien ! N'est ce pas, Luisa ? Ce n'est rien . . . mal à l'estomac . . . j'ai faim . . . je dinerai bien . . . j'ai faim ; je le disais à Pepita—n'est ce pas, Pepita ?'

"Et ce rire sur ces lèvres encore blanches et contractées avait quelque chose d'effrayant." [1]

Napoleon at first believed it to be a mere passing pain, but was told the truth, when he became very grave, and was observed to watch the unfortunate young King with knitted brows and a sombre look.

Amongst the crowd of strange figures, both of men and women, whose appearance, speech, manners, and ideas were alike extraordinary to them, the bewildered, inexperienced young sovereigns turned with relief to one

[1] "I was crossing the hall with columns to go to the drawing-room when I found myself in the midst of the tumult occasioned by this event. The Queen appeared much distressed and tried to conceal her husband ; . . . he was as pale as death and his features completely altered . . . this fainting-fit was frightful. When he entered the drawing-room Mme. Bonaparte asked him anxiously what was the matter with him.

"'Oh, it's nothing, it's nothing, is it, Luisa ? I have a stomach-ache. . . . I am hungry. . . . I shall be better for dinner. . . . I am hungry ; I was saying so to Pepita—wasn't I, Pepita ?'

"And the laugh upon his still pale, contracted lips had something terrible about it" ("Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès").

person who seemed like a familiar figure, a relic of that past which had so suddenly and entirely been swept away.

The Marquise de Montesson had been the second wife of that Duc d'Orléans who first married the lovely and depraved Mdlle. di Conti, the illegitimate granddaughter of Louis XIV., and was the father of Philippe Egalité.

Not being of high rank enough to aspire to become the wife of the first prince of the blood, her marriage had only been allowed on condition that it should not be publicly acknowledged at court, in consequence of which she had never been called Duchess of Orléans, nor received by the King as of his family, till, when it was more a danger than advantage to do so, she went to visit Louis XVI. in his adversity, and was from that time acknowledged by him and the royal family as a cousin.

She had been imprisoned during the Revolution, but had had the good luck to escape with her life ; and now her days of prosperity had returned, for Napoleon, who saw in the widow of the Duc d'Orléans, retaining, in spite of her sixty years, many traces of the celebrated beauty and all the grace and charm which had captivated that prince, exactly the person he wanted to help him to introduce into the new court which he intended to bring into existence the manners, customs, and forms of the ancient one which the Revolution had destroyed.

Never was a more fortunate combination of circumstances. Mme. de Montesson was perfectly capable of doing what the First Consul wanted and perfectly willing to do it. He restored her fortune and her *hôtel* in Paris ; she had also a country house at Rambouillet, was the authority and adviser to whom Napoleon applied in all social matters, and the leader of the society he was endeavouring to collect and reinstate out of the remnants and traditions of the past. She was just the kind of

woman Napoleon liked, and it was said that he never showed so much consideration, attention, and politeness to anyone as to her. He would send her flowers and fruit from La Malmaison, would appear at her parties, where he would make himself usually much pleasanter than was his wont.

Consequently, Mme. de Montesson, as she still called herself, was a greater personage now than she had been formerly. Napoleon himself looked upon her very much as if she were a princess of the blood ; and many persons in the society which gathered round her considered her as in fact the Duchess-dowager of Orléans. She assumed semi-royal airs, never returned visits, and did not rise from her seat to receive guests except on special occasions ; her servants wore the royal liveries and upon her carriages were the arms of Orléans. To be presented at her *hôtel* was the aim and ambition of the new society, the wives of Napoleon's officers and ministers—some of whom had married the penniless daughters of ruined families of the *ancien régime*, others rich heiresses of the *parvenus* of the Revolution—who, as usual, were eager to imitate what they had abused or destroyed.

For in the *hôtel* of Mme. de Montesson "names were to be heard and faces to be seen which seemed to have risen from the tomb";[1] the *émigrés* were returning in numbers, and with many others who, although they had not left France, were on the proscribed list, had also succeeded in getting themselves *rayés*.[2]

These, who for the most part kept aloof from the new society, flocked to the *hôtel* in the *rue de Provence*, where were also to be met all the *corps diplomatique*, and everyone of artistic or literary celebrity. The rude

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."
[2] Struck off the proscribed list.

familiarity and unmannerly awkwardness of the new *régime* was not to be found there; Mme. de Montesson, always beautifully dressed, courteous, and fascinating, would by no means allow anyone to be presented to her of whose appearance or manners she disapproved. "No, no, he does not suit me! *Il m'ennuierait!*" she would exclaim, and there was an end of the matter.

Hers was the first house at which powdered liveried servants, the once well-known blue liveries of France, were again to be seen; where fine linen, costly plate and china, splendid tapestries and stuffs, and elegant decorations were to be seen. "C'est à elle," says General Thiébault, "qu'on doit le retour au ton de la bonne compagnie; sa maison fut la première où l'on ne reparut qu'en bas de soie et en souliers." [1] "C'est pour cela que toutes les réceptions qui se donnèrent à Paris sous le Consulat furent copiées et modelées sur les siennes." [2]

The first party at which everything was done in the old style was the great ball she gave in honour of the disastrous marriage of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense de Beauharnais, the mingled splendour and good taste of which delighted Napoleon.

The *hôtel* in which she now lived, in the *rue de Provence*, had formerly belonged to the Duke of Orléans, adjoining which was one he had built for her, and which was then called the *hôtel de Montesson*. This had a communication with the *hôtel* of the Duke, through a conservatory, which was now closed, the former *hôtel de Montesson* being now the Spanish embassy. But the King of Etruria, who stayed there during his visit to

[1] "It is to her that is owing the return to the tone of good society. Her house was the first at which one could not appear without silk stockings and evening shoes" (Thiébault, Mémoires).

[2] "For this reason all the receptions given in Paris during the Consulate were copied from and modelled upon hers" (Magnan, "Madame de Montesson").

Paris, had this communication reopened in order that he and the Queen might pass to and fro as they pleased to Mme. de Montesson, who, delighted to see again members of the Bourbon family at Paris and to claim them as cousins, showed them every possible attention and gave a grand ball in their honour.

At the *fête* given by Berthier,[1] the King of Etruria, having made a bet with Eugène de Beauharnais that he would jump over one of the watch fires, fell into it and hurt himself.

[1] This was the military *fête*.

CHAPTER VI

Departure from Paris—Parma—Affection of the Duke and Duchess and their family—A deputation from Florence—The Pitti Palace—Lodovico ill again—Anxiety of the Duke and Duchess—Departure for Florence—State entry—The King of Spain's box.

THE three weeks of their stay in Paris had been fuller, more eventful, and more exciting than any year in the past lives of Lodovico and Maria Luisa, and before their departure they were loaded with costly presents by the First Consul, Madame Bonaparte, and various persons and societies at Paris.

The splendid tapestries and exquisite service of Sèvres china with their ciphers and the Bourbon arms presented to them are still preserved at the Pitti.

But it was probably with feelings of relief that they set forth on their journey to Italy; and in any case it would not, of course, either in their own opinion or that of the First Consul, have been decent or possible that they should have remained in Paris during the *fête* of July 14,[1] now approaching.

On June 30 they set out on their journey south, escorted by a body of French troops, and at the last moment Napoleon presented to them General Clarke, who was to be French minister at Florence. When the long procession of coaches, *fourgons*, and cavalry had driven away, the First Consul, turning to the officers

[1] The anniversary of the storming of the Bastille.

who stood around him, said: "Have you seen what the Bourbon princes, the descendants of Charles V. and Louis XIV., are like? Is it possible that princes of such character can be equal to the exigencies of our times? This is what princes become who are educated at those southern courts; you see the specimens."

All honour, however, continued to be shown the King and Queen as they travelled southward; everywhere they were received with festivities, especially at Lyon, where they spent some days.

A deputation met them at Turin, inviting them to Milan; but they were anxious to get to Parma, and declined to delay their journey. At Piacenza they found the Duke and Duchess of Parma, who had come to meet them there, and received their son and his wife with great joy and affection.

Together they proceeded to Parma, where a great reception had been prepared for them, in spite of their having written to entreat that nothing of the kind might be done, as they had probably had more than enough of all that, were very tired, and not at all well. However, the weather came to their assistance, for it poured with rain, so that most of the entertainments out of doors were stopped.

The three weeks they spent at Parma were in all respects a contrast to those at Paris. The torrents of rain were welcome in mitigating the great heat which prevails at Parma in the summer, lying as it does in the burning plains that stretch away to the Alps and the Apennines. In the huge mediæval palace they rested, and Maria Luisa cultivated the acquaintance of her father, mother, and sisters-in-law, of whom she became so fond that when she left them she said it was like parting again from her own family.

They had all shown great kindness and affection to

Lodovico, Maria Luisa, and their child, the latter of whom had been very ill while with his grandparents. The arrival of the young sovereigns was an event of great importance at the little court of Parma, from which Lodovico had been so long absent. It was remarked that, although he still spoke his native language fluently, he had an ugly accent, which he had probably acquired by his residence abroad. As to his wife, her Italian was apt to get mixed up with Spanish, which often happens to anybody who, knowing one of those languages, begins to learn the other.

Two Florentine nobles arrived at Parma charged with salutations and homage to their new sovereigns; and before leaving the King sent his father's chamberlain, the Marchese Ventura di Golinella, to take possession of the kingdom in the name of Lodovico I. of Etruria, and to get the Palazzo Pitti ready for them as soon as possible.

Murat had been sent to Florence to prepare for and receive them, and orders had been given to refurnish the Pitti, which was no light matter, as any one who knows that enormous palace will understand.

There was scarcely anything in it, its lawful owner, the Grand-duke Ferdinand, having taken away all the best of the things when he fled, and the rest having been looted by the French and others.

The Marchese Ventura found that in the state apartments there was nothing at all but some tapestry hanging in tatters on the walls of what had been the picture gallery. The Grand-duke Ferdinand had inhabited the second floor when he and his family were in Florence, and the Grand-duke Leopold had been there very little during his much longer reign, having spent the winters generally at Pisa, which has a much milder climate and is near the pine forests; and

during the rest of the year having preferred to be just outside the gates, on the Poggio Imperiale, whose magnificent cypresses are the glory of Florence, or else at one of the sumptuous royal villas in the neighbourhood.

The huge Pitti Palace had, therefore, been scarcely used since the death of the last Medici Duke, Gian-Gastone,[1] and his sister, the Princess Palatine, who lived for five or six years after his death in the Pitti, where she died.

The Marchese Ventura sent for whitewashers, carpenters, and gilders to repair the dilapidations of the great deserted palace; had what furniture remained collected and brought down into the state rooms on the first floor; ordered costly silks and damasks from the *Mercato vecchio* to replace the far more beautiful tapestries of the Medici, which had been either carried off or rolled up and put away as no longer in fashion!

Even Leopold, in spite of his love of art and magnificence, had allowed stucco ceilings, moulded and gilt, to be made over the great gilded beams[2] of the Medici, destroyed many of the great sculptured stone chimney-pieces with open hearths, to replace them by smaller ones of marble, or with the intolerable Italian plan, so uncomfortable and so dangerous to foreigners, of having no fireplaces at all, but making a miserable pretence of warming large, lofty rooms of stone or marble by means of braziers with hot ashes.[3]

[1] Gian-Gastone, the last Medici Grand-duke, died 1737, after which Tuscany was given in exchange for Lorraine to François, Duke of the latter province, afterwards Emperor François I., husband of Maria Theresia.

[2] These great beams are still to be seen in the more ancient Florentine palaces, where they have not been replaced by the vaulted stucco ceiling of the Renaissance.

[3] It is to the Spanish influence in Italy, and probably to the terrible destruction of the woods, that this, the greatest discomfort of an Italian winter, is owing. That such was not the custom in ancient times is proved by the enormous chimneys and open hearths, many of which

When, early in the reign of Leopold I., Grand-duke of Tuscany, the state bed of Gian-Gastone, which stood in the fourth room after the *sala grande* was dismantled, so much gold was taken off it as to make, when melted down, an entire dessert service of massive gold for thirty-six persons.

With the best endeavours Ventura could not restore the interior of the Pitti to the splendour of the Medici; but though the ancient gilded bronze door handles were obliged to be replaced by brass ones, the walls hung with silk instead of tapestry, and the decorations of walls, doors, and ceilings regilded and repaired as well as could be done in such haste, owing to his exertions, the state apartments at the end of a week were in a presentable condition. But as there were not chandeliers enough to light the great staircases, halls, and galleries, and no plate at all except the dessert service above-mentioned and silver knives and forks and spoons for twelve people, what was necessary was borrowed from some of the chief Florentine nobles, in order that the new sovereigns, who were known to be bringing plenty of gold plate with them, might not be scandalised by the bareness of their palace and its arrangements.

As it was, Maria Luisa remarked that it was the first time she had ever been served at dinner with porcelain instead of gold plate. The arms of the Habsburg Grand-dukes had only been taken down from official buildings and replaced by the Bourbon lilies the night before their expected arrival.

Fortunately there were numbers of pictures left in the galleries, very badly arranged, as they had been placed more with regard to the richness of the frames than the merit of the pictures themselves.

were built up during the time when the Spanish Bourbons reigned in different parts of Italy.

Four sumptuous coaches and thirty splendid horses—a present from the Duke of Parma to his son—arrived at the royal stables, attended by a great number of grooms and coachmen, Spaniards, Lombards, and Parmesans, "of bad appearance and worse reputation."

Reluctantly the young King and Queen left Parma and the kindly family circle where they had been treated with so much affection. Just before they started Lodovico had a slight epileptic fit as he got out of bed, and his father and mother, alarmed and anxious about him, insisted on their faithful chamberlain, Count Silvatico, going to Florence with him and staying there until he was well again. But at the same time all precautions were taken to prevent the state of the King's health becoming known to his future subjects.

It was about the 10th of August when the King and Queen arrived at Florence. They slept at the Villa Cafaggiolo, where all the ministers, court, and principal persons came to meet them on the following morning and to be presented before their state entry into Florence, which was everywhere decorated in their honour. Tapestries, silks, brocades, and garlands of flowers hung from windows and balconies filled with spectators; banners waved upon the façades of the splendid palaces and buildings for which the Tuscan capital is renowned; the streets were thronged with people, but the greetings were forced and the curiosity of the crowd mingled with critical remarks; for with the procession rode Murat and Berthier at the head of the French troops; the *Guardia nobile* of the Grand-dukes was broken up and dispersed, and the hearts of the people were with the exiled family.

It was in the very coach of the Grand-duke Ferdinand that the cousins who had usurped his dominions made their entry into his capital; and the long file of

carriages and soldiers wound along the ancient, picturesque streets, across the bridge of the Trinità down the Via Maggio, till a sudden turn into the narrow *Sdrucciolo dei Pitti* led up to the steep ascent from which the gigantic palace overlooks the city and the *Val d'Arno*.

It was a beautiful capital indeed—a contrast to Madrid and Parma; and the stately building, with its terraces, fountains, and statues, the cypress and ilex groves of its gardens appearing behind and at each side of it, must have promised a delightful home. But it was observed that the Queen's face had a disturbed and distressed expression, as if something had gone wrong, even while she got out of the carriage and received, on entering the palace, a crowd of notabilities and ladies of the court who were waiting for her. It soon was explained that the great box of decorations given her by her father, the King of Spain, was lost; and Maria Luisa at once sent an officer with directions to ride back all the way they had travelled between Florence and Parma to look for the box, which was found at Colorno, where it had been left in the Queen's bedroom by mistake. So overjoyed was she to see it again that she ordered the officer to be promoted. The crosses of jewels and decorations contained in it she gave to the chief ladies of her new court.

CHAPTER VII

The King's health fails—Society and life at Florence—Deplorable state of finances—Journey to Madrid—Birth of a Princess at sea—Marriages of the Prince of the Asturias and Infanta Isabel—Return to Italy—Difficulties at Parma and Florence—The Paglicci.

THE King and Queen were now established in the new kingdom which they had accepted with such delight and gratitude from the hands of Napoleon. But it is probable that they would have been much happier if they had stayed quietly at the safer, though less amusing and less beautiful, capital and court of Spain; for no sooner had they taken possession of the dominions properly belonging to their cousins, which they had been forced by the Spanish King and Queen and Napoleon to accept, than innumerable troubles and difficulties began to surround them.

The Queen had a miscarriage, the health of the King grew worse and worse, causing her constant uneasiness; and their position at Florence was a most trying one, for they soon began to find out that it was no joke to be the puppets of Napoleon. They were both full of good intentions, anxious to govern well and to do their best for the welfare of their new subjects. But they were not popular. The Tuscans had adored the Grand-duke Leopold and had also been attached to his son; they looked upon the new sovereigns as interlopers and tools of France, kept on the throne by the French, by whose generals and

officials they were oppressed and enslaved, while their troops in great numbers overspread the country, causing enormous expense and continual annoyance.

The court was formed, and nearly all the Spanish ladies who had accompanied the Queen from Spain were obliged to return there, much to her sorrow.

England refused to acknowledge the new kingdom, but besides France and Spain, Austria, Russia, and various minor States sent ambassadors or ministers, some of them being little republics like the "Cisalpine Republic of Milan," whose plenipotentiary was the Marchesse Tassoni, who was very rich. Casa Tassoni soon became the resort of most of the literary and scientific men of the city, and also of the Jacobins and Republicans, who made it a centre of opposition to the court and government.

Gossip of all kinds, malevolent stories of the King and Queen and Count Silvatico, of whom the Florentines were jealous, were sure to be heard there. The Count, an old and faithful servant and friend of the Duke of Parma, remained at his urgent request to look after his son and daughter-in-law, who were thankful for his presence and advice.

But in Casa Tassoni and elsewhere it began to be said that no one could get an audience of either the King or Queen without his being there, that he gave himself airs, that the King was hardly ever seen in public, and that the Queen was introducing into the palace the pride of the Bourbons and the haughty stiffness of Spain.

There does not appear to have been much truth in these complaints and assertions. The King, indeed, could not possibly constantly appear at the theatre and in society, his health being so precarious. The Queen did all she could to conceal it, and flattered herself that she succeeded; but it was not likely such matters should not be known and discussed. He became subject to

fever and melancholy, had a bad cough and pain in his chest, was reduced to a shadow, and the doctors did him no good. The Queen was dreadfully anxious about him, and in a strange country, amongst all the trials, perplexities and fears that weighed upon her mind, Count Silvatico was her great stay and comfort.

She was exceedingly desirous to be liked by her subjects of all classes; to make her court and society pleasant, to give employment, revive trade, and restore as far as possible the prosperity which had been enjoyed by Tuscany under the reigns of the Austrian Grand-dukes.

Among the most important persons who greeted her at Florence were the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles Edward Stuart, and Caroline Murat, the youngest sister of Napoleon, an insupportable woman of atrocious manners, who gave herself ridiculous airs.

The leader of foreign society was Lady Wyndham, and the three most popular Italian *salons* were those of the Contessa Galli, Contessa Maddalena Arrighetti, and Signora Louisa Mozzi, *nata* Salimbeni.[1]

Lady Wyndham gave splendid balls, and her parties, which were more frequented by foreigners than by Florentines, were extremely brilliant. The Florentines, whose entertainments were much simpler and earlier, were to be found every evening at one of these or other Italian houses, where, except on the occasion of great festivities or by especial invitation, it was not considered necessary to go in evening dress; people went in and out as they chose, and left very early.

There were numerous balls, concerts, and entertainments of all kinds; the theatres were crowded; the

[1] The Palazzo Salimbeni, a remarkably beautiful and interesting one, has been turned into the Hôtel du Nord, and is, of course, much spoilt, but still very characteristic.

new opera of Cimarosa, who had recently died at Venice, was being given at the Pergola; the delicious avenues of the Cascine were crowded with splendid carriages.

The King and Queen, accustomed to the Spanish court with its old-world pomp and grandeur, where unlimited power, riches, and prestige were a matter of course to them, had at first no idea of any other conditions of life; and their arrival at once increased the expense and extravagant display, eagerly copied by the Florentine nobles. Most of all in their carriages, liveries, harness, &c., was this luxury and magnificence apparent.

"After the arrival of the Spanish sovereigns," says Covoni, "this luxury increased enormously. Everyone had their liveries renewed; and, dazzled by the splendour of the court, had generally imitated its example, adopting wigs for the servants and sometimes three-cornered hats for coachmen, which had not hitherto been in use."[1]

The Rinuccini, Alessandri, Ferroni, and Riccardi were those who displayed the greatest elegance.

Lodovico tried in vain to get rid of the French troops, whose presence was detested by the Tuscans. Napoleon replied that they had no soldiers of their own, and that the French were necessary for the security of the court and country.

It was a considerable time before Lodovico succeeded in getting them removed from Florence itself and forming a Tuscan *Guardia nobile.* Even then they were still quartered at Pisa and other places, especially

[1] "Dopa la venuta dei Reali di Spagna, questo lusso crebbe moltissimo. Tutti avean fatto le livree di nuovo, ed abbagliate dallo splendore della corte, ne avevano in gran parte imitato l'esempio, adottando le parrucche per la servitù, ed alcuni anche il cappello a tre corni per il cocchiere, cosa che fino allora non era stata in uso" ("Memorie di Maria Luisa," Covoni).

at Livorno, important to Napoleon as a point from which to injure the ships and trade of England.

The autumn and winter passed, and the King's health did not improve. In the spring the royal household moved to Poggio Caiano, one of their villas ten or twelve miles from Florence, where they stayed for some time, during which the fresh air and comparative rest really seemed to have done the King good; but upon their return to Florence the anxieties and difficulties with which they were entangled appeared worse than ever.

The state of their finances was deplorable. The large sums of money given them by the King of Spain had been hitherto their resource, but were now coming to an end. They did not know where to turn for money;[1] the country was almost ruined by bad harvests, the war, and the cost of maintaining the French troops, whom they also had to pay. The King wrote to Napoleon, explaining the state of things, but without much effect, and during the course of the summer came an urgent invitation from the King and Queen of Spain to go to Madrid to be present at the weddings of the eldest brother and youngest sister of Maria Luisa. The Prince of the Asturias was to marry the Princess Antonia (or Antoinette), youngest daughter of the King of Naples, and the Infanta Isabel the eldest son of that King, whose first wife, an Austrian Archduchess, had died a year before.

Maria Luisa did not at all want to take this long journey. She was tormented by the state of affairs at Florence, uneasy about the King's health, and very near her confinement.

She consulted her doctors, hoping they would forbid it, as one might have supposed any sensible doctors would have done. But the doctors wanted to go to

[1] Petitions were constantly coming in from the smaller towns begging to be indemnified for the expenses and extortions of the French Generals.

Spain themselves in the splendid Spanish warship, *La Reyna Maria Luisa*, which Carlos IV. had sent for his daughter and son-in-law, so they said the voyage would do both the King and Queen a great deal of good, and embarked with them accordingly.

The ship had three decks and 128 guns. The royal apartment consisted of six large cabins hung with white damask and splendidly furnished, from which a gallery of cedarwood led to the Admiral's cabin. Three other ships, each of 80 guns, with their suite, followed them.

Their journey was, however, delayed for a month at Pisa, where the King had an epileptic fit. Prayers were offered in all the churches, and after some time he recovered, but before leaving some days were spent in various entertainments there—regattas on the Arno, illuminations, &c. Many people came from Florence for the occasion, and it was not until these festivities were over that the immense party went on board the ships and set sail for Barcelona.

It was a magnificent sight when, after more festivities at Livorno, where the King and Queen slept at their palace and were attended by crowds of people to the water's edge, the Spanish warships at last left the harbour. Amidst the thunder of guns from the port, the stately ships spread their sails and glided out upon the calm summer sea, the brilliant company crowding their decks, music and acclamations filling the air, while the heat of the burning sun was tempered by a soft delicious breeze which seemed to promise a safe and easy voyage.

This delightful weather continued for some days, and then a fearful tempest arose, and for two days they were in considerable danger. The Queen, who was very ill all the time, gave birth to a daughter, and at first it was considered doubtful whether the child would live. However, both the Queen and the child recovered, and a

few hours later the sea became calm and they entered the port of Barcelona. The Queen used afterwards to say that her daughter belonged to no country, as she was born at sea.

In consequence of all this delay they arrived too late for the weddings, and even then the Queen could not at first go on shore; but after three days she was taken out of bed, put through a port hole into a boat, and carried to her father's palace in Barcelona, where he had arrived to see her. The next day the infant princess was christened Luisa Carlotta, her godfather and godmother being the King and Queen of Spain.

Misfortunes certainly seemed to follow this unfortunate couple. After all the risk and suffering they had missed the wedding festivities, and the Infanta Isabel, now Princess Royal of Naples, had gone to her new country with her husband. An uneducated, rather stupid, but placid, contented sort of girl, she was perfectly satisfied with her lot, got on very well with her husband, and was happy enough in the life she led with him, in spite of its many vicissitudes.

With the other marriage it was far otherwise. The unfortunate Princess Antoinette only added another to the long list of foreign princesses who found a prison and a grave in Spain. Sacrificed to political exigencies, she came as an unwilling victim to her fate. Highly educated, refined, accustomed to the gay, untrammelled freedom of Naples and Palermo, or the civilised splendour of Vienna, where she had recently spent nearly two years in the friendly circle of her Austrian relations, surrounded by devoted parents and affectionate brothers and sisters, the transition to the dreary formalities of Madrid, the uncongenial surroundings, the cringing adulation of France, the deadly enemy of her family, and the hatred and hostility of her mother-in-law, the Queen

MARIA LUISA, INFANTA OF PARMA, QUEEN OF SPAIN,
WIFE OF CARLOS IV.
[*Goya*]

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of Spain, and Manuel Godoï, made her life miserable. The Prince of the Asturias, indeed, adored her, and she returned his affection, but against such powerful enemies as the Queen and Godoï there was no help, for Carlos IV. was, as usual, incapable of helping or protecting anyone. The Princess of the Asturias led an unhappy life at the Spanish court for four years and then died, the Queen and her party said of consumption, but many others declared of poison administered at the instigation of the Queen and Manuel Godoï.

Finding themselves too late for the festivities on account of which they had been forced to take a journey for which both were absolutely unfit, Lodovico and Maria Luisa remained at Barcelona for some time, and while they were there received the news of the death of the Duke of Parma. Lodovico was so ill and so unhappy that the Spanish doctors advised his return to Florence.

The King and Queen of Spain, however, insisted upon their going with them to various places and starting for Italy from Cartagena instead of from Barcelona.[1]

They travelled with the Spanish court to Taragona, Valencia and Madrid, to be present at the horrible bull-fights which are the supreme delight of the Spaniards, after which they went to Aranjuez and La Granja, and it was not until December that they were allowed to start from Cartagena, which involved a much longer voyage than they would have had from Barcelona. All the fatigue and excitement of the last few months had done them both infinite harm, and the King, who had deeply felt the loss of his father, grew more and more melancholy. The weather was now very bad ; they were kept a week at Cartagena before they could embark, and fell in with another storm in the Golfe de Lyon, so that it was

[1] "Memorie di Maria Luisa."

not until the 17th of January that they arrived at Florence.

Their Italian suite, especially the ladies of the Queen's household, were delighted to be again at Florence, having been very uncomfortable all the time of their absence, for the civilisation of Italy was, as it still is, far in advance of that of Spain. It is true that at that time, even in Florence, it was considered, even in good houses, too great an extravagance to light fires every day to heat water for baths, but in Spain the ladies and gentlemen of the royal households and court did not think it necessary every day to wash at all; the perfumes which they used at their toilettes were so powerful that the Italians declared they made them giddy, and the Queen's maids had to brush her dresses every morning with the greatest care lest vermin should have got into them.

Notwithstanding the astonishing magnificence of the Spanish court, the enormous size and sumptuous decorations of the apartments, the multitude of candles lighted every evening in the rooms of every member of the suite, the costly dresses, jewels, and equipages, the Queen's bedroom had not the common comforts of civilised life to which the Tuscan ladies had been always accustomed.[1]

The customary rejoicings for the return of the royal family took place, but everyone remarked the changed appearance of the King, who was so reduced by the terrible and repeated fits of epilepsy as to be hardly recognisable.

The Florentines were intensely irritated and indignant

[1] Signor Covoni, who gives this description, adds: "*La stessa mia madre nella sua gioventù lo aveva sentito raccontare testualmente dalla Duchessa Lodovica Strozzi*" ("My mother had herself, when she was young, heard this told by the Duchess Lodovica Strozzi").

at the loss of the Venus dei Medici which Napoleon had just insisted on having sent to Paris, and the affairs of Parma, besides the sorrow of the loss of his father, occasioned Lodovico endless difficulty.

According to the treaty the French took possession of Parma, and the Duchess, his mother, retired to her native Vienna. His two sisters had taken the veil and remained in convents in Italy.

The Duke had been ruined by the French war and died deeply in debt, leaving Lodovico responsible for at any rate a considerable part of the dowries of his mother and sisters. And, as had been agreed, the *Guardia nobile* of the late Duke, and the other regiment and staff which constituted the military force of Parma, arrived to enter the service of the King of Etruria, who, of course, was to bear the whole expense of their pay and maintenance.

The King of Spain, hearing of the state of the finances in Etruria, gave his son-in-law all the rich prebendaries which had been held by his father, the late Duke of Parma. This splendid gift would have been sufficient to supply the immense losses which he had incurred, instead of benefiting by the inheritance derived from his father. But unfortunately the Marchese Ventura, who did not understand the desperate state of Lodovico's affairs, was most anxious that, although Parma must now become a province of France, the court should be kept up there in order that the affection of the people of Parma should not be alienated. Then if anything should happen to oblige the French to retire from the duchy, it might be restored to the heirs of its former rulers.

Lodovico accordingly was induced to assume this additional burden, which he could not in the least afford, and which increased the anxiety and difficulty

of his position, weighed upon his mind, and made him more ill and depressed than ever.[1]

Both he and the Queen continued to make strenuous attempts to keep the deplorable state of his health secret, the Queen at any rate going as much as possible into society and doing her best to encourage the gaieties and entertainments which went on, as may be seen from the following letter written on February 24, 1803—that is to say, about five weeks after the return of the King and Queen from Spain. It had just been proposed to substitute Spanish troops for the French quartered in Tuscany. The letter is from the first secretary of the French Legation in Tuscany to the Foreign Minister at Paris:

"CITOYEN MINISTRE,—Je suis porté à croire, citoyen Ministre, ainsi que vous l'annoncez dans votre dépêche que si les Français sortaient de Toscane on pourraient en cas de besoin, y appeler les Espagnols. Cela est même echappé au Sécrétaire du departement des Affaires Étrangères, qui causait vivement avec moi, et qui, ayant accompagné le Roi en Espagne, est très bien instruit des projets des deux cours. 'Que gagnerez-vous à cet échange,' lui ai-je dit; 'ne faudrait-il pas payer les Espagnols aussi bien que les Français?'

"Il m'a répondu que leur entretien venait infiniment moins cher, et que d'ailleurs sa Majesté Catholique les paierait vraisemblablement elle-même.

"'Cela ne nous mettrait-il pas dans sa dépendance?'

"'Qu'importe?' m'a-t-il repliqué, 'n'appartenons nous pas en effet à l'Espagne?'

"Tandis que le Roi est retenu dans sa chambre par les suites de sa maladie la Reine semble vouloir se populariser. Pendant presque tout le Carnaval elle est allée au théâtre masquée, et apres avoir paru dans

[1] Covoni.

plusieurs loges, et s'être promenée dans le parterre, elle venait sans masque se mêler à la foule. Elle est allée aussi dans tous les lieux public et à présent que le temps des folies est passé, elle s'exerce à monter à cheval pour venir cet été à la promenade publique. Les Toscans, qui sont depuis Léopold accoutumés à voir leurs souverains se montrer sans suite, trouvent que la Reine se prodigue un peu trop. Ainsi les efforts qu'elle fait, sans doute pour gagner le cœur de ses sujets, sont mal interprétés, et lui font, dans leur esprit, plus de tort qu'il ne lui attirent de l'amour.

"Il dois vous mander tous ces détails, citoyen Ministre, pour vous faire connaître l'état de ce pays. Un Roi malade, un ministre favori mené par les prêtres et vendu à l'Espagne, une noblesse inepte et avare, un peuple mécontent ; voilà en trois mots l'histoire actuelle de la Toscane.

"Salut et respect,

"SIMÉON." [1]

[1] "CITIZEN MINISTER,—I am inclined to think, citizen Minister, as you say in your despatch, that if the French left Tuscany they might, if necessary, be replaced by Spaniards. This indeed escaped the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who was talking earnestly to me, and who, having accompanied the King to Spain, is very well instructed in the plans of the two courts. 'What would you gain by the exchange?' I said to him ; 'would not it be just as necessary to pay the Spaniards as the French?'

"He replied that their maintenance would cost infinitely less, and that, besides, his Catholic Majesty would probably pay them himself.

"'But would not that make us dependent upon him?'

"'What would that signify?' he answered ; 'do we not in fact belong to Spain?'

"While the King is detained in his room by the results of his illness the Queen seems anxious to make herself popular. Nearly all through the Carnival she has been to the theatre masked, and after having appeared in several boxes and walked about amongst the audience, she went without a mask and mingled with the crowd. She also appeared everywhere in public, and now that the time of folly is over she practises riding in order to be able to ride on the *promenade* this summer. The Tuscans, who since [the accession of] Leopold are

Riding was a new delight to the young Queen; and it was now that a sort of carriage or dogcart called a tilbury, much the fashion at Paris, was introduced at Florence, in which some of the leading women in society drove themselves, sitting in front, with a seat behind for two servants.

Some of them drove very badly, especially a very conspicuous widow, who was always accompanied by some of the French officers. She did not know in the least how to drive properly, but ran up against the entrances of the palaces, and as she drove about amongst the carriages and sometimes even in the narrow streets of the city she was a terror to everybody.[1]

Naturally generous, kindhearted, and devout, Maria Luisa was accused by her enemies of being bigoted, and was a prey to all kinds of undeserving persons, who by pretence of religion or lamentable stories of destitution often succeeded in deceiving her, so that the Palazzo Pitti became, as Signor Covoni remarks, "the Mecca of all the true and false destitution of Tuscany."

There was a certain family of Paglicci, of whom the father, Egidio (now dead) and the eldest brother, Leopoldo, had been amongst the most ardent supporters

accustomed to see their sovereigns show themselves without any suite, think the Queen makes herself a little too common. Thus the efforts she makes, doubtless to gain the hearts of her subjects, are wrongly interpreted, and rather do her harm in their estimation than win their affection.

"I ought to send you these details, *citoyen Ministre*, to make you understand the state of this country. An invalid King, a favourite minister led by the priests and sold to Spain, an incapable, avaricious *noblesse*, a discontented people; there in three words is the present history of Tuscany.

"*Salut et respect,*
"SIMÉON."

("Documents sur le royaume d'Etrurie," Marmottan.)

[1] Covoni.

of the Grand-duke Ferdinand. The family, however, were absolutely ruined, and in such abject poverty that they returned to Florence to implore the help of the reigning sovereigns. They were of gentle blood, claimed descent from the Counts Paglicci of Cortona, and now consisted of the mother, Signora Orsola, and seven children.

By a benevolent priest, Monsignor Del Chiaro, they were presented to the Queen, who received Leopoldo, accompanied by a younger brother in ecclesiastical dress and three sisters, Cristina, who was thirty-five years old, Cammilla, twenty-two, and Margherita, twenty, the two youngest being left at home with their mother. Maria Luisa showed them great kindness, appointed Cristina and Cammilla *camerista* and *bambinaia* to the little Prince, her son, and, according to the Spanish usage, ennobled the whole family. Very soon Margherita was also received into the royal household, and the three sisters became great favourites of the Queen.

CHAPTER VIII

Concealment of the King's illness—A supper at the Casa Arrighetti—Increasing anxieties—Death of the King—Regency of the Queen—The cares of government—Pauline Borghese—Absurd conduct—Tyranny of Napoleon—The little King—Life of the Queen and her children at Florence—The Pope's visit—The mischief-making of the Paglicci.

MARIA LUISA might have spared herself an infinity of trouble, fatigue, and suffering if she had allowed the fact of the King's serious state of health to be more fully recognised. As it was, she incurred undeserved blame by the way she showed herself everywhere in society when he was unable to leave his room.

On "*Giovedi grasso,*" or Thursday before Lent, they had both accepted an invitation from the members of the Academy to the *veglione*[1] at the Pergola. They promised to appear in masks and dominoes and to visit some of the boxes, but on the night of the masquerade only the Queen and her ladies appeared in the royal box. At first it was supposed that the King and Count Silvatico were walking about, but when the Queen was seen to leave the box, it was rumoured that the King was ill, which, although true, was contradicted. Instead of going to the boxes, the

[1] *Veglione* or masked ball given during the "*jours gras*" at the end of the Carnival.

Queen, attended by one of the Paglicci, went to the house of the Contessa Galli, to whom she was privately announced, and then sat down to supper with the other guests, by whom she was not recognised for a long time.

At last a young man who was present found out who she was, and at the house of the Contessa Arrighetti, where he presently went, he told his hostess of her visit. In consequence the Contessa Arrighetti was so jealous that it made her ill, and she had to stay in bed for a fortnight. Instead of the public believing that the King was not ill, it was said that the Queen neglected her husband in order to amuse herself at the Carnival. It was not true. Maria Luisa and Count Silvatico nursed him night and day, one of them being always by his side.

At Easter he seemed better, but rapidly grew worse again, and it was soon evident that he could not live much longer.

He himself was aware that he could not recover, and had fully resigned himself to die. His life ever since he had left Spain, or, at any rate, since he arrived at Florence, had been one of continual care, difficulty, and trial. The terrible malady from which he had so long suffered made happiness and enjoyment impossible, and was increased by the pressure of anxieties and business which even then left him no peace.

The Queen was called perpetually from his bedside to consultations with the ministers, for the King being now unable to preside at the Council, she was obliged to take his place.

War had broken out again between England and France, the French ambassador urgently clamouring that a courier should be sent to Livorno to arrest all the English ships in that port. Such a demand was most

tyrannical. Etruria, supposed to be a free State, was not at war with England; but the orders of Napoleon must be obeyed.

On this occasion, however, they were counteracted. Baron Spannocchi, then governor of Livorno, had an English wife, and his sympathies were with England. By his timely warning and friendly management all the English ships sailed out of the harbour just as the order arrived for their arrest.[1]

Lodovico made his will, appointing the Queen sole guardian of their son and regent of the kingdom; and after a few days, during which she never left him, he died, leaving her a widow at twenty-one, with an infant daughter and a son, who was four years old and a king, all of them being surrounded by increasing difficulties and dangers.

Then Maria Luisa broke down. Her ladies almost forced her out of the room of the dead King to her own apartment, where she was seized with a violent convulsive attack. The doctors ordered her to go at once with her children to the Villa Castello, where she recovered to some extent, but remained subject to these attacks for two or three years.

But there was no rest for her. After the functions of the funeral of the late King came those of the accession of his Majesty Carlo Lodovico, whom his mother, seated on the throne, held in her arms.

With Signor Mozzi as prime minister, Maria Luisa carried on the government as best she could. But difficulties and annoyances surrounded her on all sides. Silvatico did not get on with the Florentine nobles, and, in spite of the great disparity of their ages and the strict morality and devotion of the Queen, the gossip of the Tuscan court began to annoy them.

[1] Covoni. "Byeways of Italy" (Stisted).

Far from anything so preposterous being true, the Queen's troubles were increased by disputes with the Count, who had gradually gained an overwhelming influence over the late King, and whose incapacity in financial matters, joined to his obstinate resolution not to allow anyone else to interfere, but to keep in his own hands the power he had acquired, had now become so serious a danger that Maria Luisa wrote at last to her father, the King of Spain, to complain and to ask for his help.

The poet Alfieri died in Florence very soon after the death of the King, leaving the Countess of Albany, of whose long devotion to him so much has been told and written, overwhelmed with grief.

Whether the romantic affection which had subsisted between her and Alfieri had been merely a devoted and affectionate friendship or the *liaison* which many, perhaps most people, imagined, was and is still a mystery. But the Countess, in despair and broken-hearted at his loss, was anxious that his funeral should be conducted with the highest religious ceremonial. Signor Mozzi, the prime minister, who had been a friend of Alfieri, consented, but the permission of the Regent was also indispensable. And Maria Luisa, whose religious opinions were of the strictest Spanish orthodoxy, not only had the strongest suspicions as to his connection with the Countess of Albany, but was aware of the kind of life he had led, and did not in the least think that he believed in any religion at all. Much perplexed and divided between her dislike either to distress the Countess of Albany or to offend the clergy, she hesitated to grant the required permission, and it was only after an immense amount of persuasion that matters were so arranged as to meet the wishes of both sides.

Soon afterwards an epidemic of yellow fever broke out

at Livorno, and the distress it occasioned necessitated fresh taxes, which the people could ill afford. Large sums had to be paid as the dowries of the Princesses Carlotta and Antonia of Parma, and a fresh expenditure was entailed upon the impoverished Queen and city by the arrival of Pauline Bonaparte, second sister of Napoleon, who had married Prince Borghese, and who must, of course, be magnificently received and entertained.

Pauline Bonaparte, celebrated for her extraordinary beauty, folly and immorality, was the favourite sister of Napoleon. Her passion for dress, amusement, and admiration amounted to a mania, and from the day she arrived at Florence until the much desired one when she and her handsome, inane husband departed to Rome, all idea of economy had to be thrown to the winds.

There was a general murmur of admiration as Pauline (who was immensely proud of being, as she said, a *real* princess[1]), dressed in white and covered with costly jewels, entered the palace, walking slowly and looking around with evident self-satisfaction, contrasting conspicuously with the Queen, who waited to receive her. For Maria Luisa had never possessed any beauty, and the anxieties and troubles of the last few years had told upon her ; besides which, she had never known how to dress herself or her children properly, nor to get rid of the stiffness and formality of her Spanish education, which pervaded her life and all her surroundings.

Pauline, who, like the rest of the Bonapartes, had no manners at all, never thought of or cared for anything but her own pleasure and amusement, and was absolutely without brains or education, chattered and laughed with everyone around her, telling stories of the dresses and

[1] "Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès."

parties at Paris; of the fancy ball just given by Talleyrand, at which she had appeared as a Bacchante, with nothing on but strips of tiger-skin; of the *Barbiere di Siviglia* given at her mother's house, in which Hortense and Eugène de Beauharnais had sung and acted with such success. Looking about her, she turned into ridicule one person after another, laughing at and finding fault with everything she saw, until everyone was in a state of nervous anxiety lest the Queen should observe her and hear what she was saying.

Napoleon had just forced the Queen to give up the Villa Medici, in Rome, in exchange for a palace in the Corso called the Accademia di Francia. That delightful palace and garden was, in fact, the property of the Grand-duke Ferdinand, who inherited it from his father and grandfather, the Emperors Leopold and François; therefore neither the Bourbon King of Etruria nor Napoleon had any right to it. It still remains the French Academy at Rome.

The French visitors wrote absurd accounts of the appearance and customs of the Florentine court; of the formal drives when the Queen insisted on appearing, seated with her back to the horses, opposite the little King, who, dressed in a costume only fit for a full-grown man, in which he looked like a caricature, was fastened upon a cushion to keep him upright and enable the people to see him. The child, of course, looked ridiculous, hated the whole thing, and dreaded the hour for the daily drive, which his mother must have copied from those intolerably dull promenades up and down the Prado familiar to her childish days.

When the Prince and Princess Borghese were gone, the Queen resumed her endeavours to get the finances of the kingdom into order. From every quarter, even from Paris and from her parents in Spain, she heard reports of

the corruption and mismanagement of Silvatico. The waste in the royal household was outrageous.

Costly suppers were given by the officers of the household to their friends late at night, for which enormous quantities of choice wines and provisions were sent from the royal cellars and kitchen. Immense packages of food and parcels of different articles were sent every morning early through a secret door in the Pitti by the inferior officials and servants. The palace was like a den of thieves; there was neither order nor management in financial affairs.

The Queen dismissed Silvatico and appointed the Cavaliere Fossombroni, a former minister of the Grand-duke Ferdinand, with a council under him of well-known, capable persons, to undertake the necessary reforms.

By the energy she displayed in this and other matters, it was evident that Maria Luisa was—or rather, under happier circumstances, would have been—both able and willing to conduct the government of her son's dominions during his minority with firmness and prudence.

But she was in an impossible position. She represented no national or political party among the people she had been so suddenly called to rule. To the royalist party among her subjects, she and her husband and son were the usurpers who had driven out their beloved Ferdinand and his family; to the republicans they were objects of hostility as Bourbons and Kings. To all they were foreigners and tools of the French oppressors, who had brought ruin and devastation upon their lately flourishing and peaceful land.

Although her father had given her a large fortune, she could never succeed in getting it. It had been paid to her father-in-law, the Duke of Parma, who had spent and muddled away part of it, and when she appealed to

Napoleon, he declared it was included with Parma in the exchange for Etruria.

Notwithstanding all the trials and drawbacks of her lot, Maria Luisa, who was devoted to her children and liked Florence extremely, began after a time to be tolerably happy, and to hope that more peaceful and prosperous days were before her.

Her children were well, and already the young King began to develop the good qualities which he displayed in after life. All her affections and hopes were centred in him and his sister, and slowly the finances—now better managed—appeared to be improving.

The visit of the Pope entailed a certain amount of expense, although it was impossible for the Queen, in the impoverished condition of her affairs, to entertain his Holiness with the magnificence she desired. But the ministers represented that any considerable expenditure just then was impossible.

A troop of dragoons was sent to meet Pius VII. at the frontier and conduct him to Florence, where he arrived with eighteen carriages, on his way to Paris for the coronation of Napoleon. Four Cardinals and a number of other ecclesiastics accompanied him. The Queen, with the little King, went out to meet him and receive his blessing amidst ringing of bells, firing of guns, and universal rejoicing.

The Pope only remained two nights in Florence ; after which the procession, leaving the Pitti, wound along the Via Maggio, over the Ponte S. Trinità, and out through the Porta al Prato, on to the road to Pistoia.

The favour shown by the Queen to the Paglicci family, and her attempts to marry them to different members of the Florentine *noblesse*, created great jealousy and gave much offence at the little court, where they were disliked also on account of their intriguing ways and pretensions.

They repeated to the Queen all kinds of petty trifling gossip, and made considerable mischief by inducing her to meddle in their favour in matters she had much better have left alone.

A certain Cavaliere Carlo Gerini Bonciani, belonging to a noble Tuscan family, a young man of superior talent and learning, was in love with Giuseppina Fabbri, a pretty girl, whose father held a good appointment at court. The Paglicci, spying between the half-closed bars of the *persiennes* of a window, from which they could see the staircase up which he went on his frequent visits to her, told the Queen, and contrived to make mischief about what was a perfectly harmless proceeding.

The Queen, who at first had kept the three Paglicci almost entirely in her private apartments with her children, in whose service they were, had lately taken the habit, much to the indignation of the ladies of the court, of bringing them into her society in the evenings and of calling them *damigelle di corte.*

One evening the Queen, having observed one of the Paglicci sisters talking for some time with animation to the Cavaliere Gerini, sent a message of displeasure to him by an officer of her household, the Commendatore Camanno de' Pazzi. In reply to his assurances that there was nothing of the slightest importance in the matter, Bonciani was told that the Queen was offended, and that the only thing for him to do was to ask for the hand of the Signorina Paglicci.

Furious at what he considered both an arbitrary interference and an insult, he left the palace, resigned his post, and a few days later announced his engagement to the Signorina Fabbri, who was one of the Queen's *cameriste.* But, according to the Florentine law, no one in the service of the Queen could marry without her consent ; and Maria Luisa, whose early education at the

autocratic court of Spain had not yet been counteracted by the adversities of her later life, allowed her temper so far to overpower her common sense and justice as to refuse either to give the dowry always granted to the *cameriste* or to consent to the marriage at all.

This folly, of course, occasioned a great commotion at court, made the Paglicci more hated and ridiculed than ever, and estranged many people from the Queen; while those who were her friends and supporters remonstrated with her in vain, assuring her that she could not possibly persist in so arbitrary and illegal a resolution. Finally, Monsignore del Chiaro, an ecclesiastic of high rank and reputation, was appealed to, and Maria Luisa reluctantly yielded to his exhortations.

CHAPTER IX

The Queen's government—The depredations of Napoleon—Arrival of the Spanish troops—The Princess of Lucca—The sisters of Napoleon—Poggio Imperiale—A message from Napoleon—The end of the kingdom of Etruria—Hurried departure of the royal family.

"I ASSURE you," said the Queen, in the memorial she afterwards addressed to the Allied Powers, "that I conducted the government with the sole idea of promoting the happiness of my people."

She also declared that at this time she was happy and tranquil, and that all seemed to be going on well in her Tuscan dominions.

Besides her efforts to get the finances into order, she was anxious to do all she could for artistic matters in her beautiful capital, now lamenting the depredations of Napoleon, and above all losses that of the far-famed Venus de' Medici. That, of course, was irreparable, but as she believed the statue so dear to the Florentines to be lost for ever, she commissioned Canova to make another Venus to replace it as well as might be, little dreaming that a few more years would see the return of the lost treasures to Florence and many another city. But her well-meant attempts to revive the art of Tuscany were of little avail, as one may see by the productions both in painting and sculpture of her time and of more than a century before it. The art of Italy was dead long ago.

The French minister, Clarke, had been recalled and replaced by Eugène de Beauharnais, who was much pleasanter and more polite ; the Pope had passed through Florence again on his return to Rome after the coronation ; and Maria Luisa had received a visit from one of her sisters-in-law, the Princess Carlotta of Parma, an Ursuline nun, who was on her way to Rome, with two other sisters of the same order, to found a convent there.

The Queen went to meet them at Cafaggiolo, and entertained them with the greatest honour and affection during the whole of their stay at the Pitti, spending every day in taking them to all the principal churches and convents in and about Florence.

The coronation of Napoleon and Josephine as King and Queen of Italy took place at Milan, and to this function the Queen sent as ambassadors Prince Tommaso Corsini and Cavaliere Vittorio Fossombroni, with instructions to petition the Emperor against the oppressive presence of the French troops in Tuscany. But their report was not encouraging, for although Napoleon had given utterance to many professions of sympathy and friendship for Maria Luisa, he had remarked, "I am afraid the Queen is too young and Mozzi too old to govern the kingdom of Etruria."

It was also suggested that the Queen had too decided a leaning towards Spain, that the enemies of France found refuge in Tuscany, and there was a rumour that the Emperor had the project of taking some Tuscan territory to increase the dominion of his eldest sister, Elisa, Madame Bacciocchi.[1]

Maria Luisa began to wonder whether she had not better have gone herself to the coronation, especially

[1] Princess of Piombino, of Lucca, and afterwards Grand-duchess of Tuscany.

as she heard that the Empress Josephine had several times asked why she was not present. She had not liked to leave her children, but now she sent a messenger to Madrid to consult her parents as to the expediency of her going to Milan to see Napoleon and Josephine. However, it was too late; before the courier returned, the Emperor and Empress had gone back to France.

To her great joy the Queen of Etruria at last got the French troops recalled and replaced by Spaniards.

These were commanded by General Don Gonzalez O'Farill, and with him came his wife, Donna Anna Carasa, a very fat, very chattering person, who could not even remain silent whilst the Queen was speaking to her husband, but would keep interrupting the conversation, frequently causing the General to exclaim: "Be quiet! be quiet! you shall talk afterwards." [1]

The Queen, however, did not mind this; she was delighted to see any one from Spain and never tired of asking and hearing about everything that went on at Madrid, especially at the court of her parents.

The officers of the Spanish cavalry, who belonged to some of the greatest families in Spain, were first presented by their ambassador, and then it was arranged that the troops should be received by the King and Queen at the Villa di Castello.

A proclamation in Spanish was read by the General; the young King and his mother sat on the terrace before the villa, after which the soldiers marched past, to the evident delight of the boy, who sat watching them. Presently a number of them sent to ask permission to kiss the hands of the King and Queen, and were received in the garden, where a banquet had

[1] "Callad! callad! hablareis despuez."

been prepared under a *pergola* of Spanish jessamine, and where the officers drank the health of their Infanta Maria Luisa and her children in Spanish wine.

Soon afterwards the royal family went to Livorno and Pisa for sea bathing. While they were at Pisa, the Queen received a visit from Elisa Bacciocchi, who rode over from Lucca, which had been added to her dominions by Napoleon. She arrived at the palace while the Queen and her children were at breakfast, dismounted, and walked into the dining-room without ceremony.

Elisa Bacciocchi was, like all Napoleon's sisters, grasping, unamiable and immoral. While the surpassing loveliness of Pauline was famous throughout Europe, and Caroline, though badly made, ungraceful, and without beauty of features, eyes or expression, had a complexion like lilies and roses, a lively manner, and enough of the charms of youth to attract the officers and friends of her brother's court, Elisa was plain. She looked, people said, like a boy in petticoats, and this type is especially disliked in France. Napoleon, who preferred Pauline to his other sisters, cared the least for Elisa, who was just the sort of woman he did not like. Arrogant, pretentious, bad-tempered, and pedantic, she was, however, much more intellectual and cultivated than either of her sisters. Her favourite brother was Lucien, afterwards Prince of Canino, who shared her tastes, and whose side she vehemently took when he fell under the displeasure of Napoleon because he refused to divorce the wife to whom he was devoted for no reason but to further the ambitious plans of that autocrat. Her house, like Lucien's, was the resort of all the artists and literary people she could collect, and her entertainments, of which she was as lavish as any of her family, were more intellectual in character than those of her sisters.

Her husband, Pasquale or Félix[1] Bacciocchi, was a harmless nonentity who devoted his life to playing the violin.

Ever since the astonishing genius of Napoleon had raised his family from the obscurity of a Corsican town to the height of power and splendour, Elisa had been dissatisfied, like her sisters, with her share of the exalted fortunes to which none of them had the smallest right. And not content with Piombini or Lucca, her covetous eyes were now directed towards Tuscany, to the possession of which she was directing all her energy and all the persuasion she could pour into the ear of Napoleon.

Rumours of this were rife in Florence. The Queen was filled with uneasiness, all the more that, for the reasons before mentioned, she had not the support of any particular party. Neither for herself nor for her husband's sake had she any claim upon the loyalty of the Tuscans, while those who had accepted the Infants of Parma at the bidding of Napoleon would of course not be less ready and willing to receive the sister of the Emperor when it should please him to change the rulers whom he had set up.

These convictions were rapidly forcing themselves upon Maria Luisa, in spite of her strenuous resistance to them. From time to time scurrilous placards and inscriptions against her were found affixed to the walls in the streets. The new French secretary of legation, M. d'Aubusson de la Feuillade, who made himself everywhere agreeable and popular and entertained with magnificent hospitality, was working in favour of Elisa Bacciocchi. The court festivities of Florence began to be deserted by those who preferred the luxury and *laisser-*

[1] The Bonaparte family, declaring the name of Pasquale to be vulgar, had changed it to Félix.

allen of the little court of Lucca to the Spanish etiquette and stiff ceremonial which characterised that of Maria Luisa.

She complained bitterly to her *maggiordomo*, Prince Corsini, of the scanty numbers at the *festa* of the *corsa dei barberi*, owing to the superior attractions of the festivities then going on at Lucca.

Conscious that she had very few supporters upon whom she could rely, the Queen clung more closely to the Paglicci, who accompanied the court in all its journeys, which were, of course, short ones. And now her favourite *villeggiatura* was the royal villa on the Poggio Imperiale, just outside the walls, where, close to the majestic Porta Romana, begins that magnificent cypress avenue leading up the steep hill to the villa. From its balconies and *loggie* it was her delight, after her children were asleep, to look down upon the ancient city below, with its walls, towers, domes, and palaces, the Arno winding through it under the old bridges, and out over the fertile plain, scattered over with convents, farms, villages and gardens, to the distant mountains of Carrara. Especially on summer nights, brilliant with stars or white Southern moonlight, when all the shadowy country was spangled with fireflies flashing among the trees, Maria Luisa would linger hour after hour watching the calm, silent beauty of the scene, while doubts and fears for her future and that of her children mingled sorrowfully with the peace and solemnity around her.

One of the few persons upon whom she felt she could absolutely rely was Count Ferdinand Guicciardini, who held a distinguished post in her household.

In October, 1807, to her great satisfaction, he married her favourite, Margherita Paglicci, whom she immediately created lady of honour (*dama d'onore*). The marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the royal

Villa di Castello; and the Queen, in her delight, gave fresh offence by proposing, notwithstanding financial difficulties, to buy and present to the Count and Countess Guicciardini the splendid Villa Castel Pulci, which the Marchese Riccardi was going to sell on account of a loss of fortune.

In the midst of the commotion and opposition aroused in the cabinet by this project, the blow which had been preparing for some time fell upon the Queen.

The French minister waited upon her one day at the villa in which she was staying, and announced that the Emperor had disposed of the kingdom of Etruria and made other arrangements for the future of the King and Queen, who must leave Florence at once.[1]

The shock of this sudden calamity gave Maria Luisa one of the convulsive attacks to which she was still subject, but there was no time left her for tears and lamentations: it was necessary to return at once to the Pitti to make preparations for departure.

She sent a courier to Madrid and then began to make arrangements for the journey.

She gave her splendid horses to the *Guardia nobile* and other officers, and bestowed costly presents upon the members of her court and household; the private archives and library of the King were packed to go to Livorno in charge of the Spanish secretary of legation, who was to send them from that port to Barcelona.

There was a formal and melancholy farewell at the Pitti between the Queen and all the court, officials, and

[1] Napoleon united Tuscany to France as departments of Arno, Ombrone and Trasimene (1807). In 1809 he again made it the grand-duchy of Tuscany, and gave it to Elisa Bacciocchi, Princess of Lucca. In 1814 it was restored to its legitimate ruler, Ferdinand of Habsburg.

society; and the next day Florence was reoccupied by French troops. Elisa, Princess of Lucca, chose this moment to pass through Florence on her way to Venice to meet Napoleon and entreat him to give Tuscany to her. She slept at the French embassy, Palazzo Feroni, and left next morning.

On December 10, 1807, Maria Luisa and her children, attended by a number of persons of her late court and household, and with a long train of carriages and *fourgons*, escorted by the *Guardia nobile*, the Tuscan dragoons and a squadron of French soldiers, left Florence at four in the afternoon for the Villa Cafaggiolo, where she arrived at seven.

It was here that she and her husband had slept the night before their entry into the capital from which she had just been driven, and here she determined to spend the first night of her exile. Her future prospects were quite uncertain and her present position most unfortunate. Her son was now deprived both of his own lawful inheritance of Parma and Piombino, and of the more splendid dominion for which it had been exchanged. The Queen had scarcely money enough for the journey; her dowry, or what remained of it, had been seized by Napoleon.

From her father, the King of Spain, the answer she had received to her letter was that, Spain having agreed to cede Etruria to France, she must make haste to leave the country, which did not now belong to her, and that she would find consolation in the bosom of her family.[1]

Having reached Cafaggiolo and taken leave of most of the persons who had accompanied her so far, Maria Luisa sat down to supper with her children, the Duchess Strozzi, the Count and Countess Guicciardini, the other Paglicci, and a few more who had remained with her,

[1] "Memorie di Maria Luisa, Regina di Etruria."

having ordered relays of horses to be in readiness and intending to pursue her journey at eight the next morning. But when the time approached it was found that there were no horses to be had, as they had all been taken by Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples, and Elisa, Princess of Lucca, who were returning from Venice.

Filled with indignation and sorrow, the Queen was obliged to wait two days at Cafaggiolo, as she could not go back to Florence after all the leave-takings and farewells had been finished. The weather was cold and rainy, and it was not till the third morning, while the Queen was still in bed, that she heard the trampling of horses and cracking of whips, announcing that she was able to proceed on her way to Milan, which she was most anxious to reach before the departure of the Emperor.

But it was not until five o'clock on the evening of December 17th that the cumbrous train arrived at that city, and the royal travellers stopped at the hotel of the Corona d'Italia.[1]

[1] Covoni.

CHAPTER X

Meeting with Napoleon—Desperate position of the Queen and her children—They take refuge in Spain—Attack on Godoï—Escape—A revolution—Invasion by the French—The Spanish royal family prisoners of Napoleon—Ordered to go to France.

ON the very day of her arrival at Milan, Maria Luisa received a visit from Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, now Viceroy of Italy, who came in the Emperor's name, with great courtesy and *empressement*, to inquire for her and invite her to come to the imperial palace at one o'clock next day, and also to a grand dinner and *soirée* at the Scala in the evening.

There was scarcely time to unpack jewels, dresses, and the necessaries of the toilette, and to dress for the audience, to which she looked forward with mingled hope and fear; but with anxious haste she managed to be ready, and, as she drove to the palace, observed with satisfaction that she was treated with regal honours, the soldiers presenting arms and the Viceroy, with his adjutants, receiving her at the foot of the great staircase and conducting her to the *salon*, where a seat was reserved for her next the Vice-Queen,[1] who rose and came to meet her. Near them sat the Queen of Bavaria,

[1] Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of the King of Bavaria, married Eugène de Beauharnais.

the Grand-duchesse de Berg,[1] and the Princess Charlotte of Bavaria.

The room was full of ambassadors, courtiers, and officers, and in a corner Maria Luisa saw the Tuscan envoys she had sent herself to implore the compassion of Napoleon.

Encouraged by her surroundings and by the deference with which she was treated, she began to be less despondent, and after a few minutes the Emperor entered, followed by his suite, and after stopping to speak to the Queen of Bavaria, turned to Maria Luisa and entered into conversation, but, of course, without touching upon the subject which was of immediate importance to her. He spoke of their former meeting at La Malmaison, of the *fêtes* at Paris, of everything that she did not want to hear about, and then turned to another princess.

Maria Luisa returned to her *hôtel*, rested, and then went to the banquet at half-past six, and after that to the grand representation at the Scala, to which her young son accompanied her.

That day was a specimen of those that followed, one splendid *fête* succeeding another, a scene of perpetual magnificence, luxury, and amusement; but with regard to the matter weighing so heavily upon her mind she could get no decided or satisfactory answer.

She was told that some other dominion would be found for her, probably a part of Portugal; the royal family of Braganza having been driven out by Napoleon and forced to fly to Brazil,[2] which then belonged to Portugal. Maria Luisa was more unlucky than either of her sisters, each of whom, when driven out of one of

[1] Caroline Bonaparte, wife of General Murat.

[2] At Rio, where they remained till 1821. They then returned to Lisbon, and Brazil, declaring itself independent, accepted as King a younger son of the house of Braganza.

their kingdoms, could retire to another [1] and there wait for better times. She, on the contrary, had nowhere left to take refuge: the offer of her sister's kingdom of Portugal she refused with indignation; and even had she not done so, it would not really have been given her. Napoleon's civilities and professions of friendliness meant nothing. According to his usual custom, those who had served his purpose and for whom he had no further use were not worth consideration, but were thrust aside to make way for the next tools or puppets he wanted. And Maria Luisa could no longer be of any service to him, unless, indeed, she would consent to marry his brother Lucien. She had not even beauty; her one attraction was the royal blood that he now eagerly sought to introduce into his family.

He had married Eugène de Beauharnais to the Princess of Bavaria, Stéphanie de Beauharnais to the Prince of Baden, his brother Jérôme to the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, although Jérôme was married already; and it was a project of his to marry Lucien to the widowed daughter of the King of Spain. But when, later on, he proposed this alliance, it was indignantly refused by both. Maria Luisa would never have dreamed of such a *mésalliance*, and Lucien, besides finding her unattractive, was absolutely devoted to his wife. To Napoleon, the Queen he had first set up and then deposed was now only an annoyance and an encumbrance. When she entreated to be allowed to return to Florence, he declared that he had only deprived her of that crown to please her parents and at their request, as they wished to have her near them.

Unable to gain anything and hopeless for the future of her children and herself, she then decided to return

[1] The Neapolitan royal family took refuge in their kingdom of Sicily.

to Spain, but even this was opposed by Napoleon, who asked her: "Have you not heard the news from Spain?"

She had heard nothing, though what had happened was serious enough.

The hatred between Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, and Manuel Godoï, doubtless intensified by the suspicions entertained by Ferdinand as to the death of the Princess of the Asturias, by many attributed to Godoï and the Queen, was shared by a large number of Spaniards, in whose opinion Godoï was a traitor in the pay of Napoleon, the Queen an infamous woman entirely under his influence, and the King a blind, weak, infatuated fool, who allowed himself to be hoodwinked and governed by them, to the destruction of Spain.

Ferdinand was induced to join in a conspiracy against them, which was discovered. Terrified at the consequences, he made the most abject apologies, was eager to betray his accomplices and to lay the blame upon them; after which he was pardoned and released from arrest. The affair was not really at an end, but for the time matters were smoothed over, and the royal family was now at Aranjuez, where Maria Luisa, refusing Napoleon's persuasions to go to Nice or Turin, determined to join them with her children.

The Spanish ambassador, Labrador, whom she consulted, strongly advised her to do so, and Maria Luisa longed to be once more in her own family and at peace. Therefore she started for Spain, and on February 19, 1808, found herself at Aranjuez with her parents and brothers, who assured her that there was no truth in Napoleon's story that they had wished her to leave Florence, and whom she promised that she would never allow herself to be put in the place of her sister in Portugal.

But there was no peace for Maria Luisa, for she had

scarcely been a month at Aranjuez before a violent revolution broke out, into the causes and intricacies of which it would be impossible to enter in so limited a work as this—which, besides, is a history, not of Spain, but of the life of one of its Infantas.

The policy of Manuel Godoï, who had long been sacrificing the independence of his own country and playing into the hands of France, had always been abhorrent to the people, and now it was declared that the French troops were about to attack the Spaniards, that all was lost, and that it only remained for the royal family and Godoï to escape to America.

The festivities of the Carnival were in full swing, and Godoï, occupied only with extravagant and licentious pleasures, had been indifferent to or unconscious of the coming storm.

On Shrove Tuesday he was at the house of his mistress, Señora Tudo, amusing himself with some low buffoonery, when he received this news, and even then he put off for some hours the serious consideration of what was to be done.

The King and Queen were eager to fly from the country, and began to make preparations and give orders that troops should occupy Madrid and Aranjuez, and be posted at intervals along the road from Aranjuez to Cadiz to protect the retreat of the royal family.

The Prince of the Asturias, however, was resolved not to leave Spain, and having a strong faction in his favour, counteracted all the orders given by his parents and Godoï.

A favourite of the Queen, named Caballero, betrayed the secret of the projected flight, and the news spread like wildfire. The presence of French troops in Spain had already exasperated the people, who now rose in rebellion, in spite of the entry of Murat and his soldiers into Madrid,

where he hoped his presence would restore order. A furious mob poured into the streets of Aranjuez, with shouts of rage against the King and Queen, and clamouring for the head of Manuel Godoï, who had gone to bed, for it was late at night.

Suddenly his house was besieged by a maddened multitude, who, with fierce cries and fearful threats, smashed the gates and doors and rushed up the staircases. Godoï sprang out of bed and fled in terror up to the garret, just in time to escape before they reached his room. Looking round in desperation for some place of concealment, he only saw a roll of matting in a corner of the garret. Under this he hid himself, and as he lay there listening he heard the hurried footsteps of his enemies tearing through the rooms and corridors and up and down the staircases, looking for him everywhere. At last the door of the garret was flung open, and some of them rushed through it with threats and curses, but never stopped to notice the roll of matting which covered him. It was long before they left the palace, supposing him to have fled, and having burnt and destroyed all its magnificent contents.

His wife, the unfortunate Bourbon princess who had been forced to marry him, and who lived as a stranger in his house, was in bed in her own apartment. Trembling and praying, she waited for death or insult from the populace, who now burst open the door and swarmed into her room; but they reassured her, those most violent against Godoï speaking to her with respect.

"Dress yourself, señora," they cried; "no one will hurt you. What are you afraid of? Do not we all pity you? Come! We are going to take you to a place which you never ought to have left to come to the house of a bigamist, of a wretch like Manuel Godoï. We are going to take you to the palace."

MANUEL GODOÏ, PRINCE DE LA PAZ

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For the manner in which Godoï treated his wife and her hatred of him were well known to the people, who on that night of terror and tumult conducted her safely and triumphantly to the royal apartment, where the King and Queen were waiting in fear and trembling.

The Princess they had so remorselessly sacrificed to the man she loathed felt very little compassion for them now that it was their turn to suffer, but, looking at them with gloomy resentment, said, turning to the miserable King :

"Ah ! your Majesty ruined me !"

And Carlos, incapable of comprehending the deadly injury his arbitrary will had done to his niece, exclaimed, looking at the Queen :

"Luisa, she is mad !"

"No, no ! I am not mad !" she retorted wildly, wringing her hands ; "it is through *you*, through *her*, that I am lost !" And she pointed to the Queen, who, sunk in despair, took no notice of what was passing.

All night and all the next day the tumult raged, and at length Godoï, exhausted and parched with thirst, felt that he must drink or die. The palace was silent and apparently deserted, and quitting his hiding-place, he stole out on to the staircase and listened. Hearing no sound but the wind whistling through the broken doors and down the empty corridors, and the far-off raging of the still infuriated populace, he crept down the staircase, turned a corner, and was seized by a sentinel placed there by his foes to prevent his leaving the palace in case he were concealed there.

In vain he implored and pleaded ; the man, who had hated him for years for the humiliation he had brought upon Spain, gave the alarm and he was arrested by a small body of soldiers, who with difficulty kept off the mob, now clamouring for his life.

The news of his capture was brought to the royal family, and the King, calling one of his guards, sent for the Prince of the Asturias.

"Ferdinand," cried the Queen, when he appeared, "you wish for the crown; well, take it, only save the life of the Prince. Save him from the fury of the people, and your father is no longer King."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Carlos; "save Manuel and you are King of Spain."

Ferdinand bowed in silence, left the room, and with a glance at the officer of the guards, who were mostly devoted to him, remarked in an undertone:

"They are ours!"

Then, attended by several officers, he proceeded to where his fallen enemy waited, pale and dishevelled.

"Do you know," he said, "that I am your King? King of Spain and the Indies! Do you know it?"

"*Y los padres?*"[1] replied Godoï.

Ferdinand ordered his life to be spared, but that he should be removed under arrest and detained for trial.

But they had reckoned without Napoleon, who had interposed before for the release of Ferdinand, but who this time demanded that of Godoï. The revolution had begun, and they were on the eve of the Peninsula War, which was shortly to overwhelm the country with bloodshed and ruin.

The ex-Queen of Etruria, with her usual bad luck, was, during all these commotions, only just recovering from scarlet fever.

Madrid was occupied by French troops, the people were furious at the release of Godoï, and there suddenly arrived a despatch from Napoleon summoning all the royal family and Godoï to meet him at Bayonne. Very early in the morning of May 2nd the melancholy pro-

[1] "And your parents?"

cession set out. The ex-Queen of Etruria and her children had to be left behind, as she was not yet strong enough to travel, and her son had caught scarlet fever.[1]

The Infant Don Francisco, who was a boy, cried and kept imploring not to be taken away from Madrid; the people began to gather in angry groups, murmuring at their departure, and the indignant exclamation of an old woman: "God forbid that they should take away all our royal family to France!"[2] so excited their already irritated passions that, declaring they should not go, they attacked the escort, and it was only the interposition of the French troops that allowed them to proceed on their journey.

Some days afterwards, Maria Luisa, with her daughter, set off for Bayonne, leaving her son to join them as soon as he should be well enough to travel.

On her arrival there she was met by her father, whose first words to her were, "My daughter, our family has for ever ceased to reign."

She found that, after a violent scene with Napoleon, in which parents and son had loaded each other with reproaches, Carlos and Ferdinand had signed their renunciation of all claims to the throne of their ancestors in exchange for the promise of a large pension and the residences of Compiègne and Chambord.

Prostrated with grief by this disastrous and cowardly surrender, Maria Luisa, who alone of her family appears to have possessed courage and fortitude, retired to her room until she could recover a little from the shock of this new calamity. Then she made another attempt to persuade the Emperor to restore Tuscany to her son, or else to give him Parma. Needless to say her representa-

[1] "Mémorie di Maria Luisa, Regina di Etruria."

[2] "Valgame Dios! que se llevan a Francia todos los persones reales" ("Historia de Espana," Lafuente).

tions were useless. Napoleon declared that, if only for the sake of Livorno, he would never give up Tuscany. As to Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, the hereditary dominions of her young son, Bonaparte stated his intention of keeping all Italy in his own hands and allowing no Bourbon nor any other foreign prince to reign there on account of the conscription.

He promised her instead either large estates or a large income, assuring her that she would be much happier without the cares of government. The amount of the settlement would be decided at Paris, where she must follow her parents and youngest brother, the three elder ones being sent to live at the Château de Valençay.[1]

[1] Then belonging to Talleyrand.

CHAPTER XI

A melancholy journey—Cruelty of Napoleon—Fontainebleau—Compiègne—Life in exile—False promises—Fresh hardships—Nice—Growing terrors—The clutches of a tyrant—Attempt to escape—Discovery—Separated from her son—His intended murder—Maria Luisa and her daughter imprisoned in a convent—An apparition—1814—Fall of the tyrant—Deliverance—Her son Grand-duke of Lucca—Her life there with her children—Her death.

WITH a heavy heart Maria Luisa again set out on her journey, during which the utter want of courtesy and consideration shown her contrasted painfully with her experiences of the days when she travelled under the favour and protection of Napoleon. Now, she had fallen under his displeasure, not only because she was no longer useful to him, but that he did not find in her that abject submission to his will shown by her parents and brothers. Powerless as she was against his tyranny and persecution, Maria Luisa was his victim, but never, like the rest of her family, his slave. She was, in fact, the only one of them who dared to refuse anything that he ordered or to dispute his wishes. She had declined to be put in her sister's place in Portugal or to entertain the idea of marrying Lucien Bonaparte, and had protested against the confiscation of her son's dominions. Consequently, she was from henceforth treated by Napoleon with the brutal tyranny he was wont to display to any person, especially any woman, who opposed or disobeyed his wishes.

When she arrived at Fontainebleau she found her parents and brother established with all due state and honour in the royal palace, where they were allowed the entire service of the imperial court—guards, officials, ladies-in-waiting, &c. To herself and her children was allotted a miserable little apartment in which there was hardly room for them and their attendants to sleep.

Maria Luisa therefore looked about for a more comfortable abode. She had told the Emperor while they were at Bayonne that she preferred a separate establishment for herself and her children, and he had signified his approval. When, accordingly, she had found a convenient house at Passy, she hired it for a year and proceeded to furnish it, her parents interesting themselves in her arrangements and promising often to visit her there.

But when the day came for their departure there were no post-horses to be obtained. Excuses were made and difficulties raised; it was impossible to go that day. Maria Luisa, however, managed to find some horses in the town, took leave of her parents in the evening, and on the following morning got into the carriage with her children and drove away from the palace. They had not passed out of the gates before they were stopped by an officer, who informed them, with many apologies, that he was ordered by the government to prevent their departure, and to place two sentinels before the court of their apartment.

In vain did Maria Luisa write protestations to Napoleon against this new tyranny; he replied that she was wrong, and must stay with her parents, while she had to pay the whole expense of the year's rent, furnishing, and alteration of the house at Passy. A few days later they were all ordered to leave Fontainebleau for Compiègne.

Again, after a journey during which everything was done to annoy her, she found her parents and brother

pleasantly and luxuriously settled at Compiègne, where the most melancholy rooms, looking into a courtyard, were reserved for her. The constant annoyances and petty persecutions to which she was now subject had brought back the convulsive attacks from which she had formerly suffered, and her health became seriously affected. Everyone pitied and secretly sympathised with her. She had hardly any money, for the Emperor refused to make any allowance to her children, declaring that they had not been entered in the imperial almanac as Infants of Spain. He had seized and confiscated the whole of their inheritance without any reason, as well as their mother's fortune, and she could not get even the pension that he granted her paid without great difficulty. The doctors ordered her to ride and drive, but she had no horses and no means of buying any ; she determined not to get into debt, and therefore had to walk with her children in the hottest weather, when every one else rode and drove.

At last, part of her pension was paid, 12,000 francs being deducted for the expenses of the journey she had been forced to make. She wrote an indignant letter saying that prisoners were never made to pay for their removal, but she was advised not to send it.

As soon as she got some money she bought a horse ; her doctor ordered her to hunt, but she was not allowed to do so in the imperial domain.

The *Capitaine des chasses*, who was extremely sorry for her, invited her to hunt whenever she liked in that part of the forest which belonged to him, and this offer she accepted.

June, July, and August passed, and her father and mother persuaded the Emperor to allow them to leave Compiègne, which did not agree with the King, for a southern climate to which he was more accustomed. It

was accordingly settled that they should go to Marseille, and they were anxious that their daughter and grandchildren should accompany them ; which for some reason she refused to do, perhaps unwisely.

They left on September 16th, and she remained at Compiègne, where she continued to send messages and write letters to the Emperor, to which very often he returned no answer.

In the following spring she received an order to retire to Parma, where she was informed that the palace of Colorno, with all its dependencies, had been allotted to her, and her chamberlain, Count Guicciardini, was told by Duroc that her pension should be raised to 50,000 francs, only it was the Emperor's desire that she should start at once, the day fixed for her departure being April 5, 1809.

The prospect of returning to Italy, and especially to Parma, the home of her husband's family, was delightful to Maria Luisa ; only, as both she and her son, no longer King, but Don Carlo Lodovico de Bourbon, were ill, she begged to be allowed to wait a few days until they were better. But Napoleon was inexorable, as usual. Ill or well, they must start upon the day he had chosen ; and at the moment of departure he sent a letter wishing them a pleasant journey, and hoping they would like the country to which they were going.

All went well till they arrived at Lyon, where, to her great astonishment, Maria Luisa did not find her suite, who had preceded her, waiting as usual, but was told they had been sent on.

The *hôtel* was surrounded by *gens-d'armes ;* and a commissary of police, followed by the prefect, presented himself with an order from the Emperor that she should proceed, not to Parma, but to Nice, and that she should continue her journey immediately.

She now saw that she had been deceived by the lying promises of Napoleon, who, far from showing, as she had been led to hope, less cruelty in his treatment of her, was resolved to carry on the same petty persecutions which were making her life intolerable.

With the greatest difficulty, as it was after midnight, she obtained leave to rest until the morning, and the police remained the whole night in the ante-chamber of her room.

The next day she was obliged to embark upon a river-boat, and travel for three days down the Rhône to Avignon, whence she continued her journey by land to Nice. All the expenses were paid by her, and every annoyance and impertinence possible was inflicted upon her.

At last she arrived at Nice, where she found her suite and took a house in the suburbs of that delightful town, where at least she had sunshine, flowers, lovely scenery, and a delightful climate to console her.

But she was not allowed to be happy or at peace, even there, from the perpetual interference and rudeness to which she was now subject; while the promise of a pension of 50,000 francs was treated with contempt when she claimed its fulfilment. And gradually a new terror had been growing in her mind, which, as time went on, more and more took possession of it. What was the meaning of all this systematic ill-treatment? Why were she and her children hunted perpetually from one place to another, forced, when they were ill, to take long fatiguing journeys, made to undergo unnecessary hardships, threatened and terrified in this way, regardless of —or was it on purpose for—the ruin of their health and the risk of their lives?

The assassination of the Duc d'Enghien, treacherously entrapped and murdered for no offence but that of being

a Bourbon prince, filled her with alarm for the safety of her own son. In what did his position offer any more security than that of his unfortunate cousin? Was he not also a Bourbon, and, besides, the heir to a dominion seized by Napoleon? who very probably wished for his death, and in that case would most likely contrive to accomplish it.

These reflections preyed upon Maria Luisa until she began to consider whether there was any possibility of escaping from the clutches of the tyrant in whose power they had so long been enslaved.

And as she looked out upon the blue Mediterranean, where sailed the ships of England and Sicily and other countries not flying the hated flag of France, she thought that she might escape by sea, and throw herself and her children upon the protection of England, the only country which Napoleon's legions had never penetrated, where she would be safe with his most hated and bitter foes.

It was a desperate enterprise, considering the strict surveillance under which she was kept, the difficulty of finding the agents necessary to carry out her plans, and the danger of communicating with them when they were found.

And for the reasons before mentioned she could not expect to find, like her father, her brother Ferdinand, her cousins the French Bourbons, or the English Stuarts, hundreds of loyal subjects ready to risk their lives for her children and herself. In fact, the only people who could be supposed to have any feeling of the kind for the boy were those of Parma. But she thought of a certain Signor Chifenti, of Livorno, who had always been her strong supporter in Tuscany, and wrote to him entreating his help. Chifenti, who was the father of a large family and knew the terrible danger which he

was asked to incur, hesitated for some time, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded, and went to Sicily[1] to try to arrange that either Sicilian or English ships should be sent to their rescue. This project, however, came to nothing, and after much disappointment and waste of time Chifenti returned, unfortunately for himself, to Italy, and proceeded to Nice to inform Maria Luisa of his failure.

She meanwhile, having had no news of him, had sent her *maggiordomo*, the Marchese Sassi della Tossa, who was entirely devoted to her and her children, to England, by way of Holland, and had heard that he had arrived at Amsterdam, where he was waiting to embark for Great Britain. Chifenti then returned to his family at Livorno, and Maria Luisa continued to correspond with Sasso and to believe that their deliverance was at hand.

But on April 6, 1811, in the middle of the night, a violent knocking was heard outside the house, and a police officer, with a body of *gens-d'armes*, with sacks, cords, and handcuffs, entered, declaring that they had come to search for an Englishman concealed in the house. Sentinels were placed at the doors, papers, &c., carried away, and the equerry, *maître d'hôtel*, and two of the servants arrested and sent to Paris, where Maria Luisa heard with horror that her faithful Chifenti and Sassi had been imprisoned in the Temple.

She found that Napoleon had all along known of what was going on, but had waited until the last moment, just

[1] In the account Mrs. Stisted gives of this transaction she seems to blame the Queen of Sicily for the failure of the negotiation. What she says is, however, unjust, improbable, and unlike the character of that Queen. That she had any friendly correspondence with Napoleon at that time has been denied by him and contradicted on the best authority. The King and Queen of Naples were themselves in desperate straits and unable even to defend their own kingdoms, without money to provide for their court and family, depending on a pension from England.

as she thought the plans were about to succeed, before laying his remorseless hands upon his victims.

In vain she wrote repeatedly, laying all the blame upon herself, and entreating that the consequences might fall upon her, and not upon her faithful servants. For months she received no direct answer, but heard that the case was being tried before a military tribunal.

One day, when she returned from church, she found the commissary of police with the judgment in his hand. She had been condemned to death, but her sentence was, "by the clemency of the Emperor," commuted to imprisonment with her daughter in a convent at Rome. Her son was to be sent to his grandparents at Marseille. Chifenti and Sassi were also condemned to death.

Within twenty-four hours of this announcement Don Carlo Lodovico, then about twelve years old, was forcibly separated from his mother and sister, and placed in a travelling-carriage to go to Marseille. Mrs. Stisted,[1] an Englishwoman, who knew Carlo Lodovico and his sister in after years, when he was Duke of Lucca and she Princess of Saxony, and who had often heard from the Duke himself the details of their sufferings and perils under the persecutions of Bonaparte, relates the following incident, which appears to have been mentioned by the intended victim. Without being certain of the time when it took place, she believes it to have been during this journey, after his separation from his mother, when their projected escape had infuriated the Emperor.

"It has been asserted . . . that a dark deed was not only once meditated, but on the point of being perpetrated.

[1] Colonel and Mrs. Stisted lived for many years at Lucca, where they were well-known figures. In his book "What I Remember" Adolphus Trollope speaks of them and of the life at the little old-world court and capital. They were well acquainted with the Duke, who often came to their house. She wrote a quaint, curious book of travels in Italy, to which I am indebted for the story above mentioned and other incidents.

NAPOLEON

[From an engraving by Fiesinger, after a miniature by Guerin]

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In the dead of night, in a lonely country, the royal child was made to descend from [the] travelling-carriage—there was no one present but the victim and his appointed murderers, whose weapons were already in their hands, when the distant tramp of a horse was heard—the assassins hesitated . . . the sound came nearer—the horse stopped, and the voice of authority was raised. It was an order to let him live." [1]

The boy was then taken to his grandfather at Marseille, and his mother and sister were carried prisoners to Rome, where they arrived after ten days' travelling, during which they met with nothing but hardships and insult. They were only allowed to take one maid, a physician, and a lady of honour. The last mentioned, however, was forbidden to remain more than twenty-four hours in Rome.

Of all the iniquitous actions of Bonaparte, his treatment of the Queen of Etruria was one of the most outrageous.

Sir Walter Scott alludes to it in his "Life of Napoleon," but it is not familiar to English readers. Not only did he subject a woman of irreproachable character, against whom no accusation of wrong-doing was brought (who, far from being in any possible way his subject, was the daughter of one of the greatest kings in Europe and herself a queen), to a series of spiteful, unmanly persecutions for years, but he actually proceeded to "try" her, a Spanish princess, before a tribunal of French soldiers, and condemn her to death or perpetual imprisonment—and for what? For attempting to leave France and go with her children to live in England, as she had a perfect right to do.

The execution of Chifenti and Sassi—for the former was shot and the latter, though reprieved at the last

[1] "Byeways of Italy" (Mrs. Stisted).

moment after being compelled to witness the death of his friend, did not long survive the shock and the treatment he received—may be considered as among the most atrocious murders committed by the Corsican usurper.

In a last letter to his family Chifenti said: "The Almighty will deliver the Queen from the perils which threaten her and restore her to better fortune. She will remember my services and the zeal I have shown for her. She will compensate you for my loss; confide in her kind heart and generous protection.—Paris, Prison de la Force, July 25, 1811."

Meanwhile, however, Maria Luisa was far from being able to help or protect any one, for she was a close prisoner in the convent of S. Domenico in Sisto, near the Quirinal.

On her arrival there at night the Prioress came to the door with a candle; neither rooms, beds, nor supper were prepared. The rooms given her looked upon the interior court, and she was forbidden to approach any window from which she could be seen from outside, or to communicate with any one, even her son.

A night or two after her arrival a strange thing happened to her. She was lying awake in her cell thinking of the misfortunes and perils with which she was surrounded. Her melancholy misgivings and the intense heat of the July weather prevented her from sleeping, and as the corridor into which her cell and at the other end of it her daughter's led was perfectly secluded the doors of both cells had been left open to let in more air. Suddenly she was startled by the sound of heavy footsteps pacing slowly up and down the corridor. Knowing that no man could have access to the place, and yet certain that these must be the steps of one, she looked, in much alarm, through the open door, breathlessly watching as the measured tread drew nearer and nearer

until the figure of a man passed slowly before the doorway.

The moon shone through the convent window, illuminating all the corridor with its brilliant light, by which Maria Luisa clearly recognised her faithful *maggiordomo*, the Marchese Sassi. At first she thought it must be a delusion, but so distinctly did she see the face and figure that she was convinced it was really Sassi himself. And in the morning her maid, who had just been to the young princess, told the Queen that the child had been disturbed in the night by someone parading up and down outside her open door, and that on looking into the corridor she had seen the Marchese Sassi, and wished to know how he had been allowed to get into the convent. The child did not appear to have been frightened, but to have felt certain she saw Sassi himself.

The Queen wrote down the exact date of this apparition, which proved to have taken place on the same night upon which Sassi died in the Temple.

The young princess was then nine years old.[1]

Mrs. Stisted, who relates this story, seems to imply that she heard it either from the Princess of Saxony herself or from her brother, the Duke of Lucca.

All her jewels and valuables[2] were taken away from Maria Luisa, and a pension of 2,500 francs a month allowed for her expenses at the convent.

This state of things went on for nearly a year. On July 16, 1812, she was told that her parents and son had arrived in Rome, and she began to hope for liberty.

[1] "This circumstance," says Mrs. Stisted, "does not appear in the memoir . . . drawn up in 1814 for the purpose of being laid before the English Government. . . . I give you this most remarkable occurrence as it was related to us by lips whose truth cannot err. We heard it under circumstances which gave impressive solemnity to the hour."

[2] They were nearly all restored to her afterwards.

But the only improvement their arrival brought her was that she was allowed to see them once a month.

In other respects her imprisonment was just as rigorous as ever. When strangers visited the convent she was obliged to stay in her own rooms until the Prioress sent word that they were gone.

The interviews with her parents and son were only allowed to last for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and always took place in the presence of witnesses. The King and Queen of Spain and their grandson were brought by a particularly brutal French General named Miollis, who would not let her kiss the boy more than once, and kept him at a distance from her all the time; and this treatment continued for another year and a half—Miollis would from time to time come to see her, behaving always with the utmost insolence and cruelty.

At last her health broke down; she could no longer leave her bed.

The Prioress and the doctor kept sending urgent letters to Paris representing the impossibility of her recovery unless she was set at liberty, or at least allowed to go out and take some exercise. But to all their entreaties Bonaparte turned a deaf ear, and Maria Luisa, sunk in despair, believed, probably with truth, that her death was just what he desired. He would soon have had his wish fulfilled, but that his career was coming to an end.

In January, 1814, the troops of Murat, who had deserted the falling Empire and joined the Allies, entered and occupied Rome.

In vain had Miollis, in a transport of fury, endeavoured to make the King and Queen of Spain retire with him into the fortress of St. Angelo; in vain had he in useless rage threatened to send Maria Luisa to

Civita Vecchia. His violence and insolence had no longer any effect.

General Pignatelli, immediately on his arrival, paid her a visit, and placed a Neapolitan guard at her disposal, and the new governor, M. de Vauguyon, came to announce to her that she was free.

The fall of her tyrant had saved the Spanish Princess; from henceforth they were to change places—she to recover the liberty of which she had been so iniquitously deprived, and he to experience in some degree what he had made her suffer.

Freed from her convent prison, which she exchanged for her father's palace in Rome, she found at first great difficulty in arriving at any satisfactory settlement of her affairs.

A pension of 10,000 francs a month was allowed her until matters could be arranged, and the Spanish ambassador was directed to plead her cause at the Congress of Vienna. She claimed for her son, then about fifteen years old, his grandfather's dominions of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, which had been wrested from his father in exchange for Tuscany, now restored to its lawful ruler.

But it had been decided to give Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla to that other Marie Louise, the wife of Napoleon and daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and all that could be offered to the rightful heir of those provinces was the Duchy of Lucca, which, though a rich and beautiful territory, was much smaller and less important than the inheritance of which he was to be deprived.

Therefore his mother, as guardian, refused to accept it, and the negotiations dragged on for three years, during which she lived with her children in a palace in Rome, and after which it was arranged that Lucca should be given to Carlo Lodovico only until the death of the

Empress Marie Louise, after which Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla should be restored to him.

To this Maria Luisa consented, and, removing with her son and daughter to Lucca, she assumed the government of that duchy.

The remaining years of her life were peaceful and happy: the affection of her children, the society of her friends, and the popularity she gained from her new subjects, all combined to make it so.

She could now surround herself with those who were left of her faithful servants, amongst whom was the Cavaliere Chifenti, who was for many years her secretary, and the rest of whose family she helped and protected as their father had desired.

Her son, who was always devoted to her, and who was universally liked and esteemed, married a daughter of the King of Sardinia and her daughter a prince of Saxony.

Adolphus Trollope gives a delightful description of the baths of Lucca during the reign of Carlo Lodovico: the ducal villa buried in the chestnut forests which cover the hills of that enchanting place; the mingled gaiety and simplicity of those more primitive days; the happiness and contentment that prevailed, and the surpassing beauty and charm of the whole place and surroundings as he knew them.

Passing the summers in this lovely and peaceful retreat and her winters generally in her Roman palace, Maria Luisa, who came to Lucca in her thirty-sixth year, lived for eight years, but her health had been so undermined by the trials and hardships of her former life that she never entirely recovered her strength, and died at her palace in Rome in 1824, in the forty-fifth year of her age.

IV

MARIE AMÉLIE THÉRÈSE OF NAPLES

WIFE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH

MARIE AMÉLIE, DAUGHTER OF FERDINANDO I., KING OF THE TWO SICILIES, WIFE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE

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CHAPTER I

Birth of Marie Amélie—The King and Queen of the Two Sicilies—Early life of their children—Naples—Caserta—The small-pox—Spanish or Austrian ?—The Dauphin—His death—The Austrian marriages—The beginning of the great Revolution.

MARIE AMÉLIE THÉRÈSE, daughter of Ferdinando, King of the Two Sicilies, and Marie Caroline Charlotte of Austria, was born at Caserta, April, 1782.

The Neapolitan was a younger branch of the Spanish, which again was a younger branch of the French family of Bourbon, being descended, it will be remembered, from Philippe V., grandson of Louis XIV.

It having been stipulated that Spain and Naples should not be united under the same King, Carlos III., who had reigned at Naples until he succeeded his half-brother upon the Spanish throne, gave Naples to his third son, Ferdinando IV., afterwards called Ferdinando I. when Sicily was united to Naples and the kingdom known as "The Two Sicilies."

Ferdinando, who was only six years old when Carlos III. left Naples for Madrid, was brought up by a regency appointed by his father, and when he was seventeen was married to the Archduchess Charlotte, or, as she was called in Italy, Maria Carolina, thirteenth child of François de Lorraine, Emperor of Germany, and Maria Theresia, Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary and

Bohemia, and sovereign of various other states and provinces.

Maria Carolina was a beautiful girl of fifteen at the time of her marriage, brilliantly clever and with capacity far beyond her age. The great Empress had insisted upon this marriage, which was against the inclination of her daughter,[1] and had carefully indoctrinated the young girl with the understanding that she must obtain supreme influence over the ignorant, spoilt, half-savage lad who was to be her husband, and govern his kingdom herself.[2]

This Carolina had succeeded in doing in a manner astonishing in a girl scarcely out of childhood. Ferdinando, delighted with the beauty and fascination of his young wife, was very soon her slave, and although, until after the birth of an heir, the Queen did not sit in the Council of State, when that event had taken place she immediately claimed the right to do so, which the Empress had stipulated in her contract of marriage, and to which Ferdinando, already entirely ruled by her, was ready to agree.

His admiration of and subservience to his wife did not prevent his carrying on numerous *liaisons* with other women of all ranks, from the easygoing princesses and duchesses of his court to the pretty *contadine* on his farms and vineyards. As these affairs in no way interfered with the Queen's plans, and she found them impossible to prevent, she habitually ignored them unless the person who happened to take the King's fancy was one likely to gain any influence over him, in which case she promptly put an end to the affair.

Ferdinando, who had been allowed to grow up in

[1] Berman. Helfert.

[2] "Maria Karolina von Oesterreich, Königin von Neapel und Sicilien" (Freiherr von Helfert).

almost absolute ignorance and to associate with the *lazzaroni* and the lowest class of his subjects, by whom he was adored, spent his time with them in hunting, shooting, and fishing in his country palaces in the neighbourhood, while the young Queen ruled the court and country, and with her minister Acton reformed the army, created a powerful fleet, instituted reforms everywhere, encouraged men of science and literature, and gradually substituted the influence of Austria in political affairs for that of Spain.

For the first few years of their marriage Ferdinando and Maria Carolina had no children, but after the birth of the two first, who were daughters, they followed in quick succession. Eighteen children were born, of whom, however, most did not live to grow up, in consequence of which there was considerable difference in the ages of those that remained. Marie Amélie was the fourth surviving daughter, but when she was born was so delicate and weak that for some time she had to be kept in cotton-wool, and it appeared very doubtful whether she could be reared at all.

According to the custom at the Neapolitan court, she was at once placed by the Queen in the hands of an *asafatta*, or governess, in whose care she remained until her education was finished, and upon whom she always looked as a second mother.

Donna Vincenza Rizzi was a woman of good birth, capacity, and high character, who had been married to a distinguished lawyer at Naples, Signor Ambrosio, and was now a widow with twelve children, who did not prevent her deep and affectionate love for the little princess, her pupil.

The early life of the royal children of Naples was always to them a memory of enchantment. Nothing could surpass the beauty and magnificence of their home

in the great city whose shores are washed by the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, its houses, churches, convents, towers, and palaces rising in a confused mass from its shores, delicious groves and gardens scattered around, the burning mountain in the background. Also the great country palace of Caserta, in the neighbourhood, where they spent the hot months of what Ouida calls "the long, light, radiant Italian summer"—a huge building with broad staircases and colonnades, enormous rooms, lofty halls, and wide corridors; the polished marble of the walls and floors cool even in the burning heat of noon-day; the gardens, in which their mother delighted, with their flowers and statues and fountains; the deep woods in which their father followed his favourite sport, and in which they walked with their mother in the cool of the early morning or evening.

Both the King and Queen were devoted to their children, and grieved and lamented because all the eighteen babies did not live to grow up. During the childhood of Marie Amélie there were always several children in the royal nursery; one baby after another was born and died, or perhaps, what was much worse, an older child. The Prince Royal Carlo had died of small-pox at four years old, three years before the birth of Marie Amélie, but the next boy, Francesco, then Prince Royal, lived to succeed his father on the throne.

Like many fragile, delicate children, Marie Amélie was intellectually precocious. She could already read a little before she was three years old; and her grandfather, Carlos III., was so delighted with what he heard of her that he wrote to her with his own hand a letter of encouragement and approbation, of which in her old age she often spoke to her grandchildren.[1]

The old priest to whom she used to say the Catechism

[1] "Vie de Marie Amélie" (Trognon).

was delighted with her intelligence, and so fond of her that he would call her "*fata mia*."[1] She was still quite a little child when her mother took her, with her brothers and sisters, to be blessed by S. Alfonso de Liguori, whose reputation for sanctity was then filling Italy.

If King Carlos III. of Spain had known what would be the result of the alliance he had been so desirous to make for his son Ferdinando with an Archduchess of Austria, there can be little doubt that he would have looked elsewhere for a daughter-in-law. During the minority of his son, Naples and Sicily had been ruled by the ministers he had appointed, Tanucci and San Nicandro, who had governed the kingdom as if it were a province of Spain, and kept the King in tutelage and ignorance, a puppet in their hands.

All this was changed when the Queen arrived, and the ministers perceived the mistake they had made in rendering the young King incapable of forming an opinion of his own in political matters; for he immediately transferred all power and influence into the hands of his wife, who, he declared, "knew everything," and who at once set to work to undo what they had been doing for years. The substitution of Austrian for Spanish ascendancy at Naples was not likely to commend itself to the King of Spain; the relations between him and his son and daughter-in-law became more and more strained, and continued so until his death in 1788.

While the court of Naples was still in mourning for him, the small-pox broke out with violence in the royal family.

It is not possible for us in these days, protected as we are by vaccination, and assisted by the immense progress in medical and sanitary science, to have any idea what small-pox in those days really meant. The Queen knew only too well, for before her marriage she had seen one

[1] My fairy.

after another of her own family swept away by it; since her marriage it had struck down her eldest son. Now its first victim was the second of her remaining boys, Prince Gennaro, a child of nine years old, the special favourite of his parents.

Half crazy with terror, the Queen had all the rest of the children inoculated. Another boy, only five months old, died; the others recovered; but the King and Queen were distracted with grief, and the latter threw herself into such a state of excitement and despair as to call forth the remonstrances and excite the uneasiness of her Austrian relations.

The new King of Spain, a weak, good-natured, incapable sort of man, was anxious to be on good terms with his brother, and that some of their children should be betrothed to each other.

This, however, was just what the Queen did not desire. She had set her whole heart upon marrying at least two or three of her elder children to their Austrian cousins. The Spanish relations of her husband she regarded with a dislike and distrust which was afterwards only too well justified; and next to the Austrian alliances for her children she had set her heart upon French ones.

Ferdinando would have agreed to the Spanish proposals, but was overruled by the Queen, whose plan was to marry her two eldest daughters to Archdukes, her fourth daughter, Amélie, to the Dauphin, who was of just the right age for her, and her eldest son to Madame Royale, only daughter of her sister, Marie Antoinette, and Louis XVI. of France.

Marie Antoinette was the youngest and favourite sister of Maria Carolina, who was about three years her senior and loved her passionately. Her terrible fate subsequently changed and darkened the whole life of the Queen of Naples. But in all the splendour and pride of

her position as Queen of France she would not entertain the idea of the Prince of Naples for a son-in-law, although the King of Sardinia had been considered a perfectly suitable husband for Madame Clotilde, who was also an "eldest daughter of France." She declared that there was no court in Europe to be compared with that of France; that her daughter would be far happier as the wife of her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, than married to any foreign prince in existence; and that any princess who was obliged to leave Versailles for another court ought to do so not later than at seven years old, before she was old enough to be made miserable by the change.[1]

But as she was quite willing to have Amélie for a daughter-in-law, the sisters agreed that this marriage should some day take place, and Amélie was taught to consider herself as the future wife of the Dauphin, who was two years older than herself. "You see, I was always destined to be Queen of France," she would say, in after years, when, with a far different husband and under widely different circumstances from those then foreseen, she wore the French crown.[2]

The Dauphin died at nine years old (1789), fortunately for himself, as he escaped the fate of his brother, and the little princess of seven took his death very much to heart and cried bitterly.

Late in the summer of the following year (1790) the whole of the Neapolitan royal family set off on a journey to Austria. It was a time of the greatest excitement, and the events in which they were to take part were of the highest importance.

The Emperor Joseph II., the Queen's eldest brother, had just died; her second brother, Leopold, Grand-duke of Tuscany, had succeeded him; it had been arranged

[1] Campan. [2] Trognon.

that the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Naples should be married to his eldest son, the Crown Prince Franz, the second to his second son, Ferdinand, who was to take possession of the Grand-duchy of Tuscany, and the Prince Royal of Naples was to be betrothed to one of his daughters, the Archduchess Clementine.

The Princess Maria Teresa, the eldest and favourite daughter of the Queen of Naples, was then eighteen, and upon her more than all her other children Maria Carolina lavished the most ardent and passionate affection. All her children were devoted to Maria Carolina, but between herself and her eldest daughter there had been, and always continued to be, the fullest confidence and sympathy ; in her centred the Queen's most entire approbation and satisfaction. Named after the mother whose power and magnificence she worshipped, whose memory she revered, and whose talents she had herself inherited, Maria Teresa had fulfilled her most cherished dream ; she would reign in that Austrian land, ever dear to her heart, from which she had been so unwillingly torn away in her own youth.

For the second girl, Lodovica, the Grand-duchy of Tuscany was a splendid provision ; and it may here be observed that the Archduke Ferdinand was in capacity and disposition far superior to his elder brother. Lodovica was seventeen years old. Before their departure from Italy the Queen gave the commission to paint the portraits of the two princesses to the famous Mme. Le Brun, who had fled from the Revolution in France and was, unlike most *émigrées*, happy and prosperous in Italy, where to have a portrait painted by her was the supreme fashion.

The weddings of the Princesses were celebrated at Vienna with great splendour and rejoicings, and the Prince Royal was betrothed as agreed. The Neapolitan royal family were also present at the coronation of the

Emperor Leopold both as Emperor and King of Hungary, and they remained for a long time in Austria, where their mother delighted to stay. She had still one unmarried sister at Vienna, the Archduchess Elisabeth ; the rest were married or dead. The Emperor Leopold had always been her favourite brother, and she was most anxious to arrange with him and with other European powers some plan for the rescue of their sister, the Queen of France, and her family, whose position was becoming every day more perilous.

Maria Carolina was the heart and soul of the league forming for this purpose against the fierce, powerful party of the Jacobins, whose hands were already deeply stained with blood, and Leopold, urged on by her courage and enthusiasm, his own anxiety for his sister and by the alarming state of affairs, was ready to place himself at the head of the proposed coalition.

After a stay of many months in Austria, the King and Queen of Naples returned to their own dominions with their son, who, being only thirteen, was too young to be married then, and their three younger children, Christine, Amélie, and Antoinette, stopping on the way at Rome, where they found increasing crowds of fugitives from France, including Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire, aunts of Louis XVI., who had just managed to escape, and whose communications filled them with horror and consternation.

CHAPTER II

The Queen and her children—The blue *salon*—The King's favourite daughter—Life at Naples—The Revolution draws nearer—Sir William and Lady Hamilton—Murder of Louis XVI.—Of Marie Antoinette—The Office for the dead—The Princess Marie Amélie—A time of suspense—The battle of the Nile—Warlike preparations—Birth of the daughter of the Princess Royal.

SHORTLY after the return of the royal family to Naples was born Prince Leopold (1790), and two years later (1792) Carlo Alberto, the youngest of the children of Ferdinando and Carolina. They had now eight children living, six of whom were at home with them, whose education and welfare were the constant care of the Queen. The nearest in age to Marie Amélie was her sister Antoinette, or "Toto," as she was absurdly called. She was a year younger than the future Queen of France, while Christine, afterwards Queen of Sardinia, was three years older. These children were always together and were devotedly attached to one another, as indeed were all the sons and daughters of Queen Carolina, in spite of her unfortunate propensity to make favourites amongst her children, a practice whereby the harmony and affection of many a family has been ruined.

Above all her children Carolina loved Maria Teresa, the Crown Princess of Germany; and now she was out of her reach the Princess Christine (or Cristina) became

her favourite amongst the children who were with her. Cristina was a gentle, sweet-tempered girl, who would never have dreamed of opposing any of her parents' wishes, but was inferior in capacity to her sister Amélie, who, in spite of the three years' difference in age, made much more rapid progress in learning; and this did not please their mother.

It is generally difficult for outsiders to discover the reason for the preference some parents show for one of their children over the rest, more especially as it is very seldom caused by any superior attractions or qualities in the object of it. Some people prefer a child in whom they find a strong likeness to themselves; others adore the son or daughter who is in all respects their opposite.

Beyond all her other children the Empress Maria Theresia loved her second daughter, the Archduchess Christine, Governess of the Netherlands, who had inherited her own great talents and proud, lofty character; and next to her she loved Carolina, Queen of Naples, of whom she wrote to the Countess von Enzenberg, "Of all my daughters she is the one who resembles me most," and to her favourite Christine, "You know how near your sister is to my heart, and, after you, she is the one who has shown me the strongest attachment, and followed and desired my counsels."[1]

But the two favourite daughters of Carolina in no way resembled their brilliant, restless, impetuous, high-spirited mother; and it was one of those inconsistencies in human nature which are so frequent, but so provoking and incomprehensible, that the very faults she saw, or thought she saw, and complained of in Amélie were just what she herself possessed in a much greater degree; namely, a hasty, impatient disposition, a love

[1] Helfert.

of admiration, and a tendency to undue pride and love of dominion. Whether or not the young girl really had these faults, the way her mother took to correct them seems to have been singularly injudicious ; for she would take the opportunity of finding fault with her in public, and would allow it to be plainly seen that she did not like her to excel her elder sister.[1]

It is a proof of her charming disposition that, although Marie Amélie perceived this clearly enough, it neither soured her temper nor destroyed her affection for her mother and sister. In later years she remarked in her journal, "Moi qui ai toujours payé pour tous les autres";[2] showing that she felt that her mother was harder upon her than upon her sisters. However, in spite of this drawback, which unfortunately is common enough, Maria Carolina was an excellent mother, and the terms of affectionate confidence and harmony prevailing in the royal family were often remarked upon and admired by those of other nations who were admitted to their society.[3]

The Queen had looked up with reverence to her mother, the great Empress, and had, as far as she could, carried out her directions. But although she inherited her talents, ambition, courage, and love of rule, as in the old fairy-tale, these good gifts were neutralised by what may be looked upon as the curse of that malign influence which sought to counteract them—an entire lack of calmness and common sense. The astonishing thing is that she should have achieved what she did without them, and her having done so is a proof of the many and wonderful gifts she really possessed.

She was most anxious that her daughters should love, obey, and confide in her as she and her sisters had done

[1] Trognon. [2] "Journal de Marie Amélie."
[3] Gerning. Kotzebue. Helfert.

in their mother, and she certainly accomplished her wish.

The Crown Princess of Germany and the Grand-duchess of Tuscany wrote constantly long letters telling her everything that went on at their courts, and the children who were with her were absolutely under her influence; in order to preserve which she never allowed a day to pass without their spending a certain time with her.

There was a room at Caserta, called the blue *salon*, to which every day the children had to go to be with their mother for an hour or two, and which they entered with a certain amount of trepidation; for here the Queen was wont to question them about their studies and administer reproofs and advice respecting their conduct. The strictness of its atmosphere was, however, often enlivened by the presence of their father, who was in the habit of coming in to see the children there, and who, very indulgent to them all, and seeing that his wife showed what he considered undue partiality towards Cristina, made Amélie his own favourite.

His habitual deference to the Queen did not allow him actually to interfere with her management, but he used every now and then to take Amélie with him on the hunting expeditions he was constantly making in the forest of Caserta or the marshes of Capua. These excursions were the delight of the child, who adored her father, and long after, in extreme old age, would look back upon the memories of them as amongst the happiest of her life.

The early years of the young princess were passed amidst scenes of violent contrast. The little court of Naples was then one of the gayest and most brilliant in Europe. The natural loveliness of the capital, its delicious climate, and the perpetual festivities that took place there, attracted foreigners from all parts of the world. Music,

dancing, theatricals, pageants, *fêtes* of all kinds, went on day after day. Night after night the bright lights in the great palaces told of some splendid entertainment, or the calm waters of the bay reflected the illuminations of the city and of the ships that rode at anchor in the port.

The Queen held her court in the evenings with all the grace and animation for which she was so well known, but she had spent the day working with the ministers, sitting in the council of state, writing urgent letters of entreaty to foreign powers to join in the league against the rising tide of the Revolution; while the King hunted and shot and fished, joined in the sports of the *lazzaroni*, and made love to *contadine* or to the ladies of his court, leaving all the affairs of government in the hands of the Queen. With the French Revolution, whose influence spread rapidly in the surrounding countries, Italy included, came to an end the brilliant and prosperous twenty-three years which comprised the first part of the reign of Ferdinando and Carolina; years filled not only with splendour and enjoyment for themselves and their court, but with wise reforms, beneficent institutions, and enlightened changes in the State. The reorganisation of the army and the police, the arrangement of museums and galleries, the extension of the university, the establishment of many schools, and above all the magnificent navy which was the pride and safeguard of the country, were results of which the Queen, who had ruled so brilliantly from sixteen to thirty-nine, might well be proud.

But all this was changed by the Revolution, which put an end to the reforms in which the Queen had delighted, and made her regard the liberal doctrines and theories in which she had dabbled, and the philosophers and idealists who professed them, with horror.

This then was what such plans and principles were to lead to : murders, blasphemy, confiscation, crimes, and cruelties which rendered the country where they now prevailed a place of terror from which people were flying by thousands, every ruined, heart-broken fugitive bringing some new tale of horror. No wonder she rejected them with abhorrence. Then, gradually, as the Revolution grew and advanced, came the peril of her favourite sister and then of her own country, her husband and children and herself ; for the danger was spreading into Italy, and before long Naples was honeycombed with conspiracies and treason.

Arrests and imprisonments were rife in the city ; secret societies wore the emblem of the Jacobins, a little red cap, attached to their buttonholes, and at their private meetings preached the doctrines of treason, robbery, and murder. The relations with France were becoming more and more strained, and the Queen, who was throwing all her energy into the warlike preparations she was pushing on, only longed for the moment when they could be broken off altogether.

Her great friend and supporter was Sir William Hamilton, who for many years had been English ambassador at Naples. Her intimacy with the beautiful Emma (or Amy) Hart, his mistress and then his wife, has been brought against the Queen by the numerous and bitter political enemies whose slanders and calumnies have been, and are, so widely believed. But it must be remembered that, however undesirable such an intimacy might have been—for Emma Hart was a woman of low birth, little education, and disreputable antecedents, without anything to recommend her but her extraordinary beauty, grace, and power of acting—yet she was all powerful with Sir William Hamilton, and the alliance of England was the only hope of saving, not only Marie

Antoinette, but very likely Maria Carolina herself, her husband, children, and kingdom.

So things went on—feasting and revelry at court, espionage, conspiracies, and dungeons close around, the air full of alarms and forebodings, just as the brilliant beautiful city lay on the shores of the lovely bay with its calm blue water, bathed in glowing sunshine or white moonlight, while just behind it rose the burning mountain with its slumbering volcano, ready at any moment to burst into flame and thunder and pour torrents of burning lava over villages, gardens, vineyards, reaching, perhaps, to the city itself.

The news of the murder of Louis XVI. came as a terrible shock to the royal family at Naples, but still it was considered inexpedient to break off relations with France while the Queen, her children, and Madame Elisabeth remained; to save whom the most strenuous efforts were made.

The coalition, however, was signed at last between the Two Sicilies, England, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sardinia; the French ambassador left Naples, and the English warships under Nelson were anchored in the bay, their officers being entertained with lavish hospitality by the King and court and their sailors greeted with enthusiastic cheers when they appeared in the streets.

The tidings of the murder of Marie Antoinette came like a thunderbolt. The Queen, in terrible agitation, sent for her children, and leading them into the chapel of the palace, signed to them to kneel before the altar, where the solemn tones of the Office for the dead and the sobs and tears of their mother, mingling with her prayers for her murdered sister, revealed to them the fearful tragedy.

Upon all the children this scene made a vivid impression, but none perhaps was so strongly influenced

by it as the Princess Amélie, who was just then preparing for her first Communion.

From this time she became graver, quieter, and if she had before possessed the faults and inclinations her mother believed, there was little or no indication of them as she grew older.

Under the direction of Signora Ambrosio, she became so unselfish and so devoted to charitable and religious duties that she was sometimes called in her family "La Santa," and cared much more for her studies than for the amusements of the gay court around her.

In a life I have lately written of the Queen of Naples, I have given a more detailed account of the events in that country during the stormy years preceding and following the Neapolitan revolution than I can attempt to do in this sketch. They were years full of excitement and action, hope and fear. Alternate victories and defeats, losses and gains, followed in quick and ever changing succession.

In the summer of 1798 a powerful French fleet was known to be preparing at Toulon and Genoa—it was rumoured, for an attack upon Naples and Sicily—and Nelson received orders from England to pursue, "take, sink, burn, or destroy" it. He started in pursuit of it accordingly, and meanwhile Naples waited in breathless suspense as day after day no news arrived. All eyes were constantly turned to the sea, straining to watch for the masts and sails of the warships of either friend or foe, till one hot August afternoon a sloop of war was descried in the distance, and as it gradually drew nearer the flag of England was discerned to be floating from its mast. Crowds rushed to the landing-place to receive the officers, who put off in a boat, and as they stepped on shore proclaimed that the French and Spanish fleets were destroyed and the battle of the Nile fought and won.

The people were wild with delight, the sailors and fishermen imitating the blowing up and sinking of the enemy's ships; the city was in a frenzy.

The King and Queen were at dinner with their children when suddenly Sir William Hamilton was announced and entered, accompanied by Captain Capel, bringing the news of victory.

The King started up, embraced the Queen and his children in a transport of joy, exclaiming, "Oh, my children, you are now safe!"

Neither the Princess Marie Amélie nor anyone else who was in Naples during those days could ever forget it. The illuminations, the fireworks, the thunder of guns, the scenes in the theatres, the decorated streets, the shouting crowds, and to crown all the arrival of Nelson with the victorious fleet of England and the captive warships of France.[1] The magnificence of his reception, and the triumph and security were, alas! too short-lived; but now the air was full of warlike preparations, reviews went on at the camp outside the city, consultations were held amongst the generals, in which the Queen eagerly took part.

In the midst of all this a daughter[2] was born to the young Princess Royal, for the marriage of the Prince Francesco with the Archduchess Clementine had taken place the year before.

[1] Diary of Miss Cornelia Knight.
[2] Afterwards Duchesse de Berri.

CHAPTER III

The Jacobins of Naples—Flight—A fearful voyage—Palermo—Vienna—Life in Austria—The Archduke Anton—The Spanish proposals—Terror of the Princess Amélie—The Princess Antoinette—Farewell to Austria.

IT was not long before victory was changed into defeat. The Neapolitan troops, after entering Rome in triumph, were beaten by the French; in December the King returned in disguise to Naples, his army fled in all directions; Championnet and his troops were advancing, the city was full of rioting and bloodshed, owing to the fights between the Jacobin party in it and the *lazzaroni*, who were fierce, loyal, patriotic, and infuriated with the Jacobins, knowing them to be waiting to deliver their country into the hands of the French.[1]

With the fate of the King and Queen of France before them, Ferdinando and Carolina hastily prepared to escape while there was yet time. More fortunate than some other princes, they had another kingdom and capital, still loyal to them, and to Sicily they now turned their thoughts. For days the Queen was packing and superintending the arrangements, all being done as secretly as possible, for the populace had suspicions on the subject and was vehemently opposed to their departure, which, however, was strongly urged by Nelson and Sir William Hamilton.

[1] "The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson" (Jeaffreson).

The city became more and more unsafe every day, the streets were too dangerous to walk in, horrible murders were perpetrated, and the prospect of a general rising of the savage, ferocious mob, maddened by the approach of the enemy, was terrible to contemplate.

It was necessary to conceal their flight, as the mob still declared they should not go; therefore the clothes and valuables were packed up and taken at night after dark to the docks or the English Embassy, where they were consigned to Lady Hamilton, to be passed on to Lord Nelson.

"God protect us this night,"[1] wrote Lady Hamilton on the 21st of December, on which evening at nine o'clock the royal family left their palace in secret and stole down to the shore, where boats were ready to take them to the *Vanguard*, Nelson's ship. Two Neapolitan warships waited to be their escort, and twenty vessels, transports and merchantmen, were loaded with treasure and thronged with members of the court. About two thousand persons left Naples with the royal family.[2]

Before the procession of ships sailed for Palermo, the government stores which could not be removed were thrown into the sea, lest they should fall into the enemy's hands, and what was far more terrible, all the warships left at Naples were set on fire, and amid the flames of the magnificent fleet which had been the pride of the Queen's heart, the royal family saw Naples vanish from their sight as they sailed out into the darkness.

Very soon a fearful storm came on; many of the ships were scattered; a violent blast struck the *Vanguard*, tearing her sails to pieces. The terrified courtiers crowded into the state cabin; everyone suffered dreadfully from sea-sickness, except Lady Hamilton, who devoted herself to the care of the Queen and her

[1] Jeaffreson. [2] Cornelia Knight.

children, all of whom were very fond of her. She nursed and consoled them as best she could, but before, after a voyage of thirty hours, they arrived at Palermo, the youngest child, Carlo Alberto, then seven years old, died from exhaustion.

In the grey dawn of a winter morning the fugitives landed in their other capital. Exhausted with fatigue, grief, and illness, the Queen retired to bed, and sent for the doctors and for her luggage from Lady Hamilton's, as she would be obliged to receive many people on the following Sunday.

The death of Carlo Alberto was a great sorrow to all the royal family, who were strongly attached to each other; and the Princess Amélie, who was devoted to this little brother, was broken-hearted at his death.

But there was too much to be done and thought of to leave much time for indulgence in grief. The great palace, which had long been uninhabited, needed every comfort, almost every necessary of life; but although some of the ships had been lost in the storm, an enormous amount of treasure and property of all kinds had been, and continued to be, landed, and the great halls, corridors and rooms were soon not only splendid but habitable, and thronged not only with the courtiers and attendants who had accompanied the King and Queen from Naples, but the Sicilian nobles, by whom, and by the whole population of their island kingdom, they were received with an enthusiasm of loyalty and joy.

There are many people who consider that even the loveliness of Naples is surpassed by the wonderful beauty of Sicily. Etna is a grander mountain than Vesuvius, the bay of Palermo more beautiful than the far-famed bay of Naples. Miss Cornelia Knight, who went with the court to Sicily, writes of Palermo: "Accustomed as I had been to the lovely and magnifi-

cent scenery of Italy, I was not less surprised than delighted with the picturesque beauty of the Sicilian coast. When the prospect of the city opened upon us, with the regal elegance of its marble palaces and the fanciful singularity of its remaining specimens of Saracenic architecture, it was like a fairy scene."

She goes on to describe at greater length than can be given here the charm of the place, the court gaieties which at once began, the lovely gardens, and moonlight nights, when the Sicilian music and songs of the sailors and fishermen might be heard on the water from ships at anchor or boats crossing the bay.[1]

For the beautiful island, with its enchanting scenery and delicious climate, the Queen never had a very great affection. There was too much poverty, too little comfort, and her whole heart and thoughts were at Naples, the reconquest of which was the one subject of her consideration. The King, on the other hand, took everything much more calmly. He felt sure that he should regain Naples, and meanwhile he was very much pleased with Sicily. There was plenty of sport to be had in the wild forests of the interior of the island, which was infested by brigands, who were, however, loyal to the King. He had taken care that all his favourite dogs were brought safely over, and he bought himself a country house in the neighbourhood of Palermo, where he occupied himself with building, gardening, and making sporting excursions, spending the evenings at balls or the theatre in Palermo.

The Princess Amélie, now sixteen years old, had her dear Signora Ambrosio constantly with her, and, with her sisters, continued to lead very much the same life as at Naples, joining of course in the amusements of the court, but spending most of their time at their studies

[1] Journal of Miss Cornelia Knight.

or in religious and charitable pursuits. They were happy enough, and often in later years Queen Amélie would recall, half-regretfully, to her recollection the enthusiastic raptures of devotion she used to feel as she knelt in the chapel royal at Palermo.

They remained at Palermo for a year and a half, during which the "Parthenopeian Republic," as the Jacobins had called the kingdom of Naples, was destroyed, and Naples, reconquered by the English fleet and royalist army, was restored to its legitimate sovereign.

The King went in triumph to Naples, returning on the *Foudroyant* in August, 1799, and for a while the French suffered reverses: Rome fell into the hands of the Neapolitans and Austrians; success seemed to be beginning for the royalists in Italy.

The Duc de Berri, younger son of the Comte d'Artois, spent some time at the court of Palermo, and fell in love with the Princess Cristina. But she did not wish to marry him; and just then his position, like that of all the French Bourbons, was so deplorable that her parents would not entertain the idea of him as a son-in-law.

The Queen became more and more depressed, and to her great consternation Sir William Hamilton, who had been ambassador at Naples for more than thirty years and was one of the friends upon whom she most relied, was recalled to England.

Naples was still too unsettled for them to return: the trials and executions, the cruelty of which was ever a reproach to Ferdinand, and for which the Queen was most unjustly blamed, were beginning. She was tired of Palermo, where things were not going on as she liked; she was longing to see her elder daughters again and her Austrian relations, and she decided to go for some time to Vienna, taking with her the three princesses and

Prince Leopold, while the Prince and Princess Royal should remain behind with the King.

The Hamiltons were going with Lord Nelson on the *Foudroyant*, and it was arranged that the royal party should be conveyed by the same ship to Livorno.

The King came on board to see the last of them, accompanied by the Duc de Berri, who took a melancholy leave of Princess Cristina; the princesses and their young brother knelt to receive their father's blessing, the *Foudroyant* weighed anchor, and Sicily was soon left behind.

They arrived at Livorno, June 14th, and the first news they heard on landing was that the battle of Marengo had been won by the Austrians. "Te Deums" were sung in the churches, the streets were filled with rejoicing crowds, the Neapolitan family were received with acclamations in the dominions of the Grand-duke of Tuscany, and they retired to rest full of joy, triumph, and thankfulness.

But in the night another messenger brought different news. Since the first despatch had been written Desaix had come up, the tide of victory had turned, the Austrians were disastrously defeated, Tuscany was at once invaded by the French, the way to Venice and Trieste was not considered safe, and it was more than a month before they could leave Livorno, where they were in constant dread of the arrival of the French. They were an immense party, as, besides the royal family, Lord Nelson, the Hamiltons, Miss Knight, the Prince of Castelcicala, and some others, they had an enormous suite, and it seems astounding that they should have arrived at last in safety.

They proceeded in carriages to Ancona, at the risk of being captured by the French troops in their neighbourhood; they had a miserable voyage from Ancona to

Trieste, in ships that were unsafe, and were in constant danger of being taken by the French, who were looking out for them; the Queen and thirty-four of her suite had fever, and the health of Sir William Hamilton was evidently failing. In spite of all these dangers and hardships, however, the unwieldy party arrived safely at Vienna, where they found everyone much relieved at their appearance. The King had never written so many letters to his daughter (now Empress of Germany)[1] as on this occasion, not having known a moment's peace until he heard that "mamma and the children were out of danger."

Nothing could be a greater contrast to the storms and vicissitudes of the life the young princesses had lately led than the peaceful magnificence of their sojourn of nearly two years in Austria. Death had made havoc of the numerous and gifted family of Maria Theresia, and the Queen's only remaining sister was now the Archduchess Elisabeth, Abbess of Innsbruck—a merry, cheerful personage, who did not want to be an abbess and was extremely disappointed that no husband had been found for her, especially as she was, before she had the small-pox, supposed to be the prettiest of all the archduchesses, and there had been a talk of marrying her to Louis XV. after the death of Marie Leczinska.

But the Emperor Leopold had left fourteen children; the Grand-duke and Duchess of Tuscany had been driven out by the French, and taken refuge with their children at Vienna; there was the Duke of Saxe-Teschen, husband of the late Archduchess Christine, several other princes, and a large circle of relations, among whom the three Neapolitan princesses and their young brother were welcomed with affectionate rejoicing.

It was one of the happiest times of their lives to the

[1] The Emperor Leopold died March, 1792.

five sisters, who were never to be all together again, and it seems strange that the Queen, who was exceedingly anxious to establish her daughters, did not find some *parti* in her own country, at any rate for one of them.

Marie Amélie might, however, if she had chosen, have made her home among the green woods and fields of Austria ; for the Archduke Anton, one of the brothers of the Emperor, became ardently devoted to her ; and his attentions to her, both in public and in private, soon attracted the notice of the Queen, who, on seeing that he followed her everywhere, and even waited about under her window to catch a glimpse of her, spoke to the young girl on the subject, and offered to help her. It was true that Anton was destined to be Bishop of Bamberg, one of the richest and greatest *seigneuries* of the Empire ; but the Queen assured her that if she wished to marry him she would appeal to the Emperor, who would get whatever vows Anton had already made annulled. Marie Amélie, however, did not care about him, and the marriage would not have been a sufficiently important one for the Queen to urge the matter.

The comparative simplicity and freedom of the life of the Austrian royal family at Schönbrunn, and the other castles and palaces in the neighbourhood of Vienna, was delightful to Marie Amélie. The sledging-parties and skating in winter, the picnics and hunting in the woods in summer, the out of doors life, the simple amusements of the country, and the balls, music, and theatres of Vienna were fully enjoyed by all the sisters; though, at times, these more public amusements were stopped by the disasters of the war, which threw numbers of families into mourning and threatened the country, as nearly every European country was then being threatened by the armies of Napoleon.

A personal fear began after a time to trouble the

mind and disturb the happiness of Marie Amélie. The King of Spain again made proposals for one of the Neapolitan princesses for the Prince of the Asturias, and this time the Queen was disposed to give a favourable answer. She had secured the marriages she wished for her three elder children, there were no more French alliances to be thought of for the others, they themselves were in a far less powerful and prosperous condition, the alliance of Spain was now eagerly accepted; and at first Amélie was the one chosen. She looked upon the marriage with dread and horror, but she knew that the alliance was far too important to be refused. The children of Ferdinando and Carolina had always been strangers to their Spanish relations, while on the most affectionate and familiar terms with those in Austria. And the very thought of Madrid, with its evil climate and dreary scenery, the gloomy Spanish court, with its rigid etiquette, the horrible bull-fights for amusements, and such rulers as the Queen and her notorious favourite, Manuel Godoï, were like a nightmare to Amélie.

The Prince of the Asturias, however, when consulted about the affair, preferred to marry the younger sister, therefore Antoinette was substituted for Amélie; who, however thankful for her own escape, was now filled with sorrow and misgivings about her sister, who did not wish to be Princess of the Asturias either.

The Queen, however, insisted. She had herself been forced to marry for reasons of state, and had quickly become reconciled to her lot and perfectly happy; she saw no reason why her daughter should not do the same, and had succeeded in arranging for her daughters more brilliant alliances than her mother had done,[1] although

[1] They were the Empress of Germany, the Grand-duchess of Tuscany, the Queen of Sardinia, the Queen of France, and the Princess of the

the Empress Maria Theresia was a far greater personage than the Queen of Naples.

The marriage was settled, and in May, 1802, the Neapolitan family left Vienna with sorrowful hearts and many tears as they parted from the friendly, familiar circle, and especially from the two elder sisters they never saw again.

Asturias, who would, if she had lived, have been Queen of Spain. The Prince Royal married first an Austrian archduchess, then a Spanish infanta; Prince Leopold, an Austrian archduchess.

CHAPTER IV

Death of Clementine, Princess Royal—Return to Naples—Death of the Grand-duchess of Tuscany—Unfortunate marriage of the Princess of the Asturias—The Infanta Isabel—Life at Naples—Gathering clouds —The earthquake—Trafalgar—Austerlitz—Farewell to Naples—The second flight to Sicily—Life in Sicily—Death of the Princess of the Asturias—Marriage of Princess Christine—Death of the Empress of Germany—The Queen and Princess Amélie.

BEFORE they left Vienna they heard of the death of the Princess Royal (Clementine of Austria) and of her infant son. It was a great sorrow, as they were all extremely fond of her, and it seemed the beginning of a long series of trials and misfortunes.

They were met by the King and Prince Royal, entered Naples in triumph, and took possession again of their palaces in the capital and at Caserta, Portici, Capo di Monte, &c., which they had not seen for four years. And to return to these enchanting abodes was a certain consolation after all.

But they had not long been at home before the news of the death of their second sister, the Grand-duchess of Tuscany, plunged them into grief; and to Amélie the departure of Antoinette for Spain was an almost, if not quite, equal trial.

In spite of the recent death of his wife, the Prince Royal was to marry at once the Infanta Isabel, daughter

of Carlos IV., and was to accompany his sister, who was married by proxy to the Prince of the Asturias, and bring home his wife from Madrid.

Amélie was devoted to her sister Antoinette, and her heart sank when the Spanish warship appeared in the bay of Naples, and still more when, amidst tears and lamentations—which seemed all the more bitter and hopeless from the contrast of the public rejoicings, fireworks, illuminations, firing of cannon and ringing of bells, with which the Neapolitans celebrated the event—the young Princess of the Asturias left the lovely home of her childhood, and the affection and care of her family, to meet the fate imposed upon her.

In a few days Francesco, Prince Royal of Naples, returned, bringing with him the young girl who was to take the place of the dead Clementine, so beloved by them all.

If anything could have made the loss of Clementine and Antoinette seem more terrible to the two remaining sisters, it would have been the personality of this new Princess Royal.

A girl of fourteen, who looked even younger—"little, and as round as a ball," the Princess Amélie remarked in her journal—plain, undeveloped, stupid, and not half educated, her husband's family looked upon her with consternation.

The Queen was horrified at her, and even the King and Prince Royal, neither of whom could be supposed to be exacting in the way of intellectual acquirements, saw at once that she was perfectly unfit for the position she had to occupy, and went in despair to the Princess Amélie, whom they entreated to try what she could do to give her some sort of instruction and advice. Amélie consented, and endeavoured to carry out their wishes, with the result which might have been expected. Childish

and stupid as she was, Isabel was quite aware that she was Princess Royal and Duchess of Calabria, also that she was a married woman, that she intended to do as she pleased and amuse herself in her own way, and that she did not want the advice or instruction of anybody. Consequently, the Princess Amélie soon found it advisable to let her alone; there was nothing to be done with her.[1]

Christine and Amélie clung more and more to each other now that they were separated from their sisters, and for the next three years their lives went on pleasantly enough, except for the anxieties and calamities common to the greater part of Europe in those days of war and tumult—the gaieties of the court, to which, however, neither of them was very devoted; the long weeks and months they spent in the country palaces they so much preferred; the studies they pursued together, and the charities with which they occupied themselves, filled their lives. There were many things to interest them just at that time; the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompei were exciting general attention, and the court was thronged with foreigners, amongst whom were learned men of various nations, deeply engrossed in the discoveries being made.

There was at one time an idea that Napoleon wished to marry the Princess Amélie to his stepson, Eugène de Beauharnais, but nothing came of it, and it is certain that the Queen would never have given her consent to any such alliance.

The youngest brother of the King of Sardinia, Carlo Felice, Duke of Genoa, came to Naples and was anxious to marry the Princess Cristina, but of this the King and Queen would not hear, as he had very little fortune; though Cristina was willing to accept him. The marriage

[1] Trognon.

of Antoinette had turned out very badly, for although her husband and she were devoted to each other, the enmity of the Queen of Spain and Manuel Godoï made their lives miserable, Carlos IV. was a nonentity, and the Neapolitan royal family were in constant anxiety and distress about her.

Isabel, on the other hand, got on better than might have been expected ; she and the Prince Royal lived at a farm near Caserta, where he occupied himself with his crops and cattle with an interest incomprehensible to his mother at so critical a time, when issues of the utmost importance were at stake. He shared eagerly in the sports and pursuits of his father, and Isabel rode about with him all day, danced all night, and took no interest in anything but the diversion of the moment.

The constant menaces of Napoleon, who was always interfering with the affairs of Naples, were like a threatening cloud over the kingdom, which was, however, watched and protected by the English fleet under Nelson, ever ready to attack the French if they made any hostile attempt upon the Two Sicilies. Sir William Hamilton was dead—his successor, Paget, had by no means consoled the Queen for his loss ; Lady Hamilton was in England, and had not only forgotten all the kindness of the Queen of Naples but repaid it with the basest ingratitude.

The Jacobins were still a constant annoyance and danger ; the Queen, as an amnesty had been granted, was obliged to receive many of them at the great balls and functions, but contrived that for her smaller dances and parties the invitations should be sent in the name of Leopold, the young Prince of Salerno, in order to give them an informal character and allow her to choose her guests.

The dangers of conspiracy were still present. One

morning the Queen and her daughters found their coffee full of little needles; luckily, before any one had drunk it. Affairs at Naples gradually became more and more threatening; French troops were in the kingdom, and though they were nominally on friendly terms with France, and outwardly the court was gay and splendid, an English ship was always at hand in case of need.

As if everything combined to imperil the lives and fortunes of the Neapolitans at this period, the unfortunate country was devastated by a fearful earthquake, which convulsed the ground for six hundred square miles, killed many thousand people, and destroyed fifty-nine cities and towns. It was the second narrow escape the princesses had lately experienced, for their apartment in the palace at Portici had been struck by lightning and the embroidery frame of the Princess Amélie destroyed. Fortunately they were at church when it happened, but the Princess Amélie was dreadfully frightened at thunderstorms ever after.

The day of the earthquake had been overpoweringly hot and oppressive even for July in Italy. In the afternoon the sky become overcast, the air was still, and yet the clouds flew swiftly across the sky, as if driven by a hurricane. After sunset arose a furious gale from the north; night came on, everyone retired to their rooms, when suddenly the ominous, well-known rumbling was heard and a fearful earthquake shook the city. Cristina and Amélie were asleep in bed and were awakened by the noise and the shaking of their rooms, of which the walls seemed to bow down towards them. They both sprang up and took refuge under the archway of a door, where they waited during three shocks, after which the earth seemed to become steadier, and, hastily dressing, they rushed to their mother's room, where Prince Leopold, without shoes or stockings, had also arrived.

The Queen was unhurt, though the sofa on which she had been sitting was overturned and she was thrown on to the ground. Escaping into the open air, they passed the rest of the night in one of the royal carriages; the King at Portici and the Prince and Princess Royal at Caserta also, like most other people, spent that night out of doors.

Shocks of earthquake went on for some time, and then rumblings were heard and streams of lava began to pour from Vesuvius.

Political misfortunes now followed in rapid succession. The Austrian army under Mack surrendered at Ulm to the French under Ney, Soult, Marmont, and Murat; and though the news arrived that a great victory had been won at Trafalgar, and the fleets of France and Spain utterly destroyed by the English, the triumph was mingled with tears, for Nelson was dead.

The final breach with France was caused by the selling of a thousand horses to the English, and the landing of twenty thousand English, Russian, and Montenegrin troops; the French ambassador departed, and then came tidings of Austerlitz and of the advance of Masséna upon Naples.

Confusion and terror reigned everywhere; the foreign troops would not remain, the splendid fleet had been destroyed, it was impossible to defend the city against the army of Masséna, the peace of Presburg was signed by France with Austria and Russia, Naples lay helpless before the coming enemy.

There was nothing left but flight; the King escaped at once to Sicily, and the Queen reluctantly prepared to follow with her children.

As before, the King left Naples for Palermo perfectly confident that it was only for a time, and therefore quite reconciled to the prospect of some months or even years

in Sicily, where he could amuse himself perfectly; the Queen was persuaded that this was a final exile from the land she now loved so well, and that she would never see it again. Both were right in their presentiments.

The Princess Amélie shared in these melancholy doubts and fears, and shed many tears with her mother and sister during the days of hurried packing of all their favourite possessions ; for they felt they must take everything with them which they were not prepared to lose entirely. There were sad farewells to go through to dearly beloved places and old friends, though many were preparing to leave Naples with them, and the bay was covered with ships of all kinds waiting to convey them and all the property they could take away.

In her journal the Princess Amélie relates how they went for the last time to the chapel of the palace to receive the benediction, and "there we made a short and sorrowful prayer. Mamma addressed all the court in words full of emotion ; there were nothing but tears and sobs. I felt my heart breaking."

On February 11, 1806, they embarked; the two Princes, Francesco and Leopold, on the *Minerva*, to join the army in Calabria, the rest of the family on the Italian frigate *Archimede*. These consisted of the Queen, her two daughters, her granddaughter, the child of the Prince Royal and the Archduchess Clementine, the Princess Royal and her infant daughter.

Again they were overtaken by a tempest, which caused them to be five days getting to Palermo, and, what was worse, scattered and wrecked many of the transports and other ships which accompanied them, so that a great deal of valuable property was lost and all the correspondence and archives of the Foreign Office fell into the hands of the French.

The circumstances under which they now landed in

Sicily were far more disastrous than the last time. The palace had again fallen into disrepair, and they had by no means the same riches and luxuries with which to transform it. Much had been lost in the wrecked ships, and they had far less money at their command; in fact, at first they had not enough to pay a sufficient number of servants, and when their little nieces were taken out to walk, Cristina and Amélie had to stay at home that their rooms in the palace might not be quite deserted. The Queen, too, was ill, depressed, and suffering from an affection of the eyes, which, however, got better after a time.

The only members of the family who were happy and comfortable were the King, who at once settled himself into his old ways, and with his house "Colli," where he resumed his gardening and farming; his castles in the forests where he hunted, and his villas on the shores and marshes for fishing and wildfowl shooting, and all his company of dogs, was quite happy and content to wait for the time when he would some day return to Naples.

Also the Princess Royal, who did not appear to care the least whether she was at Naples or Palermo, and whose rather provoking indifference during all the packing, voyage, &c., had irritated the Queen, who declared in a letter to the Empress of Germany that she had no more feeling than a log, but who was obliged to admit that she bore very well all the discomforts of the voyage, though she was going to be confined before long, and it was a wonder it did not kill her.

Gradually the state of matters in their daily life improved and settled down. More furniture and other property arrived, and the English government, though refusing to join in reconquering Naples, engaged to protect Sicily, which England was resolved should not fall into the hands of Napoleon, and at the same time

allowed £300,000, afterwards increased to £400,000, a year for the expenses of the court, government, and defences of the island.

In a recent life of Queen Caroline I have endeavoured to give some idea of the life of the royal family during the eight years they spent in Sicily after their second flight to their island kingdom, during the first years of which, though eventful enough, the Princess Amélie did not play any conspicuous part.

The King continued to lead the same kind of life, adding to his other diversions the same sort of *liaisons* he had always carried on, and though remaining on good terms with his wife and children, only appearing sometimes to visit them or to transact necessary State affairs at Palermo.

The Prince Royal, Duke of Calabria, and Leopold, Prince of Salerno, returned after an unsuccessful campaign. The former established himself in a country house, farmed, sold milk, and rode about with the Princess Royal, who had now a son;[1] the latter joined his mother and sisters, who lived in the palace in Palermo, but spent the hottest months in a small country house in the neighbourhood, where they led a simple domestic life, rarely going to the opera in Palermo or taking part in the not very frequent court balls and festivities, which the disastrous times did not tend to encourage.

The popularity of the King and Queen was not what it had been. Instead of luxury, pleasure, and prestige, they now brought poverty, increased taxation, and difficulties of all kinds in their train, besides a host of needy, half-ruined Neapolitans, whose fidelity must be recompensed, or at any rate who could not be left

[1] Afterwards Ferdinand II.

to starve, and upon whom, therefore, were conferred all kinds of posts and offices which belonged by right to the Sicilians.

The dear Signora Ambrosio was still with the Princesses, but had become blind; they spent much time with her, reading to her, and doing all they could to console her; but they had another, a German lady, to take her place.

The two sisters and Prince Leopold were devoted to each other; his especial affection had always been for Amélie.

The first terrible domestic trouble which fell upon them was the death of their youngest sister, the Princess of the Asturias, about whom they had for a long time been both unhappy and anxious. Just before they had the news of her death,[1] the Princess Amélie had a dream in which she saw a man in the sombre dress of a penitent, who asked her for alms in return for the prayers about to be offered by the confraternity for the soul of her sister Antoinette. This dream made a painful impression upon Amélie, who awoke trembling and crying, and wrote in her journal some days later:

"I nearly fell upon the ground on reading to-day in the *Moniteur de Naples* the death of my darling sister, my good friend, my loving companion, my other self, my dear beloved Toto."

To make matters worse, there were strong suspicions that the Princess of the Asturias had been poisoned by order of the Queen of Spain and Godoï. The Spaniards declared that she died of consumption, but even at Madrid it was whispered that there had been foul play. This was always believed by the Neapolitan

[1] June, 1806.

family; and the strange and brutal way in which the Spanish royal family behaved, sending no announcement, writing no condolences, but leaving the family of the Princess, who were also their near relations, to find out her death by the newspapers, gave confirmation to the report. However, nothing was ever proved; it remained a suspicion which might or might not be true.

Affairs grew worse and worse in Sicily, now virtually in the hands of the English, who were resolved to give the Sicilians the constitution they demanded, which was violently opposed by the Queen. The King and Prince Royal leaned towards the English view; everywhere was discord and confusion.

Amélie since the death of Antoinette had comforted herself more and more in religious practices; she spent much time in visiting the many convents in Palermo, especially that of the *Cappuccinelle.* Sometimes, as she reflected upon the troubles and anxieties of her life, she was tempted to take refuge from the storms and miseries of the world in the calm, holy shelter of the cloister; for the prospect before her appeared darker and more uncertain every day. In December, 1806, she wrote in her journal: "Sicily is under the heavy yoke of the English; everything is in confusion and disorder. . . . Unless God's all-powerful hand intervenes, our total ruin is to be feared, and it will be a miracle of the Divine mercy if we preserve this last remnant of our magnificent inheritance. In the midst of this state of things my heart, distracted by all the feelings of love for my parents, my country, of justice, compassion, and honour, is overwhelmed in a sea of trouble. With every movement that escapes me, every word I say, I am afraid to have committed an imprudence or injured somebody. I wake in the night

and get up in the morning thinking 'What will happen to-day?' . . . I lift my eyes to heaven and find consolation in our holy religion, thinking that we are exiles in this world, and that there is a better one."

More trials were in store for her before the time when she began to find happiness in a way she would least have expected; and the next sorrow was her separation from her sister Christine.[1]

Carlo Felice, Duke of Genoa, now heir to the throne of Sardinia, had not forgotten that princess, whose position was at this time by no means so secure or desirable as when her parents refused his offer at Naples; and when he came to Sicily to renew his proposal, they were quite willing to accept what was really a perfectly suitable marriage for their daughter, whose wedding accordingly took place at Palermo, and who afterwards became Queen of Sardinia.

But the wedding festivities were scarcely over when the news of the death of the Empress of Germany[2] fell like a thunderbolt upon them. To the Queen the loss of her eldest daughter was the greatest grief of her life.

Amélie and Leopold moved with her into a country house with a garden, and did all they could to console her; and for some time Christine and her husband remained living near them and dined with them every day. But the time came when they must depart for Turin,[3] and then Amélie was left alone with her mother and brother. But she used in after life to say that, although she felt her heart sink with depression and dread at being left with no companion but Isabel, who was no use at all, she found, when she and her mother

[1] Journal, Trognon. [2] April, 1807.
[3] September, 1807.

were thrown entirely together, so much love and sympathy from her that she was consoled, and that the months they passed together at the Queen's country house, Camastra, were amongst the most cherished recollections of her life.

CHAPTER V

The Duke of Orléans—Philippe Egalité—Early education of the Duc de Chartres—Flight of the Orléans family—An interview with Louis XVIII.—Death of the Duc de Montpensier and Comte de Beaujolais—The Duc d'Orléans in Sicily—The Princess Amélie—The Spanish expedition—Marriage of the Princess Amélie and Duke of Orléans—The Palazzo d'Orléans—The Duchess Dowager—Affairs in Sicily—Departure of the Queen—Fall of Napoleon—Farewell to Sicily.

THE year 1808 was to bring an entire change into the life of the Princess Amélie, and the day from which the beginning of her new interests and sympathies must be dated was the 22nd of June, on which she wrote in her journal:

"Mamma sent for Isabel and me and presented the Duke of Orléans to us. He is of the ordinary height, rather inclined to be stout, in appearance neither handsome nor ugly. He has the features of the house of Bourbon, and is very polite and well-educated."

Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans, eldest and now only surviving son of the notorious Egalité, was in an especially unfortunate position when, after the execution of his father, he found himself an exile and fugitive, his fortune gone, his family scattered into different countries. The infamy of Philippe Egalité was visited as an indelible stain upon his children, with the exception perhaps of the Comte de Beaujolais, whose sentiments had always been loyal and opposed

to those of his family, but who was too young to be at liberty to follow them. The vices of Philippe Egalité had impaired his health at an early age; he had thrown himself into all the most unbridled dissipation of Paris before the Revolution; the Palais Royal had been the headquarters of the infamous calumnies against the Queen, and the Duke of Orléans himself the associate and accomplice of the most cruel and violent of those whom he assisted in their attacks upon his religion, his family, and his King. His vote for the murder of his cousin and sovereign brought undying infamy upon his name, but did not secure the goodwill of his revolutionary friends, who, when they were tired of him, threw him into prison with his two youngest sons at Marseilles, whence he was summoned to Paris, tried, and executed. The Duc de Montpensier and Comte de Beaujolais were released and went to America; the Duchess of Orléans was in Spain. Louis Philippe, Duc de Chartres, had been brought up by his father and the celebrated Mme. de Genlis in all the theories and principles of the Revolution. He was taken to see the mob pulling down the Bastille, he was made a member of the Jacobin Club, he adored as his second mother Mme. de Genlis, generally supposed to be his father's mistress, an extremely clever, brilliant woman, with many good qualities, who, like many others, began with an enthusiastic admiration for the Revolution, by which she identified herself with the crimes she had not foreseen, drew upon herself the hatred of both parties, and ended by becoming an ardent royalist. With her and his sister Adèle, Louis Philippe had wandered about in exile in Belgium and Switzerland, flying from the troops of the French republicans, hated, despised, and shunned by the *émigrés* wherever they went. After

his father's death he joined his brothers in America, then went to England, where they lived for some years at Twickenham and made peace with the princes their relations.

Though Louis Philippe had always been very fond of his father, and had at first shared his revolutionary opinions, he had never contemplated the state of things to which they led. He had been horror-stricken at the death of Louis XVI., and had, after serving under Dumouriez, made attempts to obtain the forgiveness of Louis XVIII., who at first declined to reply to his overtures, but finally, at the intercession of the Duchess of Orléans and the Emperor Paul of Russia, consented to receive him at Mittau, where he was then holding his little court.

He arrived under an assumed name at nine o'clock one evening, and the King, being told that "Sieur Koffmann" had arrived, rose from his whist table, desired no one should follow him, and, taking a candle, entered the vast, dimly lighted room in which the Prince, who was waiting for him, threw himself on his knees and asked for pardon.

In his memoirs Louis XVIII. describes this interview: "'Monsieur,' I said to him gravely, 'you have much to do to atone for the crimes of your father. I have doubtless forgotten them, but my niece, my family, France, and Europe will find it difficult to do so. Your duty, monsieur, will in future consist in holding yourself apart and renouncing all ideas of ambition. I flatter myself you will know how to shun revolutionists and Jacobins. Show yourself to be satisfied with the rank I consent to restore to you; the position you will occupy will be distinguished enough if you know how to make it respected. The past imposes upon you great obligations for the future. In

accepting the name of Egalité, you left by your own will the family of Bourbon; I consent, however, to restore you to it, but in return I expect from you sincerity and submission.' The Prince replied that he did not flatter himself that he was able to excuse himself for the past, as in order to do so he would be forced to accuse one whom nature required him to love and respect, whatever might have been his wrongdoings, but that his future conduct would prove his sincere regret for the errors of his youth . . . that he would always be found ready to support the throne, and that he called upon God to witness the sincerity of his words. . . .

"Holding out a hand, which the Prince seized and kissed several times, I said:

"'Duc d'Orléans, all is finished; to-day for the first time we will begin to know each other. . . .'

"I then inquired after his venerable mother, his sister and brothers. He replied that they had desired him to express their respectful affection to the chief of the Bourbons, and that if the three latter had displeased me I must blame their age, not their hearts.

"'As to the Comte de Beaujolais,' I replied, 'I never doubted his right sentiments. Nevertheless, whatever has been the conduct of the others, you may assure them that I shall only take account of their future actions.'"

The Duke wished to see the Duchesse d'Angoulême, but she had entreated the King not to require her to meet the son of one who was amongst the murderers of her parents, declaring that she would forgive him, but it would be years before she could bear to meet him. He returned to Warsaw that night. Louis XVIII. continues:

[1] "Mémoires de Louis XVIII., recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Duc de D——

"I was much pleased with his appearance, language, and manners. . . . He seemed entirely to have renounced his democratic ideas. I thought he had both sense and spirit, and, when I compared him with the princes my nephews, I must confess that the comparison was in his favour."

The Duc de Montpensier died in England, and the Comte de Beaujolais became so ill that in the hope of saving him Louis Philippe took him to Malta for the winter; but it was in vain. It was said that the health of both brothers had been undermined by the hardships of their captivity at Marseilles. At any rate, the Comte de Beaujolais died at Malta, and his brother afterwards came to Sicily, where he was at first doubtful what reception he would find at the court. He wrote to Ferdinando from Messina respectfully announcing his arrival, and the King replied by an invitation to Camastra, which he accepted with some trepidation. The Neapolitan family were strongly prejudiced against him; in fact, the Queen afterwards confessed to him that she dreaded the sight of him, and that the very sound of his name filled her with horror.

However, they found him much better than they expected; he explained to them his utter change of principles and sympathies, his repentance for the past and devotion to the throne and the altar, and was received amongst them as a friend and relation.

It was perfectly obvious that there was nothing he could do more completely to rehabilitate himself amongst the royal families of Europe than to marry the Princess Amélie, daughter of a Bourbon and a Habsburg, niece of Marie Antoinette, granddaughter of the Empress Maria Theresia, and whose mother, the proud, warlike Queen of Naples, had always been the bitterest enemy of the Revolution, and was now looked upon as the incar-

nation of the *ancien régime*. The Princess he found as sympathetic as she was suitable, and when, after a few weeks passed in each other's society, he was starting for Spain with the Prince of Salerno, a few hurried words as they said farewell on board ship were enough to establish a mutual understanding.

As to the Spanish expedition, nothing could be more futile. The King of Sicily, now that Napoleon had deposed and carried out of Spain the whole of the Spanish royal family, claimed the regency as the nearest in blood, and sent his younger son, a boy of eighteen, to represent him, with the Duke of Orléans to take care of him. The English, however, would not allow them to land. The Prince of Salerno returned to Sicily, and the Duke of Orléans went to England to gain the consent of the government to the expedition, failing in which he came back to Palermo and occupied himself in persuading the King and Queen to consent to his marriage. This was opposed by a strong party, who declared that a proscribed and almost penniless prince was no use to their cause, brought forward the crimes of his father, the evil reputation of his own youth, and threw doubts upon the sincerity of his conversion.

But the Princess Amélie, who was not so submissive as her sister Christine, declared that she would either marry the Duke of Orléans or take the veil; the Queen was inclined to allow a marriage that would keep her only remaining daughter with her, at any rate for the present; the King sent for her, and with much affection put his arms round his daughter, asked if she had really set her heart upon this marriage, and on her assuring him that she had, gave his consent.[1]

The Duke of Orléans went to Malta to fetch his sister, then to Minorca, where, after sixteen years, he again met

[1] Trognon.

his mother, and they arrived together at Palermo for the wedding, which took place November 9, 1809, at an altar arranged in the bedchamber of the King, who had fallen downstairs and hurt his leg. The newly-married Duke and Duchess then descended for the "Te Deum" and benediction into the ancient chapel of Roger II. (1132), one of the most curious and picturesque in the world,[1] with its granite columns, Saracenic arches, and walls covered with ancient gold and mosaics.

In the evening they appeared at the theatre, where they were received with enthusiasm, and returned to a supper alone with the King and Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Orléans occupied a suite of rooms in the palace until the Casa Santa-Teresa, given them by the King, was ready for them. It was an ancient house, much out of repair, and much had to be done in building and repairing before it was habitable; the garden also had to be altered and put in order—a constant interest to the Duke. It was, and still is, called the Palazzo d'Orléans, and in it they lived happily for several years; their three eldest children were born there.

But happy as they were, and great as was the change for the better in the lives of both, they cannot be called peaceful years; on the contrary, they were full of turmoil, anxiety, and strife, both political and domestic.

The Duke of Orléans, though now royalist and Catholic, was more moderate and less reactionary in his views than the extreme portion of his party. The Duchess shared his opinions, and the Palazzo d'Orléans was soon considered to be the headquarters of moderate liberalism, to which the Prince Royal inclined under the influence of the English, who now practically ruled Sicily; but which was bitterly opposed by the King, Queen, and Prince of Salerno.

[1] Imbert de Saint-Amand.

LOUISE MARIE ADÉLAÏDE DE BOURBON-PENTHIÈVRE, DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS,
WIFE OF PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ

The Duchess of Orléans devoted much time to the study of French, and surrounded herself as far as she could with French people. She had a French lady of honour, the Comtesse de Vérac, and had become ardently attached to her sister-in-law, Adèle d'Orléans, who was several years older than herself, and who had always been devoted to her brother, the Duke of Orléans.

Deprived of all her own sisters, Amélie found the affectionate friendship which from the first arose between herself and her sister-in-law a great consolation. She had been received also with affection and sympathy by the Duchess Dowager of Orléans, who, with her daughter, had taken possession of the Casa Santa-Croce, which the King had given them, and where her son and daughter-in-law often visited her.

But the old Duchess of Orléans, an excellent but weak personage, was now to a great extent governed by her chancellor, a certain Monsieur de Folmont, who had been of great use to her during her exile and wanderings, and whom she believed, rightly or wrongly, to have saved her life. She had placed him at the head of her household, and fallen more and more under his influence until nothing could be done without his advice and approval. He was neither by birth nor capacity in the least fitted for a post of such authority in the household of a princess; her children regarded with indignation and sorrow the upstart interloper who made perpetual mischief between their mother and themselves.

The Duchess of Orléans, *née* Mdlle. de Penthièvre, was one of the greatest heiresses in Europe. She was the only daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, who was the son of the Comte de Toulouse, the younger legitimatised son of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan. The death of her brother, the Prince de Lamballe, left her sole heiress not only of her father and grandfather, but of the Duc du

Maine, the elder legitimatised son of Louis XIV., whose descendants had died out; of the Duchesse du Maine, and the Comtesse de Toulouse, of whom she was the only surviving representative. She was said to resemble greatly in appearance her great-grandfather, Louis XIV., but with all her magnificent inheritance, exalted rank, and unquestioned virtues, her life had been a succession of mistakes and misfortunes.

They began when she was a young girl, at home for a few days from her convent, in which short holiday she unluckily saw Philippe Egalité, then Duc de Chartres, who opened the door of her carriage for her, and with whom she fell so violently in love that she declared she would either marry him or take the veil. He was, in fact, one of the marriages proposed for her, and whatever were the misgivings of her father, who was a remarkably religious and upright man and had no confidence in his son-in-law, she was allowed to have her way. The alliance was, except the Dauphin and his brothers, the greatest in France. It took place, and she soon discovered that she was the wife of one of the most vicious men in the kingdom, who, although he did not treat her with cruelty, cared nothing about her, and was habitually engaged in love affairs with other women.

Then she took a fancy to Mme. de Genlis, a brilliant, fascinating flirt, possessing all the talents and attractions she herself lacked, and insisted upon her coming to live with her as *dame pour accompagner*. The Duc de Penthièvre strongly disapproved of this, for he foresaw what would happen; but such was the infatuation of the Duchess that for years after the intimate friendship between her husband and her lady-in-waiting had excited general comment, she saw nothing and would believe nothing against her. As another of her ladies remarked, "It was like witchcraft." She consented to Mme. de

Genlis being made governess not only to her daughter, but to her sons, and living with them in a separate house, and only awoke to her folly when it was too late. She discovered that the woman she had so blindly and obstinately trusted had succeeded not only in acquiring a strong influence over her husband, but in gaining the affections of her children to such an extent that, at any rate, her daughter and her two eldest sons much preferred her to their mother, were absolutely under her influence, and were saturated with all the revolutionary principles and practices most abhorrent to herself.

Then she acted with the dignity to be expected in a Princess of France, and declining to answer the long letters or enter into the specious arguments of Mme. de Genlis, she simply refused to receive her. In consequence of the attitude of the Duchess, Mme. de Genlis was forced to resign ; but a new complication arose in Adélaïde, Mdlle. d'Orléans, who, when she found her governess was gone, fretted herself into an illness until she was brought back, and finally accompanied her to England. When the revolutionary fury drove them into exile, Mme. de Genlis wandered about in Belgium and Switzerland with Adélaïde and her eldest brother, who had joined them, for some time ; until Adélaïde was consigned to the care of the Princesse de Conti, who was also in Switzerland, while Louis Philippe supported himself by teaching, and afterwards joined his brothers in America.

All this time they saw nothing of their mother, who, when released from the Luxembourg, went to Spain, where she met none of her children until she was joined by her daughter and the Princesse de Conti after they had lived for eight years in Bavaria.

But in spite of the affection the Duchess had for all her children, her own good qualities and those

of her daughter, they had lived too long apart, their ideas and sympathies were too different to allow of the freedom and confidence which usually exist between mother and child. The Princess was a woman who had seen the world, whose life had passed under other influences and been shadowed with many sorrows and dangers. The Duchess, also overwhelmed with trials, had now fallen under the influence of Folmont, for she appears to have always found it necessary to have some unlucky infatuation. Notwithstanding the kindness, goodness, and saintly character of her mother, Adélaïde did not find herself altogether happy in her household, where the intolerable interference and impertinent intrusiveness of Folmont were so unbearable to her that she complained to her brother.

While they were in Sicily, however, Folmont continued to make mischief between the Duchess, her son, and daughter-in-law to such an extent that, after treating them for some time with coldness, she suddenly left the island without giving notice of her intended departure to any one.

The Duke of Orléans went for a short time to Spain, where he took part in the Peninsula War, and during his absence was born his eldest son, the Duc de Chartres.

Christine, Duchess of Genoa, arrived on a visit to her family, and as she was in no way mixed up in the political dissensions going on, her stay with them was an unmixed happiness.

The loss of her old friend, Sir William Hamilton, had been irreparable to the Queen. His successor, Paget, had neither influence nor sympathy with her; and with Lord William Bentinck, who with the forces of England, once her chief hope and protection, ruled Sicily with an iron hand, she was at daggers drawn. She was now a mere wreck of the brilliant, beautiful, gifted woman

who had ruled so long and so successfully; of her beauty there remained no trace, her nerves were shattered by the sorrows, excitements, and emotions of her life, and in the midst of the strife and anxiety in which she was involved she was struck down by paralysis and lay between life and death. She recovered, however, to a certain extent, and with shattered health and diminished strength continued the contest, which ended in her raising an armed resistance to Bentinck and inducing the King, who had signed a sort of abdication in favour of his son, to resume the government. Into the political history of events in Sicily at this time it is, of course, impossible to enter here. Bentinck was intent upon forcing a liberal constitution on English lines upon the Sicilians, who were not likely to be fit for it. Neither was it, nor Bentinck, nor the English at all popular in the island, except with a certain party.

But the English were protecting Sicily; it was garrisoned by their troops and guarded by their fleet; they were all-powerful, and Bentinck, convinced that his only enemy of any consequence was the Queen, insisted upon her banishment. The King at first resisted, but was finally obliged to consent, and the Queen left Sicily with the Prince of Salerno, who was devoted to his mother, and retired to Austria (1813), where the castle of Hetzenberg, near Vienna, was assigned to them by the Emperor, and where, strange to say, her granddaughter, Marie Louise, wife of her arch-enemy, the Emperor Napoleon, was soon to meet her, and whose affection was to be one of her last interests and consolations.[1]

[1] She had another granddaughter in Sicily who loved her passionately, and was heartbroken at her going—the daughter of the Prince Royal by his first wife, to whom she had been a mother. When she heard of her death she shut herself up for days in the deepest grief, and when, years after she became Duchesse de Berri, she met Lord William Bentinck at

The Duchess of Orléans was deeply distressed at the departure of her mother, also at the separation from her favourite brother, and wrote urgently to the Emperor, recommending them to his care.

But her own stay in Sicily was not to be a long one after they were gone. Not many months passed after they had sailed before it became evident that the vast empire of Napoleon was crumbling away.

On April 23, 1814, the Duke of Orléans rushed into his wife's room, exclaiming, "Bonaparte is done for! Louis XVIII. is restored, and I am going to set off on a ship that has come for me!"

He hurried to Colli to convey the news to the King, who cried in a transport of joy, throwing himself upon his knees:

"Kneel down and thank God!"

Ferdinand at once resumed the government, which his son gladly resigned, the populace rejoiced, and the Duke and Duchess of Orléans prepared to depart.

Amélie shed tears when she parted from her father and brother, but she was delighted to leave the island, which, in spite of its romantic beauty, had been the scene of so many disasters and anxieties. A few months before, even her dear Signora Ambrosio had been forced to leave Sicily with her two daughters, owing to the suspicious tyranny of Bentinck and his party.[1]

Rejoicing at the brilliant prospects opening before her, she went on board the *Ville de Marseille* with her husband, children, and sister-in-law, and after a few days' quarantine, on August 18th landed for the first time in France.

Paris, turned abruptly away and left the room, refusing to speak to one whom she said she considered the cause of her grandmother's death.

[1] She died in 1824, deeply regretted by the Duchess of Orléans. One of her daughters was governess to the daughter of Leopold, Prince of Salerno, who married the Duc d'Aumale.

CHAPTER VI

The Palais-Royal—Fontainebleau—Death of the Queen of Naples—The Duchess Dowager of Orléans—Louis XVIII.—The Duchesse d'Angoulême—The Restoration—The Voltigeurs of Louis XIV.—The Hundred Days—Flight to England—Twickenham—Return to France.

NO famous royal palace has been more altered and knocked about than the Palais-Royal. Originally the Palais-Cardinal, it was built by Cardinal Richelieu on the site of the ancient *hôtels* d'Armagnac and de Rambouillet. For a time it was inhabited by Anne of Austria and her sons, Louis XIV. and the Duc d'Anjou, when its name was changed to the Palais-Royal. It was given to the latter in 1692, and remained the inheritance of the Orléans family. In spite of disastrous fires and deplorable alterations, it remained a great palace with a magnificent garden, beloved of the Parisians, in which they walked and sat under the forest trees on sunny days, or wandered listening to music and watching the *beau monde* after the opera on summer nights, until the evil times of Philippe Egalité, whose dissipated extravagance, notwithstanding his immense fortune, made him eager for more money, to obtain which he destroyed the splendid old garden to make way for the rows of shops and *cafés* which began to turn it into the huge, showy bazaar it now is. Before the Revolution it was the headquarters of disaffection, and its galleries or

passages were the resort of the lowest and most dangerous ruffians of Paris.

After the execution of Philippe Egalité it was confiscated by the revolutionary government, and those who inhabited its shops, *cafés*, restaurants, and gambling-houses did just as they pleased with it—breaking through walls, building chimneys, opening large unsightly kitchens and windows wherever they found it convenient.

In this state of confusion, disrepair, and degradation it was found by Louis Philippe when, in May, 1814, he stood again, after more than twenty years, at the gate of the palace of his fathers, alone and unknown to the porter, who still wore the imperial livery[1] and refused him admission. Insisting on being allowed to pass into the palace, which had just been restored to him by Louis XVIII., he knelt down upon the magnificent staircase and kissed the steps which he had not trodden since the days of his youth.

The Restoration placed him in possession of an immense fortune, for the King gave him back everything which had not been sold during the Revolution, and he now prepared to repurchase gradually such parts of the Palais-Royal as had fallen into other hands, and to restore the palace, in which, meanwhile, he ordered certain suites of rooms to be cleared, cleaned, and furnished for the occupation of his family, whom he returned to fetch from Palermo.

It was September 22nd when they arrived at Paris, then in all the frenzy and excitement of the Restoration. The Comte d'Artois had met them at Dijon, and their journey as far as Fontainebleau had been delightful, but while they were there a letter from the Prince of Salerno to the Duke of Orléans informed them of the sudden

[1] The Emperor Napoleon had taken possession of it as property of the crown.

death of the Queen of Naples at Hetzenberg, just as the King had ordered a warship to bring her back to Palermo.

Amélie was overcome with grief at this loss, and put off her journey for a day or two, during which the Duchess Dowager of Orléans came to see her, showing the most affectionate sympathy, upon which terms they henceforth always continued.

The day after their arrival at Paris, Marie Amélie went to the Tuileries, where she was received by all the royal family with the most distinguished honour and favour. Nothing could have been so advantageous to the Duke of Orléans as his marriage with her : the King was delighted with her ; Madame Royale, Duchess of Angoulême, saw in her the daughter of her mother's favourite sister and faithful champion, and always called her "*ma vraie cousine*" ; while the legitimist party regarded her as the true type of a great princess, descendant of Saint-Louis, granddaughter of Maria Theresia, daughter of the Queen of Naples, the implacable foe of the Revolution. Her royal dignity of manner, politeness, and tact, added to her high character and devotion to religion, combined to gain universal approval and admiration, and it was whispered that she would keep the Duke of Orléans straight if ever he were inclined to waver in his allegiance.

She had already three children, the Duc de Chartres and the Princesses Louise and Marie, and late in October the Duc de Nemours was born at the Palais-Royal, after which she began to take part in the new life around her, which the death of her mother and the state of her health had hitherto prevented. And she always declared that the years she spent at the Palais-Royal after the Hundred Days, from 1817 to 1831, were the happiest of her life.

With the exception of a few families of the extreme legitimists who could not forgive Louis-Philippe for being the son of Egalité, and for having himself, as a lad, been a republican and fought under the tricolour, everyone of importance came to the Palais-Royal, for the Duke reappeared as a man of the *ancien régime*, and it was said in 1814 that if the Orléanist party still existed the Duke of Orléans did not belong to it. Such persons as, in spite of their having belonged to the Revolution, were now loyal subjects, and also the successful soldiers and men of mark under the Empire, also frequented the palace of Marie Amélie, who knew very well how to *tenir salon* and to receive everyone with the favour and distinction due to them.

Paris itself was a wonder and delight to her, and she eagerly visited its churches, palaces, museums, the studios of the chief artists, the galleries, especially that of the Louvre, then filled with all the glorious works of art plundered from Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium, and Holland by the ravages of the armies of Napoleon.[1]

It was no easy matter at this time to avoid, as the Duchesse d'Orléans succeeded in doing, the quarrels, jealousies, and enmities so natural in the extraordinary mingling of royalists, Bonapartists, and men of the Revolution now pervading Paris. The returned *émigrés* were not likely to have forgotten the murder of their relations and friends, their own years of exile and suffering, or to look with complacency upon the upstarts who had seized their property. They hated and despised them, and took every opportunity of showing it, and of sneering at the new *noblesse* of the Empire, which they called the *noblesse à plumes*. These, on the other hand, laughed at the antique prejudices, dress, and customs to which

[1] The pictures and other works of art were not restored to their rightful owners until after the Hundred Days.

they were unused. Contemptuous remarks would be made by the women of the *ancien régime* at the parties at the Tuileries in the hearing of the others, and in some cases ingratitude was shown to those of the Empire or the Republic by people who had been helped and protected in time of need. Duels were occasionally the result of foolish and useless provocation on one part or the other.[1]

As an instance of this folly half a dozen young imperialists took it into their heads to imitate the old-fashioned uniform of certain old soldiers called "the Voltigeurs of Louis XIV." Dressed up in what was meant for a caricature to turn them into ridicule, they went solemnly to the Café Tortoni, sat round a table, ordered "a cutlet for three," divided it, ate it, and then, with the same affectation of gravity, left the *café*. That same day they were arrested, imprisoned for three months, and then released and ordered to go to the Tuileries and apologise to the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri, which they did. As they came back down the great staircase they met coming up one of the venerable figures who had served them for model, whom one of them named Jacqueminot stopped by asking him :

"Monsieur, it is for a long time that you have worn those clothes and your sword like that ?"

"Monsieur," replied the old man, "I don't know—what ? What is it ?—I think about fifty years."

"And during all that time no misfortune has happened to you ?"

"*Mais non, monsieur.*"

[1] A caricature was clandestinely sold of a fat old monarch returning to France clinging to two Cossacks between whom he rode, galloping over the bodies of national guards, a village in flames in the background. Another represented two old eagles and one young one flying away from the Tuileries and five geese walking in at the great entrance.

"Then you are very lucky," replied Jacqueminot. "I have only worn them for an hour and I have been in prison three months for it." And he ran away.[1]

Only about six months had passed since the Orléans family, including Mademoiselle, now called Madame Adélaïde d'Orléans, had taken up their abode in the Palais-Royal, when on the evening of March 5, 1815, the Duke of Orléans was mysteriously summoned to the King's cabinet, informed of the landing of Napoleon, and desired to join Monsieur at Lyon in trying to organise means of defence. Finding it was useless, he returned on the 12th to Paris and resolved to provide for the safety of his wife and children without delay. At half-past two in the morning they were taken secretly from the Palais-Royal in a carriage to the courtyard of another house, where a travelling carriage was waiting for them with post-horses, and they were soon speeding along the road to Calais. The Duchess and her four little children were placed by the Duke under the charge of the Comte de Grave, governor of the Duc de Chartres, and the Duchess, in a letter she left for the King, assured him that only the safety of her children induced her to leave him at such a moment. It was the third time she had been forced to escape secretly by night, and though the journey was neither so dangerous nor so disastrous as on the former occasions, she always counted it among the most trying of her many adventures. They arrived safely at Dover and went to an inn, from which the Duchess anxiously watched the constant landing of fugitives from France. The Comtesse de Vérac arrived on the night of the 18th, bringing the Duchess's maid. The Princess Louise meanwhile was very ill for some days, and nothing could be heard of

[1] "Mémoires sur la Restauration" (Duchesse d'Abrantès). This incident happened after the Hundred Days.

the Duke and his sister, though the news had arrived of the flight of the King and the entry of Napoleon into Paris.

The Duchess therefore went on to London, where she received a letter from her husband saying that he had crossed the Belgian frontier with his sister and the Comtesse de Montjoye, and was about to embark for England, where he joined her early on the 3rd of April. They spent a month at Grillon's hotel in Albemarle Street, where they received the visits of the Queen, Prince Regent, royal family, and all the important personages of the English court, also of the Duchesse d'Angoulême and Princesse Louise de Condé. They then removed to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, and finally into that same house at Twickenham which was in after years to be called "Orléans House," in which they now spent two years, during which the Duchess said that but for her anxieties for her family and country, and for the house not being her own, she would have been perfectly happy.

The delirium of joy at the victory of Waterloo brought her mixed feelings. It was the triumph and deliverance of her friends and the safety of all her interests, but still the defeat of the army of France caused a painful sentiment to herself, and perhaps even more to the Duke and his sister, whose liberal sympathies were much stronger, and over whom, in spite of all changes, the recollections of their youth still lingered.

Louis XVIII. returned to Paris after the Hundred Days; but the Duke of Orléans, after a visit of a month there, found that for the present he and his family would be better in England. The King was much displeased that he had not joined him at Gand; he had become an object of suspicion to the ultra royalist party, by whom it was whispered that he had looked

favourably upon a plan entertained by a certain clique to place him upon the throne.

The Duchess, who had never been in England, made several excursions to Oxford, Cheltenham, Warwick, Bristol, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and other places, but spent most of her time quietly at Twickenham. She had plenty of friends, in the royal family especially. The Princess Charlotte of Wales had just married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; they were then living at Claremont, where she often visited them, little dreaming that in after years Claremont would be her own refuge and home and Prince Leopold the husband of her eldest daughter. When in March, 1817, they returned to France, the Duchess of Orléans wrote: "*Je n'ai pu quitter sans un serrement de cœur ce paisible séjour, où nous avons passé deux ans tranquilles, loin du monde et de ses intrigues.*"

CHAPTER VII

The Palais-Royal and Neuilly—Etiquette of the court—The Duchesse de Berri—Louis XVIII. distrusts the Duc d'Orléans—Dangers of the Restoration—The white banner or the tricolour—The *émigrés*—The Avengers—The sons of Danton—Mme. de Genlis—Assassination of the Duc de Berri—Birth of the Duc de Bordeaux—Anecdote of the Comte d'Artois.

THE Orléans family re-established themselves in the Palais-Royal and also at Neuilly, their country place, with which they were all enchanted ; and during the thirteen years that followed the Duchess of Orléans used to say that she feared she was too happy. All, in fact, seemed to go well and prosperously, while day by day she grew more and more attached to her adopted country.

Both at the Palais-Royal and at Neuilly the guests who frequented her *salon* belonged chiefly to the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*, the *corps diplomatique*, and foreign visitors of distinction ; but others also might be met there, such as the Ducs de Broglie and Liancourt, Talleyrand, Dupin and Casimir Perier, besides the most celebrated literary men of the day.

The exceptional position of the Duke of Orléans rendered the greatest tact and caution indispensable to the Duchess both in society and in her intercourse with the royal family.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Comte d'Artois,

now called "Monsieur," were the head of the extreme legitimist party; the King was more moderate and inclined to constitutional government; but it is remarkable that, although even as a young man, when Comte de Provence, he had been always known as the most liberal of the royal family, where, indeed, his opinions had sometimes caused dissension and suspicion, yet he was now much more punctilious in the small details of court etiquette than his brother and niece.

He insisted strongly upon the difference between the immediate royal family, the "Children of France," and the princes of the blood, to whom he would not allow the title of "Altesse royale," nor yet various other distinctions which they desired. He made a marked difference between the Duke and Duchess of Orléans; she, being the daughter of a king, was called "Altesse royale," and always announced before her husband at the Tuileries when both sides of the folding door were thrown open.

After she had passed through one side was closed, and the Duke of Orléans was announced as "Son Altesse Serenissime," which he did not like at all.

The marriage of the Duc de Berri with the Princess Caroline, daughter of Francesco, Prince Royal of Naples, and his first wife, the Archduchess Clementine of Austria, had taken place while the Duchess of Orléans was in England; and she now found her niece established at court, delighted with her new position and the gaieties and entertainments of which she was the life and soul, treated with great affection by the royal family, and adored by the Duc de Berri, who was much older than herself.

The Duchess Dowager of Orléans had remained in Paris during the Hundred Days, and had been treated with much consideration by Napoleon, who granted

her a pension of 300,000 francs. She lived in her *hôtel* de Nivernais and had her country house at Ivry, and was devoted to her children, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren ; with none of whom did she ever have any further differences since the unfortunate affair at Palermo. She died June 23, 1821.

The Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, also returned to Paris. She lived apart from her husband. There was also the Princesse Louise de Condé, a nun of saintly reputation and devotedly attached to the old Duchesse d'Orléans.

In 1818 the Duchess of Orléans for the first time lost one of her children, the Princesse Françoise, born in England. The child, who was always delicate, died of consumption at Neuilly.

The following year the Duchesse de Berri gave birth, not to the much-desired Dauphin, but to a daughter, and the christening of this child was the occasion of a slight which caused considerable annoyance to the Duke and Duchess of Orléans. The register was signed by the members of the royal family, to whom the Cardinal Grand Almoner presented the pen in turn. As he was about to do so to the Duke of Orléans, the King exclaimed : " Put down the pen and let it be presented by the clerk of the chapel."

One evening the Duke of Orléans, his wife, mother, and sister, the Duke and Duchesse de Bourbon, were invited to the theatre at the Tuileries, and instead of being shown into the royal box, where several foreign princes were, they were placed in another one with the ambassadors. As this was never the custom at Versailles, they all agreed next time they were asked to decline the invitation, and the Duchess of Orléans explained the reason to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who took her side in the matter, as did the Comte d'Artois ; but their representations did not make much difference to the King.

He had never thoroughly liked or trusted the Duc d'Orléans since he had refused to join his little court at Ghent, where also was a camp commanded by the Duc de Berri, in which he dreaded to find himself possibly fighting under the white cockade against the tricolour. Without intending to be disloyal to Louis XVIII., and while still ranging himself with the royalists, Louis Philippe was certainly careful not to make himself unpopular with the opposition, and seeing this, and remembering his antecedents, the suspicions of which he was the object were not surprising.

Then he insisted on placing the Duc de Chartres, when he was nine years old, at the Collège Henri IV., a proceeding greatly disapproved of by the King, who observed that the Duchess of Orléans, being the boy's mother, had an equal right to be consulted. The Duke assured him that she was of the same opinion, but it was not until she had written to him herself to say so that Louis XVIII. withdrew his active opposition.

The strongest friendship and affection united the Duchesse d'Orléans to her cousin the Duchesse d'Angoulême. When they differed in opinion, as they sometimes did—for Marie Amélie often leaned to the liberal opinions of her husband, though entirely and strongly devoted to the royalist and Catholic cause—she took care to say nothing to wound or vex Madame, with whom, in fact, she agreed in essentials. She received the liberal politicians and writers at the Palais-Royal, just as she had the liberal barons at Palermo, without being in the least disloyal either to Ferdinando or Louis XVIII., and if anything could strengthen her sympathy with the party of the *émigrés*, it was the fact that it was also that of the clergy.

Although the Restoration was now triumphant, and Louis XVIII., with his *Charte*, his cool head, and his

moderation, appeared to be in tranquil possession of the throne of his ancestors, there was in reality that seething undercurrent of discontent and disaffection which naturally resulted from the tremendous and rapid changes, not only in the government, but in the whole state of affairs in France, and the violent opposition in the sympathies and wishes of the different portions of the nation.

The three great parties—Royalist, Imperial, and Republican—still existed, with all their various grades and divisions, and were only waiting for any opportunity that might offer to be at each other's throats. That no such opportunity should or would occur was the aim, the hope, and the belief of those who, after unparalleled suffering, had regained the ascendancy, but who, nevertheless, were living on a volcano; for the other parties, hating them bitterly, were only yielding to the force of circumstances for a time. There was, of course, still in France, especially in the west, a large party loyally devoted to the throne and the altar, but other parties were very numerous also. The ancient glamour that hung around the throne of France before the Revolution, the passionate love of the populace of Paris for their King and his family, had vanished. Many of those who supported the Restoration did so out of no love for the Bourbons, but because they believed their return meant peace—and the nation was sick of war. The twenty years of glory and triumph had ended in an exhausted country, in families whose men had been forced away to die on the burning plains of Africa and Spain or the snows of Russia, or to return helpless cripples to their ruined homes. In the last levy mere boys had been taken to fill the places of their fathers and elder brothers, sacrificed by thousands to the arrogance and ambition

of Napoleon. The whole land cried out for peace, to rest and recover as well as they could from their sufferings, to save at least the boys left to them from the carnage of which there had seemed no end. Any government which would give them this relief they would have welcomed.

But there were those who thought differently, though they dared not always proclaim their wishes ; for instance, the old soldiers who, when they shouted "*Vive le Roi*," added in a whisper "*de Rome et son petit papa*," and who kept their tricolour cockades in their homes—sometimes in their pockets—for the change from the tricolour back to the white banner and lilies was deeply resented by the army, which had so often followed the three colours to victory. And yet the royalists and the King at the head of them could not be expected to feel anything but horror for the badge of the Revolution, of the enemies of their faith, of the murderers of their dear ones. And to discard the white banner and the lilies, which for so many centuries had been the ensign of their forefathers and the glory of France, for what to them was the emblem of murder and disloyalty would have been infamous in their eyes, and was indignantly refused by Louis XVIII. Paris, and indeed all France, was full of incongruous and conflicting elements, always ready to break the barriers by which they were temporarily restrained.

Even among the *émigrés* themselves there were, and had been from the first, degrees and divisions. Those who belonged to the early emigration despised the later ones, whom they considered to have fled, not from principle, but from fear. And, although they carried this idea to an extreme, still it was undoubtedly true that in the later days of the Revolution many of the revolutionists themselves fled from the companions of their crimes, who had turned upon them and were now seeking their blood.

Also there were numbers of the philosophical, doctrinaire idealists who neither had committed nor desired crimes or cruelties, but who, by the doctrines they had propagated and the support they had given to the revolutionary cause at the beginning, had, with the most excellent intentions, helped to bring about the very Terror from which they had fled, and who were not likely to be received with anything but detestation by the earlier victims of the state of things they had brought about.

At first the *émigration élégante*, as it was called, was to Brussels and London; the *émigration militaire* to Coblentz,[1] Mayence, and Worms; poorer people went to Soleure, Lausanne, Fribourg, and other places in Switzerland, where things were cheaper. Emigration was by no means confined to the upper classes; many tradespeople, labourers, and artisans also fled from the Terror at home—the Comte de Vergennes wrote from Coblentz that they were continually passing through to Holland and Germany. Their lot, unlike that of the nobles and gentlemen, was generally prosperous enough, for they were able to provide for themselves and their families by their own hands, and did not fail to procure the work they sought for until they could return from exile.[2]

Then there were the clergy, those who had escaped with their lives—hunted, tracked, persecuted. The Bishop of St. Pol de Léon was forced to fly at a moment's notice one night, and had not even time to put his shoes on, but had to go without until he had some given him by those who protected his secret flight.

The Bishop of Dijon, one of those few who escaped from the September massacres, fled almost naked to the

[1] In September, 1791, an *émigré* wrote from Coblentz that sixty officers a day arrived there; while, of course, there were others of all ages, sex, and rank ("Histoire de l'Emigration," Daudet).

[2] "Histoire de l'Emigration" (E. Daudet).

Archévêché de Vienne. Cardinal de Boisgelin, La Rochefoucauld, Montmorency, and thousands of priests of every rank, arrived in a state of destitution in England, where the kindness and help they received was far greater than that which was given by any other country. There were the men who had been enrolled when young in the *Compagnies de Jésus* or the *Enfants du Soleil*,[1] who had forgotten neither their wrongs nor their vengeance, nor the well-known lines which aroused them—

> "Mânes plaintifs de l'innocence
> Apaisez-vous dans vos tombeaux,
> Le jour tardif de la vengeance
> Fait enfin pâlir vos bourreaux."[2]

It was all so recent; when the Restoration began it was little more than twenty years since the height of the Terror; and in Paris, though many of the murderers had met with the just reward of their crimes, there were others more fortunate who had contrived to escape, and who were even now in Paris, where they were met by the children and relatives of their victims, or by those who had themselves been in their clutches. Was not Fouché, one of the most bloodthirsty of them all, Minister of police to Louis XVIII.?

Some, however they might from fear conceal their real opinions, secretly gloried in their deeds, which they were ready at the first opportunity to repeat; others abjured or denied them, and it often happened that

[1] These were chiefly from the south. The bands so named were formed of young men whose parents or near relations had been murdered by the Jacobins. They were sworn to avenge their death upon any Jacobins they could find and attack, and many fell by their hands. During a reaction against the Jacobins at Marseilles, they attacked the prison where they were, and more than one royalist was killed by mistake in the slaughter. The Ducs de Montpensier and Beaujolais, then in the same prison at Marseilles, had a narrow escape.

[2] "Les fils d'Egalité" (Lenotre).

the children of those whose hands were dyed in the blood of the Revolution shrank with horror from the name and the memory of their fathers.

So it was with the two sons of Danton, born when he and his first wife lived the harmless, busy life of a prosperous artisan and his family ; for it was not till after her death that he became one of the leaders of the Revolution. When, in later years, he fell in love with Louise Gély, a gentle, timid girl of seventeen, she dared not refuse the fierce and blood-stained tyrant whose love for her even induced him to consent to her stipulation that he should find a priest to confess and marry them. Danton went to the house of the Abbé Kéravenen, whose landlady, terrified at the sight of him, denied that he was at home, and was with difficulty persuaded to admit him when assured that he came for confession. The marriage was celebrated, and the love of the *septembriseur* for the wife who regarded him with terror never altered. One night, as they sat together by their fireside, a noise was heard upon the stairs. The police had come to arrest him, and he had only time for a hasty farewell to his frightened wife before he was seized and carried off to the doom to which he had sent so many innocent victims. As he went to the scaffold his eyes fell upon the Abbé de Kéravenen, to whom he made a sign and then bowed his head to receive absolution. Louise, who had no children of her own, took his two sons, fled to her parents, and after a time married a worthy *bourgeois*, but such was the horror of her past that she was never heard to speak of her first marriage. The two sons of Danton, Antoine and Georges, lived alone together, never losing their terror and abhorrence of their father's name. Georges was very like him in appearance, but shy and retiring. In the disturbances of 1848 a mob came to their house, calling upon the sons of Danton to give them a poplar

out of their garden for a tree of Liberty. The door was flung open, and the two brothers appeared, horror-stricken by the crowd, the music, the noise, and clamour, which suddenly recalled the early and fearful recollections of the *rue des Cordeliers* and the September massacres, and which had so terrible an effect upon Georges that he died within two months.

Neither of the brothers had ever married, from their fear of perpetuating their name, and although Antoine did not die until 1858, and had a daughter by one Sophie Rivière, who lived with him, he would never make the mother his wife, and only adopted the child because she was a girl, declaring that if he had had a son he would not have done so, as he desired the name to become extinct.

Mme. de Genlis, the former friend of Philippe Egalité and governess to the Orléans children, after being obliged to flee from her friends, the revolutionists, had wandered for years in other countries, and returned to Paris under the Empire. Napoleon had given her a pension and lodgings at the Arsenal. She supported herself by her writings, which were very popular, and was now a pronounced royalist. Her *salon* was visited by all the celebrities of the day. She was delighted to see her two remaining pupils, who gave her a pension instead of that of Napoleon.

In January, 1820, the Duchess of Orléans was prematurely confined ; the child, who received the title of Duc de Penthièvre, was weak both in body and mind.

On the 13th of February, having recovered from the effects of what was rather a long illness, she celebrated the occasion by going to the opera with her husband and children and sister-in-law. The Duc and Duchesse de Berri came into the box. He played with the children, of whom he was very fond, and who were sent home

after the ballet of the *Carnaval de Venise.* The Duke and Duchess de Berri presently went out, and not long afterwards the news was brought that the Duke had been stabbed at the foot of the staircase by the assassin Louvel. All that night the Duchesse d'Orléans watched with the rest of the royal family by the dying Prince. The King and the rest had been hastily summoned, and the Duke, having asked to see two natural daughters whose existence he confessed to his wife, the young girls were brought to him, and the Duchess, in despairing grief, promised never to forsake them. Whatever might have been the faults or follies of his life, the Duc de Berri died like a hero and a Christian, and the royalists of France waited in anxious suspense till the confinement of the Duchesse de Berri in September brought an heir to the throne, the Duc de Bordeaux, enthusiastically welcomed as the future Henri V. Possibly Louis Philippe felt with the Comte d'Artois, when in years gone by he showed the infant Dauphin to the Duc d'Angoulême, and in reply to the boy's remark, "Comme il est petit, papa!" replied:

"Tu le trouveras un jour beaucoup trop grand."

CHAPTER VIII

Orléans and Condé—The children of Marie Amélie—Death of Louis XVIII. —Coronation of Charles X.—The Prince of Salerno—The Queen of Sardinia—A professor and his pupils—"I will answer for nothing"—The society of the Palais-Royal—The National Guard—Magnificent reception of the King and Queen of Naples—The last days of the ancient court of France—Splendid *fête* at the Palais-Royal—Departure and death of the King of Naples.

THE families of Orléans and Condé had followed diametrically opposite lines of conduct, the latter being as ardently loyal to their King and as steadfastly adherent to the *ancien régime* as the former had been mixed up with the Revolution, which still cast its shadow over the children of Egalité.

The old Prince de Condé—the soul of the emigration, the leader of the troops of the Princes, the incarnation of the *ancien régime*—had died in May, 1818, at the age of eighty-two. The line of Condé was soon to be extinct, for the murder of the Duc d'Enghien by Napoleon had cut off the sole heir. There now only remained the childless Duc de Bourbon, now Prince de Condé, and his sister, who was a nun.[1] At the death of his father he was sixty-two, and as he remarked, "Here I am alone upon earth, without either father or children."

The Duc de Bourbon had at the age of fourteen been married to his cousin, Bathilde d'Orléans, who was nearly

[1] Louise de Condé died 1824.

twenty, for whom, in spite of his preposterous youth, he had a violent passion. The unfortunate Duc d'Enghien was born when he was only sixteen, after which he had no other child, and his marriage turning out to be entirely uncongenial, he and the Duchess agreed to separate. He and his son had been like brothers, and he never recovered from his loss. He spent his life in hunting and shooting, of which he was passionately fond, and at his *châteaux* of Chantilly and Saint-Leu presided his mistress, Mme. de Feuchères, who was the daughter of an English fisherman named Dawes, was born in the Isle of Wight, and whom he had married to an officer, the Baron de Feuchères, leading him to suppose that she was his natural daughter. M. de Feuchères, however, discovered that his wife was not the daughter but the mistress of the Duc de Bourbon, and immediately separated from her. She then returned to the Duke, over whom she exercised an unbounded influence.

The Duke of Orléans, notwithstanding their political differences, was upon excellent terms with the Duc de Bourbon, and treated Mme. de Feuchères with so much consideration that she resolved to do all she could to benefit him. Aware that she herself would inherit a large share of the immense fortune of the Duke, she planned that one part should be left to herself and the other to the Duc d'Aumale, fifth son of Louis Philippe, born 1822, to whom she persuaded the Duc de Bourbon to be godfather. This cunningly devised project would also give her the support of the Orléans family against that of Rohan, who were the nephews and natural heirs of the Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé. It took several years for her to induce him to consent to this plan, for in spite of his friendship with Louis Philippe, to leave the inheritance of Condé to the house of Orléans was repugnant to his feelings; but at last Mme. de Feuchères was

successful, and Chantilly and the great fortune which came to the Duc d'Aumale were the result of the proceedings above mentioned.[1]

The last of the children of the Duke and Duchess of Orléans was born July 31, 1824. They were, Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri Joseph, Duc de Chartres, born at Palermo, 1810; Louise (Mademoiselle), afterwards Queen of the Belgians, b. Palermo, 1812; Marie (Mademoiselle de Valois), afterwards Duchess of Wurtemberg, b. Palermo, 1813; Louis, Duc de Nemours, b. Paris, 1814; Françoise (Mademoiselle de Montpensier), b. Twickenham, 1816, d. 1818; Clémentine (Mademoiselle de Beaujolais, afterwards Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha); François, Prince de Joinville, b. Paris, 1818; Jean, Duc de Penthièvre, b. Paris, 1820, d. 1828; Henri, Duc d'Aumale, b. Paris, 1822; Antoine, Duc de Montpensier, b. Paris, 1824.

The health of the King had for some time been failing, and in September, 1824, the Comte d'Artois sent a messenger to the Château d'Eu, where the Duke and Duchess of Orléans, Madame Adélaïde and the children were staying for the bathing at Tréport, to request their immediate return; shortly after which Louis XVIII. passed away from the kingdom which he alone of the three grandsons of Louis XV. had known how to govern and keep, and Charles X. reigned in his stead.

The death of Ferdinand I., again King of the Two Sicilies, was a grief to the Duchess of Orléans, who had always been extremely fond of her father, and during that winter she went out very little. Charles X. did not share the late King's rigid notions of etiquette; he gave the title of "Altesse royale" to the Duke of Orléans, his children and sister, and did away with the distinctions

[1] After a sufficient provision for Mme. de Feuchères, the whole of the estates and fortune of Condé went to the Duc d'Aumale.

separating in so many points the younger from the elder branch of the Bourbons.

The health of Louis XVIII. had prevented his being crowned according to the custom of the Kings of France, and Louis Philippe, whose religious ideas were much more lax than those of his wife, and who had little or no love or reverence for the ancient usages of his ancestors, thought it quite unnecessary for the King to be crowned at all ; his views in this case also approximating to those of the party he was, not unjustly, accused of favouring. Charles X. was not likely to agree with him, and the coronation, at which the Orléans family appeared with suitable splendour, took place at Rheims, May 29, 1825.

The *fêtes* which followed it went on through June, and they were scarcely over when the Duchess had the joy of seeing again, after twelve years, her favourite brother, the Prince of Salerno. Great indeed was the contrast between her position when, as the wife of an exiled and almost penniless prince, supported by her father, who was himself surrounded by difficulties, poverty, and danger, she bade a sad farewell to her mother and brother, departing into a banishment from which the former never returned, and her present brilliant lot.

The state and luxury with which she was surrounded—her magnificent palace at Paris, her charming places in the country,[1] the immense fortune of her husband, the splendid prospects of her children, and all the enchantments of the gayest capital in Europe—compared strangely with their last recollections of the storms, perils, and sorrows of their youth, which they never tired of talking over during the months they now spent together.

Of all her brothers and sisters only Francesco, Leopold, and Christine were left, and the next year Christine, now

[1] Besides Neuilly the Château d'Eu, near Dieppe, close to the forest of Arques, was a favourite resort of the Orléans family.

Queen of Sardinia, invited the sister she had not seen for fifteen years to visit her at Chambéry. With her went her husband and three eldest children ; they travelled by Lyon and Geneva and over the Simplon to the Italian Lakes, after which they met the King and Queen of Sardinia at Aix and proceeded together to Chambéry, where they spent ten days, and parted resolving to see each other again ; but although both Christine and Amélie lived for many years after, circumstances always prevented their meeting. The short distance between France and Savoy makes this, in our days of easy travelling and frequent journeys, seem incomprehensible.

The Duke and Duchess of Orléans found their life at Paris pleasanter than ever under Charles X., who, although much more reactionary and less prudent than his brother in affairs of importance, was easy-going in trifles and matters of etiquette, had still the charming manners which made him popular at the court of his grandfather, and was not only on terms of intimate friendship with Marie Amélie, but liked her husband also.

Their children were growing up ; the first Communion of the elder ones had been celebrated with all due care and reverence. The Duc de Chartres had been appointed to a post in the army, the Duc de Nemours had gone like his brother to the Collège Henri IV.

As during the reign of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette Paris was rent by the quarrels between Glückists and Piccinists, so under the Restoration disputes raged between the partisans of the classic and romantic schools in art and literature.

The new romantic ideas and practices, of which Lamartine was one of the leaders, and whose disciples laughed at the stiff, cold formality of their opponents, were derided by the latter as ignorance and bad taste.

Professor Roger Collard, on being asked what was the difference between the two systems, replied scornfully: "*C'est que les classiques ont fait leurs classes et que les romantiques ont besoin de les faire.*"

One day, after a disturbance which was partly political during one of his lectures, having finished what he wished to say in spite of the noise and hisses, he was followed by a crowd of shouting, hooting students. Taking no notice of them, he walked deliberately through the streets till he reached the Pont des Arts, took out a five-franc piece and threw it to the man who took the toll, saying:

"Keep it. I pay for all these gentlemen." [1]

The young men retired, laughing and vanquished.

When, in 1814, the crown of France had been offered to Louis XVIII., and he was on the eve of departure from England, the Duc de Duras congratulated him on the crown being again firmly established in the house of Bourbon, to which the King replied:

"Firmly re-established ?—that depends."

"Is it not the intention of the King to accept the crown ?"

"I accept it," said Louis XVIII., "and it will remain ours if I survive my brother. But if he survives me I will answer for nothing." [2]

That these prophetic words were likely to be verified was beginning already to be only too apparent, and the uneasiness felt by the Duchess of Orléans as she watched the course of affairs was perhaps the only drawback to her happiness.

In this short sketch of her life there is, of course, no space to enter into the history of the important political events which led to such unfortunate results; in fact, it is

[1] "Salons d'Autrefois Bassanville).
[2] "Histoire de l'Emigration" (Daudet).

only possible to touch briefly even upon the principal matters which belong to her personal story.

The death of the little Duc de Penthièvre was an acute sorrow to her, although she could not but be aware that his health and intellectual condition rendered his prolonged life undesirable.

The Duc de Chartres was declared of age September 3, 1828, being eighteen years old. Charles X. was very fond of him, and had an idea of marrying him some day to Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Duc de Berri.

At a fancy ball for children the Princess Clémentine, then in her twelfth year, wore a costume of the court of Marie Antoinette. The King, delighted with it and with her, declared that it all recalled to him the old happy days of his youth at Versailles.

So far as she could, Marie Amélie kept aloof from political affairs; not that she was or wished to be a nonentity, but because of the extreme delicacy and difficulty of her position between the King and her husband.

Still, those who could not forgive the son of Egalité bowed before the niece of Marie Antoinette;[1] and if her own principles and sympathies were divided, if she perceived the danger and imprudence of some of the reactionary measures avoided by Louis XVIII. but adopted by Charles X., if she agreed with some of the more modern and liberal opinions of her husband, in her heart and soul the daughter of Caroline of Naples and granddaughter of Maria Theresia was a fervent royalist, Catholic, and conservative, while Louis Philippe of Orléans was by many suspected of conspiring, or at least working, to secure the approbation and affection of the opposition and of all who were disaffected to the government.

[1] "Marie-Amélie au Palais-Royal" (Imbert de Saint-Amand).

"Neuilly is the *rendez-vous* of discontent and the discontented," wrote Chateaubriand. "The Duke of Orléans flatters the Court and encourages the Liberals. They sigh, press each other's hands and raise their eyes to heaven, but they do not utter a word significant enough to be reported in high places."

The King, however, did not believe anything of the kind. "Conspire!" he said with a smile; "he is too happy for that!"

In fact, at this time the Duke and Duchess of Orléans were the richest and most magnificently placed couple in Europe, and their position was far more enviable than it ever became after they ascended the throne, shorn of more than half its grandeur and prestige.

The Duchess found the greatest enjoyment in the society of the most distinguished literary men of the day, who flocked to her *salon:* Guizot, Lamartine, Casimir Delavigne, Villemain, Cousin, de Salvandy, Horace Vernet, &c. Paris was full of interesting people, both French and foreign; society was gay, attractive, and pleasant, without the extravagance and display which characterised the brilliant revels of the Empire.

Everyone admired the diplomatic reserve and self-control with which the Duchess of Orléans, though surrounded with those of all shades of opinion, such as Talleyrand, Polignac, Dupin, Broglie, never by any carelessness of speech or imprudence of conduct involved herself or anyone else in any kind of difficulties.

The King, perfectly blind to the state of public feeling, allowed himself to be persuaded to one unpopular measure after another; great discontent was caused by the very first mention of the restoration of primogeniture, by the law against sacrilege, and by various other enactments and proposals.

Already in April, 1827, at a review at which the Duchess of Orléans was present in a carriage with the Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri, the King and the Duke of Orléans being on horseback, disloyal cries were heard to mingle with the shouts of "*Vive le Roi.*" The Duchesse de Berri was furious, the Dauphine sad and depressed; the Duchesse d'Orléans said nothing, but her mind was full of uneasy forebodings as the words "*A bas les ministres! à bas les Jésuites!*" fell upon their ears. The courtiers were full of indignation and alarm. "*C'est une joli chose!*" cried one. "*C'est tout comme en 1792!*"

The next morning the National Guard was disbanded. Four days later the Duke and Duchess of Orléans went to take leave of the King, who was going to Compiègne.

"I have taken a strong measure since I saw you," he said; "I must tell you that, being a little deaf, when there is a noise I can't hear anything. I had heard nothing but shouts of '*Vive le roi,*' but *ces dames* heard very different cries."

"It must have given pain to the King."

"Yes, it gave me pain, for I liked them, although they were a creation of the Revolution and had done a great deal of evil in it."

"But, Sire, they did a great deal of good at the Restoration."

"At the Restoration, yes, but in the Revolution they did a great deal of harm. . . ." [1]

The Martignac ministry gave a respite, and for a few months affairs seemed to be more satisfactory. The winter of 1828-29 was very gay: the Duchesse de Berri gave many delightful parties, there were *fêtes* and balls at the Tuileries and the Palais-Royal, at which the Princesses Louise and Marie of Orléans appeared.

[1] Trognon.

In the spring of 1829 the Duke of Orléans went to England, taking with him the Duc de Chartres, whom he wished to introduce to the King and some of the chief personages there. Leaving his son to finish his visit in that country, the Duke returned to Paris just before the close of the session. The Martignac ministry, never thoroughly supported by the King, came to an end, and on the 8th of August Polignac was appointed prime minister.

The Duke and Duchess of Orléans were at the Château d'Eu, and the Dauphine, who was travelling in Normandy, arrived there on a visit on the day the news was known. Seeing the *Moniteur* on the table when she came in, she pointed to it, saying, "*Il y a là du nouveau,*" and stopping suddenly, as if fearing to say more.

"*Oui, Madame,*" replied the Duke, and he too relapsed into an embarrassed silence.

From that time the prospect grew more threatening, but the immediate crisis was not just yet.

In the autumn of 1829 the Duchess of Orléans made a hurried visit to Grenoble to meet her brother, the King of the Two Sicilies, on his way to take his daughter Cristina to Spain to be married to Ferdinand VII. After spending the winter in Spain, Francesco came to Paris with the Queen and the little Count of Trapani, where they spent several weeks. The Prince of Salerno had arrived a few days earlier.

The two eldest princesses and the Dukes de Chartres and Nemours took part in all the gaieties, and the King, delighted with his eldest niece, the Princess Louise, suggested to his sister that she should be married to his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria.

The Neapolitan royal family were lodged at the Elysée, and the brilliant *fêtes* given in their honour

were the last of the reign of Charles X.—the last, in fact, of the ancient stately, aristocratic court of France; the court of François I., Henri IV., and Louis XIV., of the great line of Valois and Bourbon, of the white banner and the lilies. The most magnificent of all the *fêtes* was the ball given at the Palais-Royal, May 31, 1830.

"The Palais-Royal, said the *Journal des Débats*, looked like a palace of crystal. Charles X. honoured the *fête* by his presence, and an immense populace pressed through the streets and the *place* to see the two sovereigns pass with their *cortèges*. The garden, glittering with a brilliant illumination, was open to the crowd; the terraces surrounding it were like hanging gardens with orange trees and masses of flowers. At a quarter past nine Charles X. arrived first, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Dauphine, the chief officers of their households, and an escort of *gardes du corps*. Received by Louis Philippe and the Dukes de Chartres and Nemours at the foot of the grand staircase, he went up and entered the *salons*, giving his arm to Marie Amélie and addressing gracious words to the ladies, who formed two lines for him to pass. An instant after arrived the King and Queen of Naples and the Prince of Salerno. . . . Out in the open air upon the terrace above the Galerie d'Orléans, they looked upon the garden with the fountain sparkling in the soft, calm, radiant night. On perceiving the two Kings the immense crowd in the garden burst into acclamations. The music of several regiments of the guard struck up the royalist airs, '*Vive Henri IV.!*' '*Charmante Gabrielle!*' . . . The King of France was the king of this *fête*. . . . It was in appearance the apotheosis of royalty. But mark well, you will see the prognostic of the fall of the throne. Before the King had left

a sort of riot had broken out in the garden. Some individuals, too closely pressed, jumped over the borders. Some broke up chairs, which they piled up and set on fire with lamps. The King, always optimist, thought it was an accident, left the Palais-Royal half an hour after midnight, and returned to Saint-Cloud. The ball went on with increasing animation; three thousand people were present. At two o'clock a gallery was thrown open where six large tables were set for supper; dancing went on till six o'clock. In the garden were the trampled flower-beds, the burnt and broken chairs, the calcined statue of Apollo; and many who had listened to the conversations of those present, both guests and populace, foretold that a revolution was near."[1]

The festivities lasted till the 30th of June, when the Neapolitan royalties departed. The King of Naples, whose appearance of ill-health had alarmed his relatives, died a few months after his return to his own kingdom.

[1] Trognon. Imbert de Saint-Amand.

CHAPTER IX

The *Coup d'État*—Confidence of the King in the Duke of Orléans—Painful position of the Duchess—A time of suspense—Hidden away—Marie Amélie and Adélaïde d'Orléans—Grief of Marie Amélie—The tricolour—Return to the Palais-Royal—Revolutionary Paris—Conditional abdication of the King and Dauphin—*Un honnête homme*—"À Rambouillet"—Flight of Charles X.

THE Duchess of Orléans had no more idea than the King himself that the end of his reign was close at hand. But the misgivings of Louis XVIII. were coming to pass. It was true enough that he himself was the only one of the three brothers who had known how to keep the crown and to preserve the balance between the deplorable weakness, indecision and want of spirit of his elder brother and the rash imprudence of the younger one. It appeared, as their grandfather, Louis XV., had said, a pity that the Comte de Provence had not been the eldest.

The Comte d'Artois had always been the leader and the idol of the extreme royalist party, and he continued to be so as Charles X.

The exasperation of the people was brought to a climax at the end of July, 1830, by a law suspending the daily press, another dissolving the Chamber of Deputies just elected, and a third interfering with the freedom of elections.

On the morning of the 26th July the Duke of

Orléans came into his wife's dressing-room at Neuilly with the *Moniteur* in his hand.

"*Eh bien! ma chère,*" he said, giving her the paper, "*c'est fait; voilà le coup d'État!*"

"*Alors mon bonheur est fini!*" she exclaimed.

The day passed quietly enough; several people dined at Neuilly in the evening, and of course the subject of conversation was the critical state of affairs. Legal resistance was to be made to these unconstitutional edicts; but the next morning there were rumours that Paris was beginning to rise. The tutors of the Prince de Joinville and Duc d'Aumale came to ask the Duchess whether they were to take them as usual to the swimming bath; she sent them to ask the Duke, who replied:

"Why not? My brother Beaujolais went there on the 10th of August."

It appears scarcely an incident to be proud of, and, judging from the opinions and principles of the Comte de Beaujolais when he came to years of discretion, one cannot suppose that he would have been pleased to remember what was, in fact, a proof that the son of Egalité had no enmity to fear from the horde of murderers who were attacking his sovereigns and relations.

As the Prince de Joinville and Duc d'Aumale went and returned in the afternoon, they and their attendants saw soldiers marching and artillery in the streets, and heard the sound of firing and fighting in the distance. The evening passed in suspense and alarm; only three or four people attached to the household came to Neuilly, bringing vague, confused reports. The Duke and Duchess, their family, and those of their immediate surroundings assembled in the billiard-room and sat on the seats ranged along the walls, scarcely speaking,

and listening anxiously to every sound. The Duke was depressed and buried in thought; the Duchess, who had been told that the colonel of the regiment of Courbevoie had had orders to arrest her husband if the insurrection continued, was in the greatest agitation. The report was untrue. Confident and credulous till the last, Charles X. trusted the Duke of Orléans implicitly, and indignantly refused to have him and his two eldest sons arrested, as he was advised.

"I know," he said, "that many people devoted to our house spread evil reports of the Duke of Orléans. I know they accuse him of ambition and secret enmity. Several times he has warned me of all these events, in which he has taken no part. He has, of course, not been brought up as we have; he has not all our ideas; but I believe him to be a man of honour. It is therefore painful to me to hear him suspected. . . . As I am sure of the Duke of Orléans I have given strict orders that Neuilly is to be respected, and it will be. Because there has been one great criminal in the house of Orléans, should we accuse his children and perpetually suspect his family?"

The Pope's nuncio, to whom this speech was made, only bowed, and replied that the King was the best judge.

"Yes, yes," said the King, smiling, "and when you see the Duke of Orléans usurp the crown I will authorise you to think and say that Charles X. was an old fool."

The nuncio returned to Paris and found in his *salon* various members of the *corps diplomatique*, to whom he related his conversation with the King.

"Ah!" cried Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, lifting up his hands, "he has faith! he will not understand! *Messieurs*, the monarchy is lost! Look here,

Monseigneur, I see the revolution coming as I see you in that glass."[1]

On the 28th firing was heard all day at Neuilly, and mingling with it the ominous sound of the *tocsin*, rung not only in Paris, but in the surrounding villages.

For Marie Amélie it was a time not only of anxiety, fear, and sorrow, but of the most painful and conflicting emotions. Her sympathies were with the royalists, not with the friends and secret partisans of the house of Orléans. She was much more nearly related to the elder branch of Bourbon than her husband. The Dauphine was her first cousin, whom she loved, the Duchesse de Berri was her niece, and the little Duc de Bordeaux, whose inheritance was to be wrested from him, was her great-nephew. She had no desire for a crown which every principle of her own life, every tradition of her own family, forbade her to wear, and the idea of usurping the throne and position of those who had treated her with unvarying kindness and affection was odious to her. Her eldest son was with his regiment at Joigny, and she did not know what line he would take.

As to the Duke, he was afraid of being summoned by the King to Saint-Cloud, where his presence would mean that he decidedly threw in his lot with the royalists, and would ruin his popularity with the revolutionists. Therefore he got up at three o'clock in the morning, and, telling nobody but his wife and sister, hid himself in a remote corner of the park of Neuilly, and then at Raincy, from the 27th to the 30th, when the revolt had ended in the victory of the revolution.[2]

There was nothing very heroic in all this, and it is a proof of the strength of the affection between the Duke and Duchess of Orléans that the difference between

[1] Imbert de Saint-Amand. [2] Trognon. Imbert de Saint-Amand.

their principles, sentiments, and ideas, both political and religious, never lessened their love for each other.

She was filled with horror and consternation when she was told that not only was the Tuileries in the hands of the mob, but the *Archévêché* had been sacked and the churches closed.

Lafayette was at Paris, but, as usual, quite unable to restrain or control the men he professed to command. The King was at Saint-Cloud.

People kept arriving at Neuilly, demanding to see the Duke of Orléans. A deputation from Lafayette, consisting of Thiers, Dupin, Casimir Delavigne, and others, spent a long time with the Duchess, urging her with the strongest entreaties and arguments to induce her husband to accept the crown, which their party were anxious to offer him. They assured her that his doing so would not be depriving Charles X. of it, as in any case it was irretrievably lost to him ; it would only plunge the country into anarchy, and, in fact, there was also a strong party clamouring for a republic and another for a Bonaparte, while it was also proposed that Charles X. should abdicate in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, with the Duke of Orléans as regent.

Marie Amélie cried and sobbed, represented the odious light in which they would appear, the ingratitude of such a return for the kindness they had always received from the King and his family, and for a long time refused to entertain the idea, but at length began to see that she would be obliged to yield, and exclaimed in a sorrowful tone :

"They will call him a usurper, and he is the most honest of men !"

Only partly conquered, the Duchess consented to send for the Duke, while her sister-in-law, Madame Adélaïde d'Orléans, who did not share her political views, added

ADÉLAÏDE, DAUGHTER OF PHILIPPE ÉGALITÉ, DUC D'ORLÉANS

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her persuasions to those of M. Thiers and his companions, only inquiring if there would be no danger of another European coalition and invasion of France.

M. Thiers replied that, far from it, the European Powers would be delighted to see a prudent and peaceful monarchy arise out of the revolution instead of a republic or a second Napoleon, to agitate the nations and shake the thrones of Europe.

Louis Philippe returned to Neuilly and consented to go to the Palais-Royal in the morning. When he left, attended by only three officers, he wore in his hat a tricolour cockade, made and fastened there by his sister. The Duchess went with him to the gate of the park, watched him till he disappeared, and then burst into tears.

The two princesses, as M. de Saint-Amand remarks, represented opposite systems. One was of the elder branch of the Bourbons, one of the younger; one was a woman of the *ancien régime*, the other of the new order of things. One was the pupil of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples, the other of Egalité and Mme. de Genlis.

From the Palais-Royal the Duke of Orléans wrote for his wife and children to come to him at once, and an omnibus having been brought from Paris by M. Oudard, the Duchess, her sister-in-law, and children got into it at nine o'clock in the evening and arrived at the *barrière de l'Étoile*, where, after considerable difficulty, they obtained admission. The streets and Champs-Elysées were in a dreadful state—trees cut down, pavements torn up, ruined barricades about, rough and sinister-looking groups with bare arms and tricolour cockades firing into the air, singing the "Marseillaise" and other revolutionary songs, while here and there a house was illuminated. Just before the Rue Castiglione they got

down, walked to the Palais-Royal, and went in, without being seen, by the court of the stables.

The Duke of Orléans was in his own apartment, in both *salons* of which the windows and walls were riddled with shots. Everything was in disorder, while outside the mob sang and danced and yelled in the *place*, making the night still more hideous with their din. A young woman dressed as a man, who had been looking after the wounded in the streets, was brought to be flattered and complimented to the Duchess, who was already overwrought and terrified by the scenes she had gone through.

Everywhere the white flag was torn down, the lilies defaced, and the tricolour displayed. With a tricolour flag in his hand Louis Philippe had appeared at the window and received the acclamations of the enemies of his race.

The white flag was still flying at Rambouillet, and it was uncertain what line the provinces would take. Credulous and confiding to the last, Charles X. sent General de Foissac-Latour with a letter on the 2nd of August to the Duke of Orléans, whose repeated protestations he still believed, informing him that he and the Dauphin would abdicate in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, begging him as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom to proclaim Henri V. and take all necessary measures for his guardianship. Enclosed was a touching letter to the Duchess of Orléans from her grand-niece, sister of the Duc de Bordeaux, then ten years old, commending the cause of her brother to her help.

Marie Amélie's eyes filled with tears as she read it, but she had no possible answer to give. She would only repeat to the General that her husband was *un honnête homme*.

It was, however, he who ordered the hostile advance

upon Rambouillet, a demonstration his supporters declared to be necessary to force the departure of the King and royal family.

From the windows Marie Amélie watched with horror the passing of the mob on their march to Rambouillet, many in carts, in omnibuses, in hired coaches, in private carriages they had seized, turning out the owners ; the rest on foot, ragged and squalid, or wearing the clothes of the princesses and ladies taken from the Tuileries, strange and grotesque enough upon the drunken, howling wearers. Armed with every weapon of any kind they could lay hold upon, shouting, clamouring, yelling, with fearful oaths, furious threats, ribald laughter, and shrieks of *"À Rambouillet!"* the ghastly procession wound slowly on, reminding the Bourbon princess, who stood looking on, of the fierce multitude thronging to Versailles, and of the fate of her aunt, Marie Antoinette.

She was strangely out of place in revolutionary Paris, this descendant of St. Louis, Henri IV., François I. and Louis XIV., this granddaughter of the great Empress-Queen for whom all Hungary rose when she stood before them with her child in her arms, the crown of St. Stephen on her head, and claimed the throne of her ancestors ; this daughter of that Queen of Naples who had been the life and soul of the coalition, the bitterest enemy of the Revolution.

The horrible crimes of the former Revolution were not, however, repeated upon this occasion. While General Pajol led the expedition to Rambouillet, the Duchess of Orléans was obliged to go with her sister-in-law and children to the tribune in the Palais-Bourbon to be present at the opening of the *Chambres*. Not half the peers and deputies were present, the throne was unoccupied, the tricolour flag hung over it ; but

close by it sat Louis Philippe with his second son, the Duc de Nemours, and rising to address the assembly in a speech full of adulation and flattery of the "valiant people," the "magnanimous spirit of the capital," the tricolour, for the second time the emblem of the triumph of liberty, &c., the *honnête homme* proceeded to announce the abdication of his Majesty Charles X. and his Royal Highness Louis Antoine, Dauphin of France, BUT carefully refrained from saying that the abdication had been offered expressly and only on condition that the Duc de Bordeaux should succeed. Otherwise, of course, it did not hold good; therefore, it was entirely untrue to say, as he did, that in consequence of the abdication the throne was vacant.

The King, then seventy-three years old, left the country with his family, and the mob returned from Rambouillet bringing with them the splendid carriages of Charles X., filled with dirty, ragged individuals who got out in the Place du Palais-Royal, calling to Louis Philippe, "*Tenez, voilà vos voitures.*"

CHAPTER X

Escape of the Duc de Chartres—King of the mob—Chateaubriand—Degradation of the royalty of France—Unhappiness of the Queen—The last of an ancient line—A mysterious crime—A furious mob—A life of unrest—Hortense—The Tuileries—Marriage of Princess Louise.

WHILE the late events were going on, the Duc de Chartres had a narrow escape of his life from the "valiant populace," who arrested him as he was on his way from Joigny to Paris, declaring that he must be detained as a hostage until the "*gouvernement provisoire*" decided what was to be done with him. Meanwhile a republican section of these worthies, hearing of this, declared that at any rate he was a Bourbon and a prince and should be shot. A mob of them set off to carry their murderous designs into effect. In fact, his life was only saved by one of the republican officers, M. Etienne Arago, who, seeing that, as usual, Lafayette's desire that the lad should be released was disregarded by his followers, pretended to agree with the furious mob, offered to lead them to Montrouge, where he was detained, led them by roundabout ways, and contrived to delay them to such good purpose that they did not arrive at Montrouge till their intended victim had been released.

Louis Philippe entered Paris with his two eldest sons on August 4th, the tricolour flying (he had consented to

the abolition of the lilies). As he passed the Colonne Vendôme he bowed repeatedly to it, while during the whole route he and his sons were shaking hands and drinking with the crowd, every now and then being embraced by them.

All was changed ; the Palais-Royal was more like the headquarters of a riot than the palace of a prince. Guards were done away with, or replaced by disreputable-looking fellows who looked just the individuals against whom protection was required ; liveries were abolished, lest they should offend the mob before which Louis Philippe and his family must cringe, and which now tramped in and out of the Palais-Royal, in the galleries and *salons* and staircases of which were now to be met demagogues of the roughest sort and people of every grade, from the lowest upwards, who shook hands with Louis Philippe and his sons and treated the whole family with insolent familiarity. One may justly blame the want of spirit shown by Louis XVI., but it was remarked that Louis Philippe appeared more like the servant than the chief of the successful revolutionists.

Always loyal, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand sought an interview with Marie Amélie and urged the claims of the Duc de Bordeaux, but it was useless. Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie assured him that they would prefer that arrangement, but repeated what all their supporters declared, and what may have been true, that the people would not hear of it, and that such an attempt would only end in anarchy or a republic.

Whether it were so or not, Chateaubriand refused to take office under the new government and retired. Marie Amélie resigned herself, observing that it was a crown of thorns they were putting on her head, and Louis Philippe accepted the sovereignty, which was so arranged as to make every detail of it odious and

repugnant to the former, and, one may suppose, not altogether agreeable to the latter.

For the solemn coronation, of which Napoleon himself had understood and appreciated the grandeur and prestige, was substituted merely a civic contract signed by Louis Philippe at the Palais-Bourbon, at which the only guards were those of the Garde Nationale, most of whom were without uniforms.

It had been proposed by the Duc de Broglie that Philippe VII. should be the name of the new King of France, and Marie Amélie had warmly supported this, but Dupin, Lafayette, and their friends would not hear of it, and went so far in their insulting remarks as to declare that he was not elected *because*, but *in spite of* his being a Bourbon, and that the house of Orléans were to consider themselves a new family, not a continuation of the ancient royal line of Bourbon. Even to Louis Philippe this was offensive, but he yielded.

He was not even to be called King of France, but *King of the French;* he was not to be called "King by the grace of God"; the forms "*l'an de grâce*," "*tel est notre plaisir*" and "*de notre pleine puissance*" were not to be used; the Duc de Chartres was not to be Dauphin, but Prince Royal; the lilies were to be abolished.

The *corps diplomatique* and the pronounced royalists did not appear at the squalid transaction which gave the crown of St. Louis to the son of Egalité, but those present who had witnessed the coronation at Rheims of a King of France, and the marshals and generals of Napoleon who remembered the gorgeous ceremony at Notre Dame, must have contrasted the pitiful spectacle inaugurating the King of the mob. The grandeur, prestige, and dignity of the throne of France were gone for ever.

The "King of the French" came out of the room in

which he had signed his contract for that crown of France which his predecessors had received with the most stately magnificence and solemn devotion, he shook hands with a number of the National Guards and people standing about, mounted his horse, and rode back to the Palais-Royal.

One custom of the hereditary Kings of France his revolutionary friends would have been glad to preserve, but to this he declined to agree. The private property of the Kings of France "by the grace of God" had been merged in that of the crown, the nation being called upon to provide for their children, "the children of France." It would have suited the democrats very well if all the immense fortune of the house of Orléans had been treated in this way, but the proposal did not commend itself to Louis Philippe, whose estimation of his new "subjects" and his new prospects was not such as to tempt him to place his property at their mercy. He decidedly refused to do anything of the kind, and settled the whole of it upon his family, only reserving to himself the use of the income derived from it.

Constantly and bitterly did Queen Marie Amélie regret the sheltered splendour, ease, and dignity of her life as Duchess of Orléans.

The flatteries and protestations of her husband's friends and admirers did not deceive her. She had no more faith in than liking for the nondescript position and untried government which her husband had assumed. She saw clearly the extreme difficulty of the state of things, and she did not believe that Louis Philippe would succeed in raising up and consolidating a monarchy upon the ruins of every principle by which it was justified, distinguished, and supported. There was nothing about either his personality or cause to command the enthusiasm or loyalty felt by the adherents of the three other

parties, Republican, Bonapartist, and Royalist, all of whom, especially the last, were their deadly enemies.

The riff-raff whom she and her family were now obliged to receive with more than toleration were insufferable ; indeed, she herself was the only member of the family for whom they seemed to have any respect. Her innate high-breeding and perfect politeness and dignity overawed them.

"I feel no embarrassment at all with the King," remarked a general of republican opinions. "I speak to him just as if he were my equal. But with the Queen it is a different thing ; when I have to answer her I don't know what to say, and I stand before her like a fool."

What was especially distressing to the Queen was the irreligious spirit of the new order of things.

Threatened and persecuted, the clergy were not safe in the streets unless disguised as laymen. As the Queen went to visit the wounded in the Hôtel Dieu, a paper was slipped into her hand by an unknown person imploring her protection for the Archbishop of Paris, who was then in danger in his place of concealment. Crosses were torn down, missions attacked, churches had to be closed for safety, and only opened with fear and trembling for the services on Sundays.

A few days after the accession of Louis Philippe, a friend of his presented himself one evening at the Palais-Royal with some of his colleagues of the Chambre des Pairs, to pay his respects ; the King assured him that condolences would be more suitable than compliments, that he only accepted the crown to prevent anarchy and preserve order, etc. Then, telling him that the Queen took a gloomy view of the situation, and begging him to look cheerful and try to reassure her, he led the way to a *salon* where she was sitting with her sister-in-law and daughters at a round table, all occupied in doing

needlework. The King assumed an air of gaiety as he entered, talked and laughed for a few minutes, and then withdrew.

"Ah! M. de Pontécoulant," exclaimed the Queen, "you see the gaiety of the King and you are surprised that I do not share it. It is that I am a weak woman, and I feel much more all that I may lose than anything I have gained by the change in our destiny. I was so happy, so tranquil about the future of my husband and my poor children, and now——"

She stopped with emotion and left her sentence unfinished.

The next event which brought trouble to Marie Amélie was the mysterious death of the old Prince de Condé, or, as he generally called himself, Duc de Bourbon. It is scarcely necessary to say that recent events had been very painful to him, notwithstanding which he wrote on August 8th a friendly letter to Louis Philippe, saying that his health prevented his accompanying him to the *Chambres*, adding in a postscript, "I write to you, Monsieur, as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom."

The Prince had been really attached to the Duke of Orléans, and still more to Marie Amélie, whose son, the Duc d'Aumale, he had been persuaded by Mme. de Feuchères to make his heir. But now all was changed; he had waited anxiously for news of the royal family till he heard of their safe landing in England; everyone about him told him what he felt himself, that his place was by the side of the King, except Mme. de Feuchères, whose interests and inclinations were with the family of Orléans, and with whom the Prince de Condé, who was tired of her, intended to break off his connection; he had also privately resolved to leave France as soon as possible.

The inhabitants of St. Leu and Chantilly entreated him to stay with them, and the Queen came to see him at the

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Château de Saint-Leu on Sunday, 22nd August, to assure him, on the part of her husband, that his property and servants were in perfect security. She took him the *cordon* of the Legion of Honour and a little *tricolor*, which, surely with reluctance, the daughter of Maria Carolina attached to his buttonhole and the Prince de Condé received.

Three days after the village people came to congratulate him on his *fête* (St. Louis), and, seeing the uniform of the national guard, he thought at first they were come to arrest him ; but finding nothing but good-will, he entered into the rejoicings, though he had made preparations for his secret departure, known only to his faithful confidant, the Comte de Choulot, but unknown to Mme. de Feuchères, who was aware that, once out of France, he would destroy his will in favour of the Duc d'Aumale and leave his property to the children of the Duchesse de Berri.

On the 26th August he played whist as usual with Mme. Feuchères and the others, rose saying he would pay the small sum he had lost next day, and retired to his room, where he made a knot in his handkerchief to remind himself of something, wound up his watch, and ordered his servant to call him at eight in the morning ; at which hour the man found the door bolted, and on its being forced open the Prince was discovered dead, hanging from the handle of the window-bolt.

The *Journal des Débats* of August 28th announced that the Prince de Condé had died of apoplexy ; but when the true details came out, opinions were divided as to whether suicide or murder had taken place. The partisans of Louis Philippe insisted vehemently on the former theory, but the legitimists with one voice declared the Prince had been murdered, on the following grounds :

The Orléanists pointed to the fact that the door was bolted on the inside ; and as to the motive of the suicide, they suggested that his mind had been unhinged by the recent calamities, and that he preferred death to exile.

The legitimists replied to the first objection that it had been discovered that the bolt, by means of a small string, could easily be fastened from outside. Also that as the Prince de Condé could not use his right hand, which he had hurt, and was not even able to tie his shoe-strings or cravat, it was obviously impossible that he could have tied the knots in the handkerchief which was found round his neck, and that from the way it was tied it could not possibly have caused his death.

As to his mind being unhinged, there was no sign of anything of the sort, and only a few days before he had spoken strongly to a friend who was excusing suicide.

"Apprenez, M. Hostier," he replied, "que c'est une lâcheté de se donner la mort ; j'aurais dû commencer par vous dire que c'est un crime contre Dieu. Comment comparaître devant lui après s'être ôté volontairement le temps du repentir ?"

And they asked indignantly, even if he had wished to kill himself, would he, a *chevalier,* a sportsman, a soldier, with every sort of weapon at his disposal, have chosen the death of Judas ?

No, they said; he had been strangled and then hung to the window in order to give the appearance of suicide. And who would benefit by his death?—for he had no enemies upon whom any suspicion might have fallen. The only persons whose interests it could serve were Mme. de Feuchères and the family of Orléans. If the Prince had carried out his intention of leaving St. Leu immediately for Chantilly and then escaping to the frontier, he would undoubtedly have destroyed the will he had made in favour of the Duc d'Aumale and Mme. de

Feuchères; and attacks and suspicions were immediately directed against the new court—suspicions which could not and have not been disproved. No one accused Louis Philippe of having been an accomplice in the murder; but many people declared him to be anxious that the murderer should be undiscovered and unpunished.

Mme. de Feuchères was strongly suspected by many persons to have ordered the assassination, and the Queen was violently reproached for receiving her at court. The high character of Marie Amélie makes it impossible to entertain for a moment the idea that she believed her to be in any way guilty; and if she did not believe it, as she had received her while the Prince was alive and she was under great obligations to her, it is not easy to see what else she could have done. But the conduct of Louis Philippe and all his functionaries in the matter was neither straightforward nor impartial.[1] He believed that if there had been a murder it was done by Mme. de Feuchères. Therefore nothing was omitted to confirm the supposition of suicide. It remains a tragedy, the mystery of which has never been solved, but the almoner of the Prince swore at his funeral that it was no suicide. The Prince de Rohan contested the will, but the decision was in favour of the Duc d'Aumale and Mme. de Feuchères. She gained her cause before the tribunal, but lost it before public opinion.[2]

"Louis Philippe received her at the Tuileries . . . but Dupin . . . would not consent to receive her at the balls he gave as President of the *Chambre des Députés*."[3]

The Revolution had hitherto been conducted on lines too humane to satisfy the mob, who, not content with their success, looked about for some victims on whom to

[1] "Vie de Charles X." (Abbé Vedrenne). [2] Louis Blanc.
[3] Comte de Puymaigre, Souvenirs. Imbert de Saint-Amand.

wreak their malignity, and selected for that purpose the late ministers of Charles X., who had signed the illegal decrees which had been the final cause of the catastrophe. Three of them had fortunately made their escape; the other four, one of whom was Polignac, had been arrested and were imprisoned at Vincennes (the governor of which was then General Daumesnil), a soldier of the Empire, a hero of stainless honour and courage who had lost a leg in battle.

Neither the King nor the most respectable amongst his advisers would have thought of persecuting or arresting the ministers, but Louis Philippe was afraid of the fierce, bloodthirsty, or (as he had called them) "the valiant people"; therefore, he consented to their imprisonment, but endeavoured to save them by contriving with the *Chambre des Députés* that a law should pass forbidding capital punishment for political offences. The deputies agreed; Louis Philippe made a speech strongly deprecating any sort of cruelty or bloodshed, of which he had a horror; but the mob, infuriated at the prospect of their victims' escape, were joined by the national guard, the *bourgeoisie*, and nearly all the newspapers, to their everlasting disgrace, in demanding the heads of the ministers.

On October 17, as Louis Philippe returned from a review of the *garde-nationale*, he found the approach to the Palais-Royal barred by a furious and villainous-looking mob, in which men, women, and children, vagabonds, prostitutes, thieves, and wretches of the lowest class were mingled with the usual revolutionary populace, shrieking out insults and threats against the King and Parliament, and clamouring for the blood of Polignac and the other ministers. The *garde-nationale* dispersed them by force, but next day they assembled again, and in the evening broke into the courts and garden of the

Palais-Royal, howling under the windows against the King and Queen. They were turned out by force, and were just beginning to attack the gates when a voice cried "À Vincennes!" and turning away, they set out for that place, where, however, they expended their rage in vain.

It was eleven o'clock at night when they appeared before the *château*, and General Daumesnil appeared alone before them, saying:

"What do you want?"

"We want the former ministers."

"You will not have them. They are entrusted to my charge, and they will not leave this place until they go before their judges."

"The people are their judges. We command you to deliver them up to us."

"And I command you to go away."

"The ministers! The ministers! Death to the ministers!"

"You shall not have them, and if you force the doors of the castle, sooner than give up to you these men for whom I am responsible to the State, I swear to you that I will set fire to the powder magazine, and that's the way we shall all go to Paris together, by the Porte Saint-Antoine."

The mob drew back intimidated, and, changing into admiration, shouted: "Vive la jambe de bois!" Then, turning, they marched back to Paris, spreading terror as they went. It was two o'clock in the morning when the King and Queen were awakened by a most horrible noise. A drunken, raging multitude, the flickering gleam of torches lighting up their murderous faces, were pouring with shouts and yells into the court-yards, which had been left unguarded. They looked like a horde of *septembriseurs*, were clamouring for

the King, and had even reached the foot of the grand staircase when some companies of the first and sixth legion, hurrying up, drove them out and closed the gates.

The ministers were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and removed out of the prison by a private door into the Rue de Vaugirard, from whence they were safely escorted by a troop of cavalry to Vincennes.[1]

The mob was in a frenzy of rage, but Paris was kept down by the troops encamped everywhere, while illuminations were kept up all night for the safety of the inhabitants, who dared not risk darkness in such a time of peril.

In all the weakness, timidity, and indecision of the *bourgeoise* monarchy, which was neither one thing nor the other, one cannot wonder that the Bonapartists, and possibly many others besides, longed for the strong arm of Napoleon, under whose powerful government the mob trembled and obeyed; for the tramp of his soldiers through the streets; for the short stern word of command and the volley which would have swept away the plundering, bloodthirsty ruffians and restored order, if, indeed, they had ever presumed to disturb it.

The Queen bore with courage and resignation the perpetual shocks and continual state of alarm in which she lived; but although the riot just described was quelled, another and even worse one took place on February 14 following. A Mass was being celebrated at Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois for the soul of the Duc de Berri, when a furious mob attacked the church. They tore down the crosses everywhere with the *fleur-*

[1] They were subsequently set free. Polignac was imprisoned at Ham till 1836, then liberated. He went to England, but returned to spend the latter part of his life in France.

de-lys attached to them, sacked the church in question and the Archévêché, flung the pictures, books, furniture, and objects of religious use into the streets or the river, and dressing themselves in the vestments of the priests, danced frantic, licentious dances to celebrate the Carnival. Yells of "À bas la calotte! À bas les Jésuites! Vive la république!" resounded through the streets, in which people who excited the displeasure of the mob were furiously attacked; and this atrocious state of things lasted three days, during which the Queen suffered agonies of grief, alarm, horror at the blasphemies and sacrilege going on, and which ended in the base, cowardly surrender of Louis Philippe, who consented to have the *fleur-de-lys* erased from his arms. Even Lafayette and some of the Liberals disapproved of this contemptible weakness; the Queen was overcome with grief and indignation, which, however, in no way alienated her affection from her "*honnête homme.*" But surely a Bonaparte, or even a Republic, would have been a thousand times better than such a government as this.

In the intervals between these disgraceful and alarming episodes, the Queen devoted herself to charity and to the care of her children. The Duc d'Orléans and Duc d'Nemours, her two eldest sons, were about to join the army to support the King of Belgium against the Dutch, and she was both anxious and sorrowful at their departure. The Prince de Joinville had just made his first Communion and had gone to Toulon, where he was to join the frigate *Arethusa;* he was not quite thirteen.

Just then Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland, arrived secretly in Paris with her last remaining son, the other having either died from illness or been killed[1] during

[1] There were conflicting reports as to the real cause of his death.

an insurrection against the Pope, whose hospitality the two brothers had repaid by helping his subjects to rebellion. The rest of the Bonaparte family who were living in Rome on friendly terms with and under the protection of the Pontiff were naturally disgusted, and Hortense, unfortunate as ever and obliged to fly from the Roman States, asked for an interview at the Palais-Royal, where she was received in private by the King and Queen and Madame Adélaïde and received passports for England.

In September of the same year (1831) there was another riot, which raged for four days. Lord Granville and some other English were dining with the King and Queen, when the passage under the dining-room was filled suddenly with a howling mob, which was dispersed with difficulty. The next day the gates were kept shut and the two courts guarded by troops, but the garden and the galleries surrounding were thronged with ruffians uttering curses and threats against the royal family. One fellow drew a knife and threatened the King, whom he saw upon a balcony, and who wanted to harangue the insolent crowd. The Duke of Orléans seized him and drew him back into the room, Marshal Soult, who was present, exclaiming: "But those fellows are very dangerous!" [1]

However, an officer, the Commandant de Castres, with sense and resolution, opened the gate, rushed out at the head of part of his battalion, and charging the ruffianly crowd, drove them all out in a few minutes.

It was, however, evident that the Palais-Royal was no longer either safe or tolerable to live in, and besides, it was being whispered that the King knew he had no right to the throne and would not keep it, therefore he did not occupy the royal residences.

[1] "Mais ces gens là sont très redoubtables."

The Tuileries and St. Cloud were accordingly prepared, and the King ordered a moat to be dug under the windows in the garden, planted with lilacs and protected by an iron balustrade, saying, "I do not intend my wife to be exposed to hearing all the horrors Marie Antoinette heard there for three years."

The first peaceful days the Queen had spent were passed at St. Cloud, though the place was full of associations with the Dauphine which saddened her. But the peace of the country, and above all the absence of the atrocious mob, which was a perpetual curse and terror, soothed and consoled her.

The rest of the year, however, passed peacefully, and the young princesses, Louise and Marie, were delighted with the balls, to which their little sister Clementine was now admitted for the earlier part of the evening.

The Carnival was brilliant, though a legitimist conspiracy which was to have broken out at a ball was only discovered just in time by the police.

Then the cholera broke out for the first time : the King and royal family remained in Paris until the worst of it was over, doing what they could to relieve the general fear and suffering, the young Duc d'Orléans going himself to the Hôtel Dieu to visit the sick ; after which they went to St. Cloud, hoping to have a little peace, though France was still in a disturbed condition, and the Duchesse de Berri was in La Vendée trying to raise the country in support of her son.

There was not much peace for the Queen, even at St. Cloud. In June another insurrection broke forth, the troops were called out, and for two days Paris was like a field of battle. The King, who did not lack physical courage on these sort of occasions, returned to Paris; his wife and sister insisted on going with him. The insurrection was not quelled without much bloodshed, and the

Queen waited in desperate anxiety while the King rode along the *quais* and *boulevards* with the Minister of War to thank his loyal supporters, till at length he returned in safety.

The marriage of the Princess Louise to the King of the Belgians, widower of the Princess of Wales,[1] was settled in the spring of 1832, and took place in August of the same year. Louise was a gentle, sweet-tempered girl, deeply religious, and adored by her parents and family. She did not particularly wish to marry King Leopold, who had, in 1826,[2] expressed his wish to have one of the daughters of Louis Philippe for his wife. Louise and Marie had both refused, and their parents did not press the matter—they did not even in this case wish their daughter to sacrifice herself, though it was now supposed to be of more importance as a means of a closer union between Belgium and France ; partly for which reason the Princess decided to accept the offer.

The wedding took place at Compiègne and the separation was acutely felt by all the family, who were extremely fond of each other ; the Princess Marie especially was heart-broken at the loss of her sister.

[1] Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV.

[2] When there was an idea of his becoming King of Greece.

CHAPTER XI

A short respite—Another revolt—The Fieschi plot—Marriage and death of Princess Marie—A peaceful time—Death of the Duc d'Orléans—More royal marriages—Visit of Queen Victoria—Death of Madame Adélaïde—Approach of the Revolution.

THE Queen continued to be beset with sorrows and anxieties. Her niece, the Duchesse de Berri, had been captured and imprisoned in the Château de Blaye ; the government dared not release her, and had even some difficulty in ensuring her personal safety. The King had been fired at while out riding, and the time had come for the departure of her two eldest sons for the army in Belgium. They, however, passed through the campaign with credit and safety, and after the capitulation of Antwerp Amélie went to Lille to meet her son-in-law and daughter, who assured her of her happiness in her marriage. This visit, and the success of her sons, gave the Queen a satisfaction she had not felt since she was forced to accept the crown which, as she foretold, had hitherto been one of thorns.

The year 1833 also was happier and more peaceful, and there seemed some hope that things were settling down into a better course. The Queen paid two visits to her daughter at Brussels, during the second of which she was present at the birth of her first grandson. She made a tour with the King in Normandy, and then went to Fontainebleau with the royal family and those persons

whom the absurd affectation of Louis Philippe would not allow to be called the court. In the autumn her daughter and son-in-law came to stay at the Tuileries, and in February she again went to see them at Brussels. But in April a violent outbreak at Lyon caused general consternation, for it was an attempt organised on a considerable scale by secret societies with the avowed purpose of bringing back the Terror of 1793. The fight was kept up for five days against fifteen thousand soldiers at Lyon, and when quelled there the insurrection broke out at Paris.

The Queen was dressing, when the King came hurriedly into her room, saying that they were making barricades and firing was beginning in the Rue St. Denis. The fighting went on for two or three days, during which she was in perpetual fear for her two eldest sons, who were engaged with the troops.

After the insurrection was quelled began those repeated attempts upon the life of the King which continued for the next twelve years and left the Queen scarcely any peace of mind. One or two had been discovered and prevented before the well-known and terrible crime of Fieschi, at which the Queen was fortunately not present.

She was going to the *Chancellerie* with her daughters to see the King review the troops, and there had been vague rumours that some attempt was to be made against him. So uneasy were she and Madame Adélaïde that the latter exclaimed to M. Thiers, who was about to mount his horse to attend the King :

" I hope you will bring him back to us alive ! "

Suddenly the door of the Queen's cabinet was thrown open and Colonel Boyer rushed in, crying out : " Madame, the King has been fired upon ! He is not hurt, nor the Princes either, but Marshal Mortier is killed ! "

Trembling with horror, the Queen and Princesses drove to the *Chancellerie* and heard the cheers of the multitude as the King rode up. But though he and his sons had escaped, the bomb had spread destruction around. Eighteen people were killed and twenty wounded; the *boulevard* presented a horrible appearance, and the relations of those who had accompanied the King were hurrying in terror to the place to inquire for their safety.

The strengthening of the laws after this outrage was violently opposed by the opposition, and the King and his family then retired to their beloved Château d'Eu to recover and have a little peace.

The marriages of their children now occupied the anxious attention of the King and Queen. Marie Amélie, like her mother, was anxious to marry as many of them as she could into her own family, and the Count of Syracuse, brother of the King of Naples, had paid special attentions to the Princess Marie, who was very favourably inclined towards him. Negotiations had gone on upon the affair, when they were suddenly put an end to by Ferdinando II., who, in spite of the relationship, was not likely to look with approval upon the accession of Louis Philippe nor the kind of monarchy he had established.

The Queen was acutely disappointed, and for the Princess Marie the position was a painful one. The same reasons influenced the imperial family against the marriage of a daughter of the Archduke Charles with the Duke of Orléans; the Archduchess Sophie, whose influence was all-powerful in the imperial family, asked the young archduchess whether she was anxious to drive in carriages which were always being pierced by the balls of regicides.

The plots and attempts against the King went on, and they were also anxious about the Princess Marie, who

already began to show that delicacy of health which led to her early death.

The Duke of Orléans was married in 1836 at Fontainebleau to the Princess Hélène of Mecklenburg, a Protestant, to the regret of the Queen; but in spite of the difference in religion Marie Amélie was deeply attached to her.

In 1837 the Princess Marie was married at Trianon to Alexander, Duke of Wurtemberg, and as her three elder sons (in the army and navy) were frequently absent, the family circle of the "citizen King," was rapidly diminishing.

During these years affairs went on more quietly: the King was always cheered and congratulated by the people after each attempt upon his life. M. de Molé, when prime minister, had re-established the crucifix in the hall of the *cour d'assises* and restored and re-opened Saint Germain l'Auxerrois; there was a reaction against the blasphemies and impieties of the beginning of the reign, to the great joy and relief of the Queen.

The birth of a son to the Duc d'Orléans, whom Louis Philippe named "Comte de Paris," was a great satisfaction to the royal family, but they were at the same time in great uneasiness for the Princess Marie, who had developed consumption, and was sent to Italy in the hope of arresting the progress of the disease. It was in vain; the young Duchess of Wurtemberg died in January, 1839, at Pisa, where her brother, the Duc de Nemours, had been sent by his parents to carry to her their last farewell and blessing.

In the following year the Duc de Nemours married Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, a very pretty, very shy girl, whom, like her other daughter-in-law, the Queen received with affectionate kindness.

Upon the different political events—the attempt of

Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne, the bringing back to France and burial of Napoleon at the *Invalides*, the repeated changes of ministry—it is impossible even to touch; but it may be remarked that when the year 1841 began, a more prosperous time seemed to be opening for the Queen. Public agitation had calmed down, foreign prospects were peaceful, the government was strong enough to hold its own, order was re-established, the attacks against religion had died out, and in her own family the marriages of her elder children were satisfactory, and the birth of the Duc de Chartres, second son of the Duc d'Orléans, and the baptism in state of the Comte de Paris at Notre Dame, had recently taken place. The Duc d'Aumale was in the army and the Princess Clémentine engaged to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

But the happiness, so disturbed by the storms and troubles prevailing since she ascended the throne, was not to be of very long duration. In the summer of the following year the Duc d'Orléans was thrown from a carriage and died in a few hours. The King and Queen hurried to the house to which he had been carried, where they arrived only to be present at the death of the eldest and most promising of their sons, whose loss was irreparable. The Queen adored her eldest son, who was in most, if not all, respects very superior to his father.[1]

Both Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie now devoted themselves with increased affection to their widowed and broken-hearted daughter-in-law and her infant sons. All arrangements for a regency were made, and the Duc de Nemours, as far as possible, filled his brother's place

[1] In her charming book "Links with the Past," Mrs. Bagot says: "Had the Duke of Orléans lived, he would have put himself at the head of the troops in Paris and died rather than make his escape to England, giving up all his rights to the mob. He was a very different man from the present possessor of that title."

with his father. In the following year took place the marriage of the Princess Clémentine, also that of the Prince de Joinville with the daughter of the Emperor of Brazil. And in the autumn (September, 1843) Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie received a visit from Queen Victoria of England and Prince Albert, who always spoke with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction of the days they had spent in the Château d'Eu.

The few remaining years of the reign of Louis Philippe were not very eventful; until the latter end of 1847 the Queen led a tranquil, uniform life, undisturbed by any great calamity or excitement. She had at last, after two disappointments,[1] married one of her children into her own family, the Duc d'Aumale, namely, to the daughter of her favourite brother, the Prince of Salerno; the Duc de Montpensier had also, with much dispute and difficulty,[2] and very nearly at the price of a quarrel, or at any rate a marked coolness with England, been married to the Infanta, sister of the young Queen of Spain. The marriages of her children were always of the deepest interest to the Queen, and in the grandchildren who were gathering round her she took the greatest delight.

The constant society of her beloved Mme. de Montjoye was one of her great sources of comfort. Mme. de Montjoye had been with her at Palermo as lady in waiting to Madame Adélaïde, to whom she had become almost like a sister. But between her and the Queen there was a perfect agreement and sympathy in religious ideas and principles, and to no one could Marie Amélie pour out all her griefs, joys, and anxieties with

[1] The Queen had wished her eldest daughter to marry the Duke of Calabria, and the second the Count of Syracuse.

[2] The well-known history of the "Spanish marriages" cannot be entered into here.

perhaps such entire freedom and confidence as to Mme. Montjoye.

The death of Madame Adélaïde, whose health had for some time been failing, was another sorrow to the King and the royal family, and when it took place in December, 1847, there were already signs of the coming troubles and dangers, so shortly to swallow up the new monarchy, which, founded upon a compromise making it neither one thing nor the other, was not supported by the affection of any party, and was equally obnoxious to Legitimists, Bonapartists, and Republicans.

So uneasy was the Queen at the aspect of affairs that she said to a person in her confidence, "Things are going badly. I wanted to send you to Brussels with my diamonds and some papers, but the King would not allow it."

CHAPTER XII

The end of the *bourgeoise* monarchy—Escape of the King, Queen, and royal family—A perilous journey—The flag of England—Out of France—Landing in England—Claremont—Death of Louis Philippe—Last years of Marie Amélie—Her death.

ON January 30, 1848, the Prince and Princesse de Joinville were starting for Algiers, where she had been ordered for her health. It was a bitterly cold morning, but the Queen insisted upon going to the station to see them off at an early hour.

With tears and agitation that she could not overcome, she parted from them at the *gare d'Orléans* and returned sadly to the Tuileries. "I expect the worst," she remarked, and the events of the next few days justified her fears.

Paris was in a ferment; everywhere there were outcries against the government, which were joined in by the greater part of the national guard, which Louis Philippe had so eagerly re-established and flattered. The most undignified confusion prevailed in the cabinet and among the counsellors of Louis Philippe.

"Everyone around the King had lost their heads," said Admiral Hernoux, who was present. "The only people who behaved with coolness and dignity were two old women, the Queen and Mme. de Montjoye."[1]

"What could I do?" remarked Louis Philippe after-

[1] Trognon.

wards, "between Nemours, who felt ill, and Montpensier, who cried?"

There were general demands for his abdication;[1] the travesty of a monarchy set up by Louis Philippe collapsed like a house of cards. The ignoble concessions and cringing adulation of the mob had been of no avail to preserve even the mockery of royalty to which he had allowed the throne of France to be reduced. Amidst the insolent triumph of the people he had tried in vain to propitiate, he signed the renunciation of the crown which had never lost its ancient majesty and traditional grandeur until he wore it; and prepared to escape with his family.

"The more one hears of the details, the more extraordinary and unaccountable the conduct of the principal actors appears, and the more marvellous the revolution. Nobody seems to have shown the least wisdom, resolution, firmness, courage."[2]

The mob were approaching the Tuileries when the King and Queen, arm-in-arm, came down the steps of the Pavillon de l'Horloge and crossed the garden to look for their carriages, which were to meet them. But as the carriages had been seized and burnt by the mob in the Place du Carrousel, they waited in vain in a crowd growing more and more hostile, until presently two broughams and a cabriolet appeared, sent by the Duc de Nemours, who was still in the palace. All who could cram themselves into these vehicles did so, and with an escort of cuirassiers and national guards they drove as fast as they could to Saint-Cloud.

Here they found they had scarcely any money and wanted other carriages, which General Dumas went to

[1] "Links with the Past" (Mrs. Bagot). The Duc d'Aumale, the most capable and respected of the sons of Louis Philippe, was absent.

[2] Charles Greville to J. T. Delane ("Life of J. T. Delane," A. Dasent).

Versailles to procure, joining the royal fugitives at Trianon, a stage further on their journey, with what little money he could get and two *berlines*, one of which was given to take the Princess Clémentine, her husband and children to the Château d'Eu; in the other and an omnibus the King, Queen, Duc de Montpensier, Duchesse de Nemours and her children arrived at Dreux, the burying-place of the house of Orléans, where they possessed an ancient *château*. Here they found themselves amongst friends, for the town was attached to them, and on February 25th, the morning after their arrival, Marie Amélie went for the last time to visit the tombs of her daughter, Marie, and her son, the Duc d'Orléans. Louis Philippe all this time, in spite of the signs around him, was flattering himself that he would be able to retire to his Château d'Eu and be succeeded by his grandson, the Comte de Paris. It was a delusive hope, and he might have recalled to his mind his own conduct when Charles X. abdicated in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, who at any rate was the lawful heir of the Bourbons.

As to the Comte de Paris, he had no claim whatever. Louis Philippe had accepted the crown with the understanding that it was not *because* but *although* he was a Bourbon, and only because he was elected by the people; and on the morning after their arrival at Dreux, the news that the republic had been proclaimed, and that he and his family were proscribed fugitives in peril not only of their liberty and fortune but of their lives, came upon them with all the consternation of an unexpected blow.

Evidently there was not a moment to lose; they must gain the coast and cross to England, but how was it to be done? General Dumas recollected that one of the King's officers had a little house at Honfleur, close to the

sea, where the King and Queen might wait till they could embark, while the rest went to Granville to cross to Jersey.

Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie, travelling as "M. et Mme. Lebrun," made their way, with one or two faithful adherents, first to a little *château* outside Evreux, where they were received and sheltered, then, travelling all night by the light of the moon, avoiding being seen in the deserted streets of Pont Audemer, through which they drove in the silence of night, at six o'clock in the morning they reached the cottage of Notre Dame de Grâce, on a hill above Honfleur, and the sea lay at their feet.[1]

The cottage was isolated and safe, but the difficulty was to find means of getting away. The sailors and fishermen assured them it would not be possible to embark at Honfleur without discovery; the only way would be for the King to go to Trouville and get on board a fishing boat, in spite of the tempestuous weather, which made it impossible for the Queen. She therefore remained with General Dumas and her *femme de chambre*, Mdlle. Müser, for three weary days, at the end of which Louis Philippe reappeared, having been unable to get off, first because of the storm and then being threatened with discovery. But on March 2nd at daybreak a stranger knocked at the door, announcing himself as Mr. Jones, British vice-consul at Havre, bringing a letter from his chief, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, to General Dumas, in which he said that the English boat *Express* waited to transport the King and Queen to England. An old sailor, M. Besson, had appealed to Captain Paul, of the *Express*, who had obtained from the Admiralty the order to receive the royal fugitives.

No longer M. Lebrun, but Mr. William Smith, uncle

[1] Trognon.

of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, Louis Philippe went down in the twilight and pouring rain of that day to the *quai* of Honfleur, to the post boat which crossed the mouth of the Seine. The Queen, with M. Edmond de Perthuis, followed at a short distance. Darkness came on; they seated themselves some way from each other among the crowd of passengers, gave up their tickets, Louis Philippe pretending he could speak no French, and pointing to Mr. Jones.

The consul was waiting for them on the *quai* at Havre and shook hands with the King, saying: "Well, uncle, how are you?"

"Quite well, thank you, George," was the answer, and continuing their conversation in English they walked past a gendarme, who took no notice of them, to where the English packet lay moored, descended a covered staircase and stepped into a cabin of the *Express*, and Mr. Featherstonhaugh, turning to the King, exclaimed, "Now, thank God, you are safe!" It was only just in time. An hour after their departure the pursuers had searched the cottage of Notre Dame de Grâce, and even now, on the very deck of the *Express*, the captain of the port was questioning Captain Paul about a passenger mysteriously received, and entreating in vain to be allowed to search the cabin, for the King had been seen and denounced. But the flag of England flew over their heads, the English captain refused to allow any interference on board his ship, the *Express* left the harbour, and in spite of storm and tempest, the next morning found them safe at Newhaven.

A crowd waited to welcome them, and visitors came to them all day in the hotel where they stopped. Louis Philippe had written to the Queen asking hospitality as Comte de Neuilly. Before evening came a letter offering him Claremont, which he gladly accepted. The

Duc de Nemours and Princess Clémentine met them at Croydon station, the Duc de Montpensier, Duchesse de Nemours and the children were waiting for them at Claremont; and here, in the home of their declining years, they were joined by the other members of their family.

During the first few months pecuniary difficulties added to the sorrows of exile, but the restoration of his fortune having enabled Louis Philippe to arrange his life and provide for his family, their lives passed peacefully and tranquilly enough.[1]

Louis Philippe died in 1850. In his latter years, to the great joy of the Queen, he showed himself far more pronounced in the principles of the Catholic faith than the former.

Marie Amélie spent eighteen years at Claremont, which became in time a real home to her. But the stormy, eventful part of her life was over; it was from henceforth only in domestic joys, sorrows, and interests that she was immediately concerned. She lived surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, by all of whom she was adored. From those who were away she received frequent visits. She passed some months in Italy and on one or two other occasions visited members of her family in Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain; but she usually made short journeys within the British Isles—to Scotland, the English lakes, Malvern, Devonshire, etc.

Her greatest sorrow after the death of the King was that of the Queen of Belgium, which happened soon afterwards, but her remaining children did their utmost to supply her loss, and the Duc de Nemours especially was her continual comfort and stay. She was surrounded by old and faithful friends and servants, besides

[1] Trognon.

many English friends at the head of whom was Queen Victoria; for between the young sovereign, then in the height of her happiness and prosperity, and the old Queen whose stormy eventful life was drawing to a peaceful close, there was always the strongest affection and sympathy.

Marie Amélie died at Claremont in March, 1866, being nearly eighty-four years of age, leaving to her children and grandchildren a void that could never be filled, a memory that could never be reproached, and an example that could never be forgotten.

LOUIS PHILIPPE

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APPENDIX

I HAVE not in this sketch of the life of Marie Amélie thought it advisable to enter into the strange story of Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey,[1] in which the theory is supported that Louis Philippe was not the son of the Duke of Orléans at all, but of an Italian official named Chiappini. If the extraordinary story he tells is the truth, then neither Louis Philippe nor any of the Orléans family now existing are really descendants of that family at all: for both the younger sons and the two daughters of Philippe Egalité died without issue.

The "Memoirs of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough," brought out by herself in 1830, were seized and destroyed by the police at Paris the day they appeared: another edition was published in 1848. Sir R. Payne Gallwey says that this was a frightful nightmare to Louis Philippe. In support of this theory it is alleged—

1. That in 1772 Egalité and his wife were travelling in Italy incognito, as Count and Countess de Joinville.

2. That in 1773, at Modigliana, in Tuscany, the so-called Comtesse de Joinville gave birth to a daughter.

3. That her husband, anxious for a son, exchanged her for the son of Chiappini, constable of Modigliana, born the same day.

4. That the girl was brought up as the daughter of Chiappini, sang in public, and married at an early age

[1] "The Mystery of Lady Newborough" (Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey).

Lord Newborough; while the boy, as the heir of Philippe Egalité, became Duc de Chartres, Duc d'Orléans, and King of the French.

5. That whereas the other children of Egalité, he himself, and his wife were fair, refined, and handsome, Louis Philippe was dark, plebeian-looking, and awkward, and that persons who knew Chiappini said he strongly resembled him.

6. That on the other hand Maria Stella in no way resembled the other children of Chiappini, who were all dark, while she was fair, and so like Adélaïde, Mdlle. d'Orléans, that they might have been sisters, as according to this theory they were. Also that Chiappini's wife could not bear her, while she loved the other children.

In answer to these statements it must be observed that there is no proof whatever that Egalité and his wife were in Italy at all in 1772 or 1773, and it is scarcely possible that persons of their high rank should have been there without its being known. Louis Philippe pointed out that he was not born at Modigliana, April, 1773, but at Paris, October, 1773 [1]—that his parents were at Forges, in Normandy, during the spring of 1773.

That a child born in April could not have been introduced as a new-born infant in October, supposing the confinement of the Duchesse de Chartres in Paris to have been a feigned one.

That no one who knew anything about the character of the Princess would believe for a moment that she would have consented to any such arrangements.

That although it was generally believed and very

[1] M. Vitrue, a recent author, in a book entitled "Philippe Egalité et M. Chiappini," says that the Duke presided over a Masonic lodge at Paris every evening in the second week in April, 1773, a Paris contemporary newspaper says he was at the service in the Royal Chapel, Holy Thursday, April 8th, and at a review May 13th.

possible that Maria Stella was not Chiappini's daughter, and even supposing her real parents called themselves by the Orléans title of Joinville, there was nothing to prove that they were the Duke and Duchess de Chartres.

That, however important it might be to Egalité to have a son and so secure his wife's enormous fortune, as he was only twenty-six, had been married only four years, and had already had a still-born daughter, the probability was that he would have sons; and this act might and, as it happened, would have cut out those sons and given their inheritance to a stranger. The likenesses, *if they were as described,* were certainly most remarkable; but though those who take this view declare Louis Philippe to have been the image of Chiappini, the Queen Marie Amélie, when first he was presented to her and she was not favourably inclined towards him, wrote in her journal "He has the features of the house of Bourbon."

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